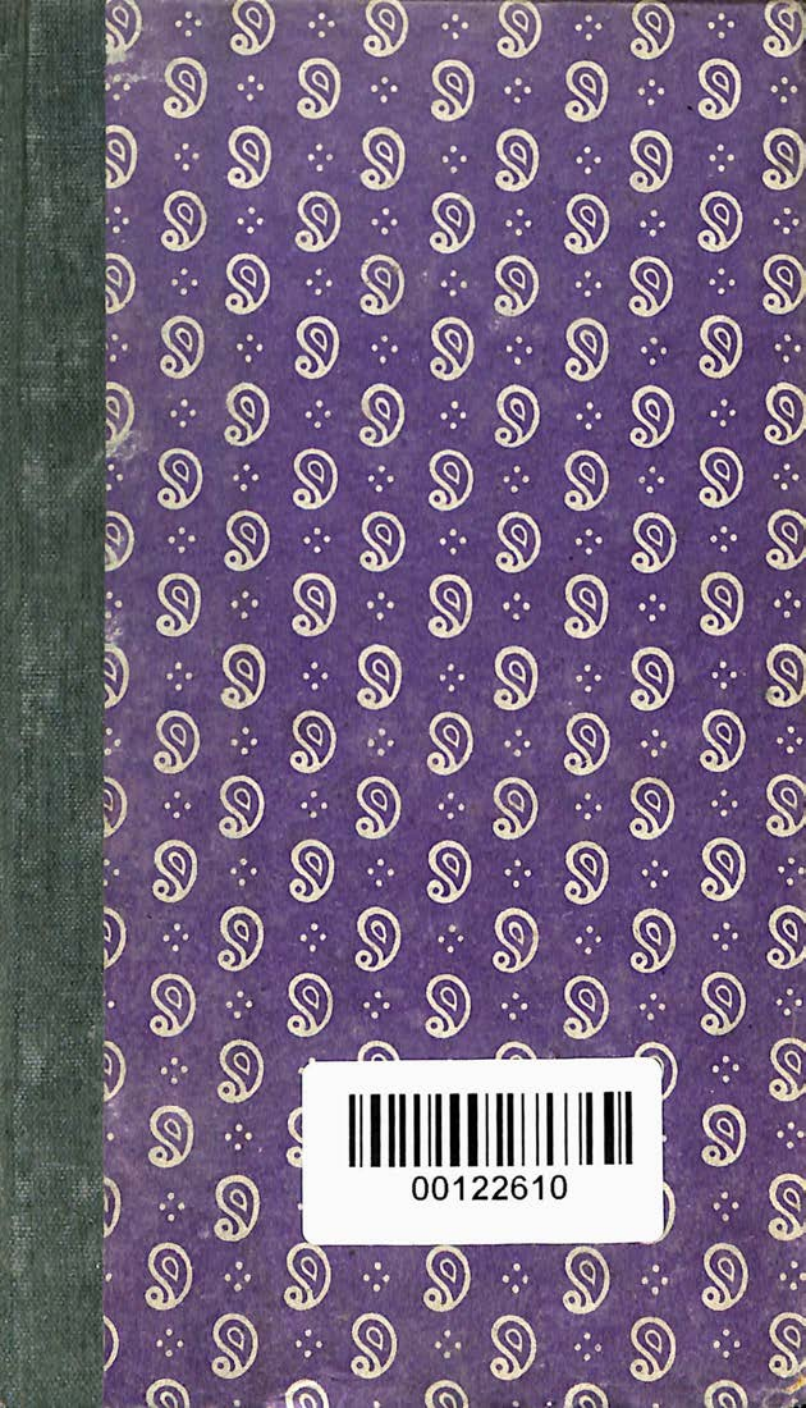
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THE

EAST INDIA

SKETCH-BOOK:

COMPRISING AN

ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY

IN CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, &c.

The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him;
The language, nay, the music, jars his ear.

WALTER SCOTT.

122610

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLS I.-II

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

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THE FIRST VOLUME.

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INTRODUCTORY.

INDIA, the land of enchantment,—the treasure-house from which imagination culls its brightest images of splendour,—the "golden orient," glittering in the best brilliance of sun and song,—peopled by the creations of "The Arabian Nights,"—the Chersonese, abounding "in gold and silver, and all manner of precious stones,"—land of promise and hope!

What a vintage seems in the perspective to invite the hand of the reaper! Its fragrance is wafted over hills and oceans, and there *are* reapers also who have gathered and tasted, and found the harvest—dust and ashes!

We have enough of the blessed sunshine to wither away the flowers of life, and palsy the

best energies of the mind,—and we have wherewithal to eat and drink with what appetite we may.

One can almost hear the ebbing of the waves of time as they roll heavily and sultrily away. Yet what a field for the exercise of a laudable curiosity is spread out around us! Strange, wonderful in their unchangeableness, is the race amidst whom we dwell! We wander, as it were, amongst the patriarchs of ancient days;—we travel back three thousand years into the past,—we are contemporaries of the ages that entombed the Pharaohs. The "oxen tread out the corn around us," and "the camels go to water at the well," and "two women are grinding corn at the mill;" and familiarity makes us forget that these things were thus when the steward of Abraham first met the fair Rebekah at even-tide, on his journey for the bride of his master's heir.

Therefore,—the fiend *ennui* glaring horribly from the opposite corner of my little writing-table,—the *cacoethes scribendi* being full on me,—the very silence of the air tempting to

contemplation, and to the delightful wandering of unfettered thought, — to airy projects of some work of fancy that may not be all unworthy of this Augustan æra—; therefore will I also essay to be "one of the Prophets."

What, then, shall I write? "Ay, there's the rub!" A series of "Essays on the Statistics, Economy, Political and Moral, of British India, &c.?" Pshaw!—the dear Public never read such things now-a-days; THE COURT have no desire that the secrets of Eastern diplomacy should be revealed, and the *few* are more deeply initiated than I am. Besides, who writes for the few? A novel—a sketch—a caricature—letters—dramas—why not all?

My hand fell on Milman's "Belshazzar," and I read, devoured, and hoped to catch the inspiration. What a pity one forgets so often the effects of a visit to the "*Regia Solis!*" In virtue of this forgetfulness I took courage, and dared the plunge. *There* was the lofty Temple of Bel, with its seven ascending halls, and before *me* lay the vastness of the deep, the

sepulchral mystery of Kailass. Around me were unnumbered halls; above me the tombs of the mighty who had passed away. I was in the scene of Aurungzebe's story; I was in the world of things unknown, lying beyond the themes of hoary antiquity. I had a Brahmin, too, for a priest; I had a youthful lover, and an enthusiast heroine; and, as I gazed, I warmed into courage, and began.

Scene the First.

Rozah, the summit of the hill that overlooks the vale and village of Ellora.

SIMAHDREE.—ELLAMAH.

SIMAHDREE.

At my approach how once thy sweet eye beam'd!
The young gazelle ne'er bounded half so light
As thou to greet my coming. And thy smile,—
Thy glad young smile so welcomed my return,
That often have I torn myself away
To feel again the bliss of such dear greeting.
But *now*, alas! why is the time so changed?
Bright still thou art, and beauteous as yon moon,
Mine own sweet maid! but, like that pallid moon,
Thou wear'st the brightness of some other sphere,
And so I gaze with terror and with awe,
And in adoring, tremble!
As if some shining but impervious veil

Were dropp'd between thy heart and mine, beloved,
On *thee* its splendour casting,—*me* its gloom,
It seems;—as if thoughts, feeling, love, and hope,
Were no more had in common; but to thee
Came other thoughts, hopes, feelings, other love,
And a mysterious joy I knew nor shared.
Thy cold eye even now is fix'd on mine
With such a passionless and solemn glance,
So holy, and, O Heaven! so unloving,
That my whole being thrills as though it were
A sacrilege to feel for one like thee
The burning, maddening passion that devours me!
Thou seemest set apart, and dedicate
To some unutterable mystery,
I know not, care not what:—whate'er it be,
It rends thee from me, and I curse it therefore.
Accursed be it!

ELLAMAH.

Simahdree, peace!
I tremble at thy madness! Feel'st thou not—
But no! *thou* canst not:—unto me 'tis given
To know what viewless forms are hovering near,
And I command thee, peace!

"And thus, you know," continued I to my companion, interrupting his slumber on a neighbouring couch, "the dialogue is to go on, Simahdree inquiring, and doubting, and suspecting, and she mystic and mystifying, until, half in anger, half in fear, he leaves

her, and she soliloquises about the gods, and the spirits, and celestial influence, and the moon, and the stars—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," replied my friend; "a speech after the most approved model. Well, and what then?"

"Then I shall place the scene in the pillared hall of Kailass. I shall have it dimly illuminated, and I shall bring the High Brahmin and Ellamah into its recesses. After he has assured her that she has been selected by the presiding divinity of the Caves,—you know it is an unsolvable enigma to whom they were originally dedicated, and I have a right to give them poetically to any one of the three crore,—that she has been selected by the presiding divinity, then, for some high and holy purpose,—that the appointed hour approaches, and that she must await alone the revelation of his will:

"Then we shall have her solitary in the cave which, after a speech of fears from her, is suddenly and brilliantly illuminated. There will be the smell of perfumes too, and ra-

vishing music, and songs darkly indicating the destiny that awaits her, and a shower of flowers—vide Mahabarat—which will envelope her in wreaths and garlands; and so the scene falls.

"Then we find her on the brow of the steep hill over Kailass,—you remember?"

"Yes, the excellent tiffin we had there, after the very bad breakfast in that cold 'Carpenter's Cave?'"

"Well, never mind that, because hereafter I have something about *that* too. We find Ellamah then on the brow of the moon-lighted hill, and alone, scarcely alive to her situation, beginning to suspect the past and to fear the future. She commences in this strain:

"Why do I feel thus heart-stricken? why burns
My cheek? Why are mine eyes suffused with tears?
Why shun the stars, and shrink to meet the moon?
Have I not done a deed enjoin'd by those
Who watch o'er mortals, and who did create
Each for pre-ordain'd destiny? Why I,
Methinks, should triumph, and should feel
Almost celestial from the love divine
Of that supernal power!"

"Poor!" said my companion, curling his lip.

"Oh, it is but the sketch, the skeleton," said I; "its colouring may be heightened and finished. Well, to proceed. Simahdree joins her, and her coldness — her mystery — her half-terrified abstraction, rouse him to deep passion. And presently the chief Brahmin appears. He rebukes Simahdree.

> "How dost thou dare awake, with thy rude voice,
> The saints who here inhabit? They who live
> Entranced in infinite, but that they are
> All too absorb'd to heed thy earthly cries,
> Might wake the thunders of Almighty wrath,
> To overwhelm thy impious audacity."

"Simahdree, not brooking the interruption of the priest, and having, moreover, sundry dark misgivings on the mysterious influence he exercises over Ellamah, replies in indignant anger, and a violent altercation ensues. Ellamah, in terror, endeavours to soothe them to peace; but her lover will not hear of submission, and the priest insists on his humiliation. More and more confirmed in the hor-

rible suspicions that have been floating in his mind, Simahdree rushes from their presence in distraction, and the scene ends.

"Ellamah then appears alone, and holds commune with herself. She is now the prey of doubts which are verging on despair; and between mysticism, love, and dawning remorse, her reason reels. In the midst of these sad communings, Simahdree rushes in, wildly, and with haggard looks. He proclaims aloud his knowledge of the dark stratagems of the priest to effect the ruin of his beloved, and his own destruction, and triumphantly recounts his gratified revenge. He has murdered the priest, and the overburthened brain of Ellamah is immediately inflamed to madness. She invokes the powers of darkness, and precipitates herself from the rock. The lover, frozen with despair, stands in speechless agony, and the curtain falls."

"A most tragic tragedy, and most laughter-moving comedy," said my friend, sarcastically.

I confess I was piqued. "What is the matter with it?" I asked.

"It is altogether monstrous, strange, and unnatural," replied he; then more moderately and seriously he added, "it will not do for such an age as this, believe me. There is nothing Asiatic there but the scene. Where be your tropes and metaphors, your elephant similes, the staple figure of Indian drama? Your love is European love, and your lore is European lore. Where be your gods and goddesses to populate your temples? Go, study Horace, Hayman Wilson's Sanscrit drama, and the Mahabarat, and a hundred volumes on Hindoo mythology. Ellora is virgin-ground to the muse yet, and such a voice as this is all too weak to awake her echoes. Burn that, however: and now, what's next?"

"You know the fate of Kishen Kower?" said I; "now I think of dramatising *her* story. I need not tire you with recounting the incidents."

"Especially as there happens to be a tale extant on the same theme, as none has better

reason to know than yourself; and auto-plagiarisms—" began my friend.

"Oh, true!" replied I, interrupting him. "But then it is allowable to build a drama on the foundations of a tale, you know. And because a subject of historical interest has been maltreated *one* way, there is no reason why it should not be maltreated in another, is there? I have only one or two detached speeches, for the plot is ready laid. And besides, I should so like to consign Ameer Khan to the infamy the wretch deserves, and the tale to which you allude, has made an omission of all that bears on that atrocious murderer.—Come, *do* hear this fragment of a dialogue between that Roman Asiatic Chand Bh,aee, and Kishen Kower! It is towards the catastrophe."

He gave such assent as silence conveys, and I began.

CHAND BH,AEE.

And what *is* death?
It is a sleep in which there are no dreams,
Or, if another life, why not a better?

KISHEN KOWER.

What *is* death? It is this, my kinswoman!
It is to leave the all we know and love;
It is the severing of every charity
That garlands life with flowers. It is to be
Beyond or smiles or tears, beyond all knowledge,
Never to hear the voice we love, to see
The face we dote on! 'Tis to feel no more!
'Tis fear to think, that this—*this* body, *mine*,
Shall in ten thousand atoms meet the wind,
And that within—ah, where?
Ah me! my kinswoman, death, death *is* dismal!
No longer daughter, sister, mistress, friend;
Something that has been, like a day gone by;
My name the burden of the funeral wail,
And the sad tale of Kishen Kower's wrongs,
A nurse's memory!
Why, Aunt, to hoary age, methinks, that this
Seems most abhorrent. And to me with all
My young hopes on me; to me, joying in life,
Loving the cheerful sun, the fair, fair earth,
Loving the flowers, the merest weeds, the sky,
The clouds themselves, the very loathsomest thing
That lives, I love!—I *will* not die!

CHAND BH,AEE.

Lay by thy weakness, princess, for I swear,
By the red blood that burns within our veins;
I blush to hear a daughter of our house

Forget the glory of her race for baubles,
That each night's slumber shuts out from her senses!

KISHEN KOWER.

Ay, true! we sleep, and part without a pang
From all we love; for in our souls we know
On the next morn the sun shall rise again,
And we shall feel it! But death's dreadful sleep
Wakes never to such hope.

"There, that will do;—now burn it," said my companion coolly.

How angry I was! I confess I had some hopes of completing my drama. Kishen Kower had taken hold strongly of my imagination. However, I compromised between the severity of the critic of my own choosing, and my secret prepossessions in behalf of my heroine. I put the sketch aside.

"Now," said I, bringing sundry sheets from the recesses of my portfolio, "here is a paraphrase of something in the Gulistan. No no, scarcely a paraphrase; sooth to say, there is but the hint of the tale in Saadi. However, *here* is Gladwin's prose, and *there* is the thought gone mad."

The King was in his hall of state,
And his sons before him stood;
And he ponder'd much of their future fate,
As he glanced on *one* with an eye half hate,
And half a mournful mood.

"Ah, why was this my eldest son?"
His heart exclaim'd, as he look'd upon
The ungainly form, the stature low,
The downcast eye, and the pallid brow,
Of his first-born. That youth was there,
The shade upon a circle fair
As ever blessed a father's eye.
On them, from her rich treasury,
Nature had shower'd each rarer grace,
Of bloom and hue,—of form and face.
There stood they, in their manhood's pride,
As pillars by their father's side.

He raised his eye,—that thing half spurn'd,—
A fire within it blazed and burn'd.
He spake as if his spirit caught
The whisper of his father's thought.
"Scorn me not, father, scorn me not,
For that my form is low and mean;
Deem not, that Nature *all* forgot;
She gave, at least, a soul, I ween!
A soul that gasps to win a fame,
Bright as of old the mightiest name!
Though mountains far more proud and high
Look with their summits in the sky,
Allah selected SINAI!—

And though the desert oft seem bare,
Deem'st thou no tiger lurketh there?"

"Bravely, my first-born, hast thou spoken!"
The King repentant cried;
"Allah thy soul to mighty thoughts hath woken,
To be thy monarch's pride!
Forgive thy father, that he deem'd
Thy mind was all thy body seem'd.
How much that body lied!
Betokening thee mean, low, and weak,
Thy spirit, like thy bearing, meek,
Meetest for saint; but not the gem
To star my radiant diadem!
Methinks I see thee other now
Than erst thou wert:—upon thy brow
Stamp'd, as in fire, thy brave design
To prove thee worthy of thy line,
Mahommed's lineage and mine!
E'en now, my sons, the foe is near,
His war-note on the blast we hear;
To-morrow's sun must see us far
Beyond the city.—Bis m'Allah!"

Foremost on that red battle-field
Rode forth the Prince.—"On, on!" he cries;
"Who follows me, or does, or dies!
But if, amidst this warrior-band,
Trembles one craven heart;—
Hence!—let him throw aside his brand,
And from our host depart!—
Quick to the harem let him hie,
In female garb, on couches lie;

As woman live,—like coward die!—
Cursed be the Chief who flies
The harvest-field of death!—
Thrice bless'd the warrior, whose breath
Is last drawn here!—'midst Houris' eyes,
He suns himself in Paradise!"

The sun is set,—the day is done,—
The battle bravely, nobly, won,—
The victor, the rejected son!

He bows him at his father's knee,
He lays his trophies there;
His eye is proud, and bold, and free,
Radiant with first-felt victory,
And still seems he to dare
The onset of the fiercest fray
That e'er was done on battle-day.

The monarch kissed his brow of pride,
And raising, placed him by his side.
"Noble the deeds which thou hast done,
On yon red field, my first-born son!
Well they deserve a guerdon fair;
And, as thou knowest to defend thy throne,
Be, as beseems thy birth, my heir!
As thou hast won, so nobly keep thine own!"

"Well," said I, with something of an air of triumph, for *this* was a *finished* specimen, "What do you think of that?"

"I think little William Evans will be quite equal to its delivery, at the next children's ball his mother assembles for his amusement. You had better keep it for him," replied my friend calmly.

I was in great indignation; I threw my pretty poem — for I *do* think it *is* a pretty poem, — aside. "No more poetry," said I, "perhaps you will be less severe on my prose."

"Perhaps so," said he; "this is an age of inspiration, and trashy verses are a sad bore."

I turned over the leaves of my diary with great energy; I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and pretty much in the condition of a mother who has listened to a satire on her pet child. And, indeed, love for a pet poem is the more personal feeling of the two.

How meagre! what a skeleton was my diary! We look back on years, and see at a glance all the events they have evolved, and exclaim, 'What a varied tissue is life!' We look at its *daily* chronicles, and we cry, "How monotonous! how the hours creep away, leaving no impression to mark their progress!' Events

are so dovetailed into one another, that we are quite prepared for their occurrence; and when they have passed, the transition seems so natural that we experience no other emotion than satiety or indifference.

So with considerably less animation than before, I read from the pages of my Journal.

"* * * * How ardent and insatiable soever may be one's spirit of inquiry or appetite for novelty, one must of necessity live in the midst of a people the most foreign of any in the world to an Englishman, without the possibility of satisfying either the one or the other, in any adequate degree. Just so much of the customs of the Hindus as are brought under cognisance by domestics, or native officials, or the recurrence of religious festivals, are visible, but no more; for their abodes, for the most part, are inaccessible to Europeans. Occasionally a native of the higher classes gives a sumptuous entertainment, but then it is quite on the Anglo-Indian model, and consequently has no pretensions to be characteristic; or it is a tiger-hunt, with its train of

elephants, tents, horses, and spearmen, and from its novelties *I* am excluded.

"* * * * Residence in a camp is a life of the most wearisome monotony, malgré the stirring associations connected with its name. *Here*, it is applied to a force always supposed to be in readiness to march at an hour's notice, which, however, does not prevent those who compose it, from settling themselves in very comfortable habitations. Here is none of the picturesque of 'the tented field;' everything is orderly and domestic. Nor does the aspect of the surrounding country at all relieve the eternal regularity of the lines of this extensive cantonment. The society, by the very elements of which it is composed, is in the highest degree exclusive; and what is still more hostile to the preservation of unprejudiced intellect, it is the exclusiveness of *caste*, if I may so speak. It is essentially military. Here is no mixture of civilians of any rank or profession, whose ideas must naturally have an opposite bias, which would be sufficient to demonstrate to the men of blue and scarlet, that there *are*

interests in this wide world quite independent of line-steps and standing orders. The most interesting, and indeed the incessant topics of discussion, are the last G. O.—the apprehended reductions, the movements of corps, the iniquities of —— and —— and ——; or a detail of the 'Sayings and Doings' of the last arrival, he or she being, *par excellence*, the lion of the day. * * * *

"* * * * The first spectacle that impresses us on our landing in India, is the unaccustomed aspect of our mother earth; we feel that we are indeed in a new world. The form, the foliage, the blossoms, the fruit of the trees, are no longer those which have been our familiar friends from infancy. The flowers are more gorgeous and less fragrant; the sky itself in its bright cloudless blue is foreign to us; and at night it is radiant with a profusion of stars invisible to our northern latitudes. And then the moonlight! such a light for a poet, for an enthusiast! so softly brilliant, so purely glowing, so gracefully rounding every object

on which it falls!—No; there is nothing here to recall England but by the force of contrast.

"But such impressions are naturally weakened, perhaps effaced by habit. Our moral sense is less sensibly affected in the first instance; but, probably on that account, the more deeply. It is to be hoped that in many instances the impression may also be more permanent."

"Twaddle!" said my friend, with a very hopeless sigh and shrug.

I turned to a new page, and read, in a voice rendered louder by secret indignation at his provoking fastidiousness. And between ourselves, gentle reader—I am sure you *are* gentle—but *revenons à nos moutons.*

"We no longer breathe the air of freedom. Where is the safeguard against oppression? where is the scourge for crimes which the law cannot reach? Where is the security for the preservation of liberty, independence, character, all that is dearest to man, since power may here wield its thunders unheard but by

the victims? for *here* that guardian from misrule,—that champion of our charter,—a FREE PRESS,—is not permitted.

"The natives are neither sold to slavery nor loaded with fetters; but their European conquerors, men of education, of gentle nurture, of high and independent thoughts, and noble aims, endure a slavery of the mind incalculably more galling.

"Free colonization will at least create a public opinion. How a society may exist, and in what state, *without* this condition, is abundantly illustrated by facts of every day's occurrence on the Indian continent. The action of arbitrary power requires to be checked by that wholesome liability to public discussion which results generally in freedom. There are many petty tyrants, whose oppression would cease as soon as they were convinced that certain misdeeds would inevitably be followed by the exposure from which they are now unfortunately too secure. In this point of view, free colonization should receive

the support of every friend to the happiness, the dignity, and, which includes both, the rights of his species !"

"Bravo !" said my friend, re-composing himself to his interrupted slumber. "You must really excuse me; I am too modest to pronounce any opinion on these profound questions. I leave you to fight the battles of the colonists, and I unreservedly resign the care of providing us with a free press to Mr. Buckingham. I assure you I find Mill or Jeremy Bentham quite sufficiently sedative towards bed-time, without an additional draught. Moreover, is there not a fable,—my classical days are long gone by,—but Icarus and his wings of wax, what was it? FREE COLONIZATION !" And his eyes closed.

I looked on him as some modern Apicius might look, whose guest, at the end of the first course, pronounces the whole affair so execrable that he will tempt it no more;—or, as a popular preacher whose congregation deserts him at the end of his "*firstly*;"—or as a

lover, whose fair one flies just as he has touched the sublime point of his tender tale.

"Thank Heaven! *he* is not the public!" said I. "Therefore, *vogue la galére!* I will print my SKETCH-BOOK."

FIRST LETTER TO ENGLAND.

My Indian life, my dear friend, has attained the amazing longevity of three months, and ought certainly to afford me materials for a lengthy letter, as P—— calls it, to you who have hitherto contemplated Oriental lands through the kaleidoscope of Moore's imagination.—Ah! brilliant and delusive visions! what a contrast in the picture before my mind's eye, when I recall the travels of Lalla Rookh, and that which impresses itself on the retina as I look to actual existence around me!

I do not think nature meant me for a tourist. I have not sufficiently the powers of attention and abstraction, as the metaphysicians call them, to describe the length and

breadth and height of mountains and minarets, palaces and pagodas, tanks and mausoleums: besides, you can learn all this from the thousand and one veracious 'Travels through Hindostan,' 'Sketches of ——,' &c. &c. &c. You must be contented with travelling very rapidly with me, from station to station, pausing just as caprice dictates, without any regard to the route "from the office of the Quarter-master General." I shall never detain you long on the road—no, no; the humours and characters of gracious mankind, developed by the peculiarities of Indian life, are the more interesting objects of speculation, in my judgment: at least, that is my forte; and the only chance you have of deriving much amusement from my correspondence, is by indulging me "i' the vein."

"To begin at the beginning," the only comfortable moment of our voyage was its termination. We saw land but once between England and the Laccadives, and that was no more than a faint, wavy outline of somewhat deeper shadow than a cloud, lying upon

the horizon at twilight. It was Brava, one of the Cape de Verd isles, which was approached for the purpose of ascertaining the longitude. For eighteen days we were becalmed on the Line,—a delightful variation of the preceding dulness, by still deeper monotony. Occasionally we passed a ship sailing to some other port; and these, indeed, were objects to be remembered. Proudly and steadily, as things "instinct with life," they tracked the smooth sea; or, in rougher water, were exhibited in all varieties of motion, and —may I say?—of attitude, as if agitated by human passion: a too apt resemblance of the fearful strifes that war in the breast of man. But such a relief of objects could occupy but a short space of the wearisome length of our days: and we recurred to the delights of the Cuddy society with disgust, rather keener, perhaps, from the change the current of our ideas had received, and the awakening of remembrances that darkened the present by the force of the contrast.

If you have any interest in some inex-

perienced adventurer, bound for India, advise him, by all means, to make his voyage in a ship destined to his own Presidency. The evils of a different plan are, at this moment, very vivid in my mind; for who has so much right to speak strongly as one in whom the bitterness of personal suffering is not yet weakened by time? We embarked on board a vessel bound to Bombay, because it was, by a considerable distance, nearer than Madras to the station of our regiment. Consequently, we found ourselves, as we ought to have calculated, amongst people, all of whom having a different destination, the subjects, so to speak, of a different Government, had no sympathy of hope or expectation with us. The improbability of our meeting again was decided, and—mortifying as the assertion is, it is truth—human nature requires some stimulus of self-interest for the kindling of its more favourable dispositions. As far as the personal character of the individual, who at once commanded and owned the vessel, affected us, it was unpleasant. He had some-

what less refinement than usually characterizes even this class of 'floating hotel-keepers,' and a seat at a table of which he was president, was no very desirable position. He was good-natured, however, and obliging, so far as his power extended; but he had too much facility of character to be consistent. His wife—whose tattling propensities rendered her good temper rather mischievous than beneficial to our society, inasmuch as she wandered from one passenger to the other, retailing, for lack of better matter, the likings and dislikings of each—possessed too predominating control, to allow me to place her husband in the rank of independent beings. But then she, unfortunately, was quite under the influence of the first mate, a man below even the dignity of caricature, and worthless of a word.

Every one thinks it little probable that he should secure a passage for so formidable a voyage under any but an experienced commander. The fact is, nothing is more difficult than to ascertain the skill of a person in that position. Agents, of course, have the percent-

age in view, and never find it advantageous to depreciate the captain of a vessel about to sail when you are seeking a passage. If any friend can, upon his honour, recommend a ship to you, it would be wiser to postpone your voyage a month, or even two, than to consign yourself to a perfect stranger: you will, ten to one, gain the lost time before you make land. An unskilful commander must be very extensively in the power of his first officer; and if the passengers are accessible, the chance is that the young man is engrossed by social pleasures, when your real advantage requires his alertness and vigilance in the navigation of the ship. Moreover, if he be presuming, his airs of consequence may be rather more disagreeable than anything but experience can imagine. In the first case, you are carried out to a longitude that gives you a telescopic view of the Brazils; and in the second, you have either to endure the annoyance of low-bred familiarity and vulgar companionship, or, admitting your reserve, of insolent defiance and petty vindictiveness—just those gnat-like stings for which

one never seeks the aid of "the leech," but which may be repeated until "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint."

You will imagine we could hardly be five long months "ploughing the weary waste of waters," without seeing some of the wonders of the mighty deep. It is, indeed, altogether and wholly a wonder: in its calmness so beautiful —in its turbulence so awfully magnificent! But to Byron, "the laureate of the sea," as somebody calls him, I refer you for pictures worthy of the subject; I will only give you occasional sketches of my own feelings, amongst the thousand poetical fancies that crowded upon the mind when the moon was high up in the heavens—the whole hemisphere unsullied by a cloud—the stars walking along in their brightness, and the liquid world around one immense sheet of glass, unrippled by a breeze—its swelling subsided into a death-like serenity, reflecting back the beautiful arch above it — its surface shining in the broad beams of the "full round moon;" then, without speaking, we knew that each shared the

thought of the other, and that our hearts had gone homewards. We were in tears, gentle, and springing rather from the "joy of grief" than its pain. I believe we both felt how much we had sacrificed, but in the same instant were consoled by the perhaps selfish conviction—*we love!*

With all my *moral* courage, which you fancy abundant, I suspect I am as great a *physical* coward as exists. You will scarcely suppose that we weathered a five months' voyage without a storm, and my agony during its continuance was so utterly beyond description, that I shall leave it to your imagination. After a monotonous calm of long continuance, I think the male part of our society were positively exhilarated by the bustle, the occupation, necessary to secure the ship's safety. The idlers even chose to remain on deck, and enjoyed the dashing of the waves over *it* and *them*. And oh! the terrific voice of those waves, as it seemed to threaten destruction to the rash pigmies who had dared to invade the boundless empire of

the deep! Even now, as I recall the sensations of those hours, a shuddering chillness creeps over my heart, and I feel as if no hope on earth could tempt me again to incur it. As soon, however, as the storm had subsided, when a breeze filled our sails, wafting us cheerfully towards the desired haven of our destination, there were sounds of mirth and exhilaration on all sides. All the *ridiculous* of the preceding day pressed on the mind in vivid colours, and with renewed force. One enumerated the falls he had received,—another the injury his cabin furniture had sustained,—a third betrayed the fears of his companion, and a fourth described the mathematical figures into which sundry dishes had been agitated, with somewhat more rapidity than suits the decorum of a well-ordered dinner. We went on, day after day, gaily before the wind, resuming our usual occupations—desultory reading, yawning, eating, sleeping, dancing, playing cards. One determined scribe kept a diary. It is still a wonder to me how he contrived to fill it—with "tales of a straw" somebody said. He was a

man of very *minute* mind,—about forty, I conjecture,—very ignorant; but his head being filled with the "exuviæ" of literature, gathered from third-rate reviews, and fifth-rate booksellers, book-clubs, and reading societies, he had formed a very comfortable estimate of his own powers. He was indeed quite a curiosity in his way; with his gentle self-flattery, his lisping enunciations of the most *outré* platitudes, his talent for singing in a small way, and the outrageous blunders which invariably attended his little literary affectations. He was very harmless, and amused us occasionally; but we became dreadfully tired before the voyage was fairly over; we had heard his round of anecdotes at least a dozen times, and the repetition rendered them "flat, stale, and unprofitable," *à merveille.* I was very sorry to be obliged to confess him a bore, for whilst one could afford the most languid smile, his exhibitions really answered very well *on board.*

I must not forget to enumerate amongst "the spots of azure on the cloudy sky" of our voyage, the usual diversities of fishing for

sharks, dolphins, Portuguese men-of-war, and the shooting at "*Mother Carey's Chickens*," and the ALBATROSS. Does not that last name recall to you at once the whole story of the "Ancient Mariner?" When I saw one of these enormous birds on the deck, covered with blood, I could not repress a superstitious feeling that the successful marksman was a *doomed man*. Far different thoughts, however, shone in *his* countenance. It expressed unmingled triumph, and a consciousness that he had achieved a deed of fame and prowess. It is really amusing to observe daily, from how many and diversified sources the vanity of man extracts aliment to sustain and invigorate itself. This youth looked down, as if from an unapproachable altitude, on those less fortunate of his companions, whose trophies consisted only of chickens, flying-fish, or even of dolphins. He had done a deed which so far outshone them all!

Nothing can be more beautiful than, looking over the ship's side, to watch the dolphins, apparently just beneath the surface of the water,

displaying their beautiful tints in a thousand gambols. I wonder what kind of a dolphin that was which conveyed Arion from *his* covetous crew. If we had been in a similar predicament, I fear our murder must have been completed, how docile soever the fish might have been. Their size would have been a most unsatisfactory evidence of their power's aiding their will. I confess the beautiful verses of Byron—

> "———The dolphin, whom each pang imbues
> With a new tint,
> The last, still loveliest, till 'tis done and all is gray"

—tempted me on deck to witness the expiring struggles of one. The varying tints *were* beautiful, and the last death-hue just like that gray twilight which always seems to me the atmosphere of death. But the blood that was around, produced sensations which convinced me that I am not born to be a connoisseur in these matters.

Imagine my delight on being awakened at sunrise, and carried almost forcibly to the windows of my cabin, to view what surely appeared to me the most enchanting spectacle

this earth could furnish. Land was in sight — lay apparently all round us — and such a land! Magnificent mountains stretching up into the clouds, with every variety of form and colour, — rocks,—jungle-covered, and some clad more nobly with lordly forests. Goa could be indistinctly seen, and its very name awakened recollections that seemed to swell in a moment to a whole history. The water, so darkly blue, was just sufficiently in motion to give one that idea of life and activity most consonant to the "morning's prime," when the spirit of man seems to harmonize with the hopefulness and brightness of the young day. Small boats, manned of course by natives—the craft so new to us in their shape, and the sailors in their aspect and apparel—were coasting, apparently, from village to village, whilst a few more adventurous approached our vessel with fish, cocoa-nuts, and vegetables. The whole scene was a panorama clothed in that vivid hue which is peculiar to an Eastern atmosphere. I was almost overwhelmed with delight, and an eager and im-

patient joy to press again my mother earth; to mingle again in the haunts of human life; to explore new scenes, and to be an actor in adventures, which I immediately, in happy ignorance, began to picture as most accordant to the prospect before me. In the whole of my past life I cannot recall a moment correspondent to this in the dilatation of heart, the revival of energy, the consciousness borne upon me that new and higher powers were to be developed and applied to nobler purposes. Yes! that moment was full of a bright and deep happiness.

Like all earthly things, even a long voyage, eternal as one is disposed to consider it, must terminate. Imagine, then, all our perils by sea fairly over, and behold us ascending the bunder at the third of the Indian presidencies.

The harbour of Bombay has been so often described that one might as well think of gratifying the curiosity of an Englishman by a picture of that of Portsmouth, which, however, this is said to resemble very closely. The object which, on our coming to an an-

chor, most forcibly arrested my attention, was the tower of the distant church, an object full of sweet and holy associations to any observer who remembers his early home. There is nothing remarkable in any of the public buildings visible from the anchorage; barracks and public-offices having a strong family likeness everywhere.

Bombay, to speak statistically, is a flourishing and improving city; most advantageously situated as a port for commerce, with a fine and secure harbour, it is gradually becoming the emporium of merchandize from the East and from the West. Various public edifices are in progress to adorn the Fort, as it is called; the suburbs are covered with bungalows, possessing every advantage of situation; the soil is rich, whilst topes of trees in every direction diversify and adorn the landscape. The newly-arrived traveller is constantly amused with the various groupes of Hindoos, Chinese, Persians, Arabs, Parsees, Lascars, and British sailors that are hurrying or sauntering through the streets of the fort.

Every moment his attention is arrested by an object of novelty. Palanquins, hackeries, bandies, buggies, pass in succession before him, as strange to his unaccustomed eye in their appearance as the human beings to whose convenience they are appropriated.

Amongst the most respectable of these pedestrians, he distinguishes a class habited in clean and neat costume, whom he soon learns to denominate Parsees. Of appearance more athletic and stouter, and in complexion fairer than the Hindoos, they are also characterized by that air of occupation which marks the thriving tradesman and the wealthy merchant. They wear a coloured turban of a chintz-pattern, with a peaked, perpendicular crown, without folds; their jacket is white, reaching down to the knees, and their drawers of the same material, rather loose, extend below the calf. A great part of the traffic of Bombay is in their hands, and in their independent habits they seem to me to bear the same relation to the remaining population, as the Quakers to that of England. Their females wear an oriental dra-

pery, frequently of crimson silk, with a broad purple border, forming, in one piece, the head covering, and the outer garment of the body. They are constantly visible carrying huge vessels of water on their heads, from the adjacent wells, recalling all the Scriptural histories of Rebekah and the princesses of Israel. Under these burdens their gait is erect and graceful, and their step firm. Their ankles are uncovered, but their feet are clothed in a slipper with no hind-quarters, but pointed in front, the extremity turning up in that manner which is recorded as a prevailing fashion in the reign of Richard the Second; whilst the Mussulmauns, on the contrary, have the extremity of the slipper broad and square, with a much smaller peak; the material of both is morocco of various colours, embroidered. The Parsee women are tall and finely formed; their faces oval, their features good, and their countenances expressive.

The Parsees, (originally fugitives from Persia,) retain their ancient worship, and are Ghebers. Every morning at the rising of the sun,

they hail him with their homage, and in the evening they watch his retiring with the same devout observance. At the latter season, when, for the benefit of the sea-breeze, I have been carried to the beach, I have observed on the shore innumerable Parsees, each individual at a distance from the other, breathing his audible prayers to the luminary, whose last rays yet lay on the waters. Many have prayer-books, and all frequently bow their foreheads to the earth in Oriental salams. Few, however, were so engrossed by their devotions as not to cast a stray glance on passengers.

The houses of the wealthy Parsees are large, and abound in Venetians. Some of the chief of them occasionally give sumptuous entertainments to the European residents, in the English style, and no person, however elevated his rank may be, declines the invitation. At sun-set, a lamp is always lighted at the door of every individual of this sect, which burns until the sun has risen. Considering fire as a sacred element, they are careful never to extinguish a light by breathing on it, although your servant

will compromise between his convenience and his conscience, by waving it to and from until some friendly gale shall accomplish his purpose.

The native women of this part of India are not distinguished for their beauty. They are generally short, stout, broad-faced, and flat-featured I saw, indeed, a few pleasing exceptions; amongst whom, I particularly remarked one young girl, of dark-olive complexion, Grecian features, and as sweet an expression of countenance as I ever remember to have seen, notwithstanding the bad effect of the large nose-ring which she wore.

One of the most painful objects I witnessed, was a leper. Amongst his dusky countrymen he wandered as a being on whom a visible curse has fallen; the skin of his whole body exhibiting an unvaried hue of scrofulous-like pink. Amongst Europeans, his disease would have been less remarkable; but so totally distinct from his dark Asiatic brethren, he seemed, indeed, an outcast, rejected by country, home, and lineage.

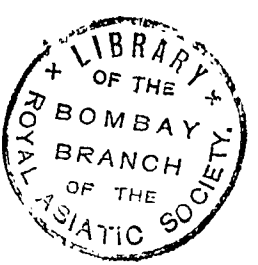
Though accustomed to the various sounds

that fill the streets of London, every stranger must be sensibly affected on his first arrival at Bombay, by the extreme and uncouth noises and violent gesticulation with which the natives are accustomed publicly to express their anger with each other. One is in momentary apprehension that the result will be blows; and no Englishman, so excited, would ever think of settling the dispute in any other method. Amongst the Hindoos, however, this rarely occurs. Abuse, of the grossest and most virulent description, they will lavish on their opponents, but pugilism seems, for the most part, to be beyond the scope of their passions.

The society here is divided into several parties, amongst which, it is impossible to preserve your neutrality, because the mere fact of your being seen at Mrs. S's house, will exclude you from the entertainments of Mrs. G's. At the present period, these petty divisions had acquired magnitude and importance, by the dissension between the governor and the chief-justice. It is foreign to my purpose to discuss the merits of this question, or to intrench on

the prerogative of newspapers or other public journals. Popular feeling seems to be in favour of the judge; but you will have received, long before this time, ample documents from which you will form a judgment more correct than mine, which is likely to be influenced by personal feelings and prejudices.

After a month's residence then, we quitted this Presidency for a march through the Deccan, which offers a favourable crisis for the conclusion of a very long letter.


LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A TOUR OF VISITS.

It was about eleven o'clock on one of those fine sunny mornings, for which India is more notorious than admired, that descending the steps of my verandah, I entered my palanquin, with the benevolent purpose of "bestowing my dulness" on as many of my neighbours as were disposed to admit me.

"Erskine, Sahib," said I, and forthwith the vehicle was put in motion.

The sun poured a broadside on my left, for which to close the doors was the palpable remedy; but on the other side, as if to make the *amende honorable*, a cool breeze (it was December, and my place of location on this habitable globe was latitude 22° north) blew

freshly on my cheek, so I took comfort and my book together.

People always read in a palanquin, if they are fortunate enough to get hold of the supplying material, and if they are so happy as to be permitted by persons who are more influential than might at first sight be imagined.

Onwards ran the bearers; up and down, and on this side and that side, like a vibrating scale, very nearly, but not quite balanced, *pendulated* my carriage; and the words of my book seemed to fall to pieces before my eyes, and the letters jumped about in all the confusion of a country-dance when the performers are *out*. In despair I closed it, and in the next minute enjoyed the relief of being deposited safely at the door of Captain Erskine.

"*Hi*, Sahib," were the welcome words of the servant in waiting, being equivalent to the English "*at home*," agreeable or not as the case may be.

At a morning-call you may very often find

majority of the *single* young men of the station assembled, so that you may call the meeting a *matinée*, as distinguished from the *soirées*, to a place at which, so far as my experience goes, only the fortunate *married* are eligible, except by formal invitation.

In this case there were four or five gathered together, whom I found in the midst of an argument on the merits of a certain obnoxious paragraph in G. O. emanating from the Commander-in-chief, who dealt with the feelings of officers as mercifully as he did with the English language, cutting up both without scruple, and luxuriating most in his effusions, in proportion as *en morale* and *en littérature* they advanced daringly *hors de régles*.

My entrance afforded a seasonable interruption, and the lady of the mansion extended to me a reception of flattering kindness. She was evidently tired of the interminable changes rung on the everlasting theme of General Orders, inasmuch as she had no interest in the matter; Captain Erskine being in the service of a native prince, *nominally* independent,

whose troops were officered by Europeans, *not all* in the service of the King or the Company; and who consequently were regarded by the magnates of *the* service, much as the regulars at home estimate the militia.

Mrs. Erskine was a beauty in duodecimo, and entitled to be rather more foolish and ill-tempered than one would have thought desirable in a plainer woman.

"So, Purbeck, of your's, is going to be married at last!" began the lady.

"Such is the report," replied I; "but if this be not the region of imagination, it is of invention, and I hesitate to believe anything that is wafted to us on the current of a mere *on dit*."

"Oh! but this is from the best authority. I had it from Mrs. Paulet, the lady's sister. Purbeck and she were *compagnons de voyage*, you know, and there is no way of killing the tædium of long 'travel by water,' like love-making."

"You are exquisitely correct, my dear Mrs. Erskine," said Mulgrave, a young subaltern

on leave; "I existed through the horrors of a five months' passage solely by adhering to that prescription. My noble ambition of being esteemed the best conductor of a flirtation in India early dawned within me, and our first roll in the Bay of Biscay witnessed the practical application of the sublime theory I had conceived. How it fared with me, *sub silentio sit;* — pardon me, it is oracular to speak in an unknown tongue. And so Purbeck has positively worked himself up to matrimony! having an eye, I presume, to the connexion with the Adjutant-general's office."

"A fair speculation," said Major Lumley, "and a sure means of passing through company duty with as few drills as the oldest woman in the service could desire."

"But what *could* possess the girl?" resumed Mulgrave. "The man is such a thorough petrifaction,—an automaton, whose springs carry him at given hours to the parade, through the routine *à la* Torrens, and that is the essence and soul of his being. Beyond that martial

book, and the chronology of the General Orders, his head is guiltless of a single idea."

"Oh, you wrong him," returned the Major; "I assure you that Captain Purbeck is never blind to the most remote contingency that can possibly affect the interests of—Captain Purbeck."

"Do not be scandalous," drawled Mrs. Erskine; "I never patronise abuse. I do not think Purbeck so *very* bad; a *little* cold, perhaps."

"Oh, most chillingly so, my dear Mrs Erskine," interrupted Mulgrave: "his monosyllabic orations are distilled from him like drops of rose-water passing in minute time—one—two—three—through the alembic. Who ever saw his cheek kindle for an instant either in hope or anger? Who ever saw his eye lighten as if it were indeed a window into the soul within? His complexion is always frosty,—his eye for ever icy. I caught cold during the hot winds through a visit from him: the thermometer fell forty degrees on his entering

the hall, and the instantaneous transition from *oven-heat* to shivering point was too much for my constitution. I have heard that at home, being overtaken by a snow-storm, the snow-flakes in the congenial atmosphere of his face remained adhesive in all their magnitude, for he had not animal heat enough to melt them."

"That should be one of the Colonel's own," said the Major drily, who, not having a grain of imagination himself, invariably classed warmth of descriptive colouring with that vice of the mind which the vulgar call *falsehood.*

"Unless you would see me expire in convulsions, Major, conjure not up that dark horror. I heard that Mrs. Wilby fainted two nights since with terror at the magnitude of his Munchausens," replied Mulgrave, with an expressive shrug. "What upon earth placed that man at the head of a force? It is an enormity sufficient to afford matter of memorial to the Honourable Court. People at home have no idea how matters are managed here."

"As *everywhere*,—by *interest*," replied the Major.

"It ought to be by *policy*, rather," said Mulgrave. "A frontier station on the borders of a foreign territory is a door worth keeping locked by strong springs; and to put *such* a warder over it!—a man who has neither head to direct, nor hand to execute."

"Nor bull-headedness enough to compensate for his deficiency in mental vigour. He is over flexible to the touch of his native butler," said the Major.

"Ah, if it were permitted, 'I could a tale unfold,' of a man who, without common-sense, truth, honour, or honesty, military skill, or—tell it not in Gath!—military courage, solely from his relationship to a man *in office*, is kept in an important position, in which he can only injure the government he serves, and ruin, perhaps, the officers who have the misfortune to serve under him."

"You and the weather are getting warm, Mr. Mulgrave. Pull the punkah, you Bhoi," said Mrs. Erskine, rather enjoying the bitterness of the young man.

"Don't stop him," said the Major growl-

ingly, "he speaks only the truth, which, if not always safe, is always worth hearing. That *secret report* system is abominable, and will be felt the more the higher a man rises in the service. Let a man have an opportunity of meeting accusations made against him. An officer commanding a corps may be superseded even before he suspects the possibility of such an event, solely because this wretch, Colonel ——, thinks fit, from some personal pique, to describe him as *incompetent*, he himself being no better a judge than I am of indigo. The army wants pruning, and——should be sent to the invalids forthwith."

"Oh for a free press!" said Mulgrave; "that alone contains a cure for more than half the complaints of the body military."

"But unattainable without free colonization, I suspect," said the Major, whose mind oscillated between his desire for a better system of things, and his adherence to those peculiar privileges belonging to the members of that service, in which the greater part of his life had been spent.

As the conversation veered to politics, and threatened severer discussion than I thought compatible with the good of my constitution, whilst the thermometer stood at 90 deg. in the shade, I made my bow, and re-entered my palanquin.

I fell into a reverie, as I lay listlessly, half raised by pillows, naturally suggested by the discussion I had heard on the merits of Colonel ——. The truth of the assertion, that interest *only* was the procuring cause of his appointment, could not be contravened; but, I asked myself, as I surveyed nearly *all* the higher military appointments in India, where is there a single example of its being otherwise? Of the Governor we hear little; he is a good, peaceable man, who will need no *æreæ columnæ* to perpetuate his deeds; these "piping times of peace" are not favourable to the celebrity of men in office in a country legislated for at a distance of twelve thousand miles. *He* has a score of kinsmen to engross *his* patronage, and he seems laudably to occupy himself in culling its choicest flowers for their appropriation.

How, then, shall the still small voice of *merit* be heard in the bustle of the claimants who surround him? The ties of blood, or propinquity, or obligation, must naturally supersede the far inferior rights which an unconnected individual may fancy he derives from extent or period of service. "*Interest! interest! interest!*" are the three indispensable qualifications, without which let no man hope for one iota more than the regulations absolutely secure to him.

Nor does the immediate head of *our* department deviate by "the twentieth part of one poor degree" from the practice of his contemporary. "Interest is qualification," is *his* axiom; and not one action of his can be produced, in proof that its application is not universal. He has other peculiar prejudices also, which exhibit him in a phase not exceedingly admired by this army at large. He is not suspected of any undue partiality to *Company's Officers;* indeed, his contrary prepossessions have sometimes been so manifest as to excite

universal indignation in parties who take the freedom to fancy themselves injured. The perseverance of a refractory court-martial, in a sentence *not* "approved and confirmed," elicited a threat of a new organization of the army at the approaching crisis. What heart-burnings! what mutinous excitement there was amongst us! In what court, civil or military, would so tyrannic an interference with its conscientious judgment be permitted? Adieu to the boasted trial by Jury, if the Judge is to menace with punishment an enlightened Jury, who honestly, and to the best of their knowledge, decide on evidence submitted to them. The trumpet-tongued press of all Britain would awake, to defend the sacred right of free judgment, according to a man's conscience. But *here* that tongue is silent, as if there were, indeed, one tract of British ground where Britons are no longer free men; as if the grave of an Englishman's liberty had indeed been found *here*.

My reflections had just reached this point,

when their bitterness was seasonably interrupted by the sound of an approaching bandy, which slackened its pace as it came alongside.

"Is that you, K——?" asked a voice which I recognized as belonging to Wartnaby, a young Lieutenant; but who was pardoned by spinsters the sin of subalternship, inasmuch as he was in the Commissariat, the only branch of the Service in which, in these days, a man has any chance of accumulating.

"Are you going to Cameron's?" he continued, when I had assured him of my identity; "come, get into my bandy, and send away your bearers; I will drive you there in less than ten minutes."

I gladly accepted his offer, and we were presently rolling along, with a speed that promised to realize his assertion.

"Well, Wartnaby," said I, "you are going to look at the spinster in pretty considerable haste: this augurs well for your matrimonial inclinations."

"It is a 'lying divination,' then," said he,

laughing; "I have vowed a vow against all manner of love-making and match-making, with any girl, of what kind soever, whom any possible combination of circumstances can have brought to the Indian market."

"It were well that were said *quietly*," I replied; "such a declaration would draw on you the wrath of three-fourths of the female part of the cantonment."

"Of course, because three-fourths of them are precisely in that predicament. No impertinence of mine can induce them to cut me; slave never toiled harder to propitiate tyrant, than I to become hated of them. What a misfortune, K——, that a man should be naturally so prepossessing as to render his making the *dis*agreeable a moral impossibility!"

"Coxcomb! if thou wert other than the best fellow in the world, thou wouldst be past endurance."

"That is proof experimental of the truth of my assertion," said he, laughing: "Who can dislike Ned Wartnaby? kind Ned Wartnaby!

honest Ned Wartnaby! good Ned Wartnaby! Not even Mrs. Paul, who hates all the world besides."

"I thought you really *had* effected a cut there."

"By no manner of means. I have refused at least nine million invitations, but her last chit threatened me with a call from herself if I absolutely declined, and I was compelled to show myself there last night. I did the honours of my impertinence in the finest possible style. She had the assurance to mention as *opprobrious*, that the divine Mrs. Markham is the daughter of a tradesman. I mildly ventured to inquire, if she were aware that sundry of our English peeresses were in the same predicament. She persisted with true half-caste impenetrability, and I really felt myself compelled to say—'Can you, Mrs. Paul, kindly add a much more important piece of information, inasmuch as the circumstance may have been influential in the early nurture of the lady,—*who was her mother?*' The animal, with the greatest *sang-froid*, protested igno-

rance, and I really believe felt as little affected as if she had been made of wood or stone."

"For a man of liberal ideas, your prejudices against this race of unfortunates, are more than reasonably strong."

"It is those very prejudices that are the root, the ground-work, the cause of my liberality. The class is so unnaturally bad, that their moral aspect *must* be the result of a political error, which I would wish to be removed for *their* amendment. But perhaps, if I would open up some avenues to their advancement in society, I would close others. Look at the immense distance there is between the position of the male and female portions of these people. Should these things be? Is there *cause* to sanction such disagreement? Are the one better educated than the other? Are their earliest ideas more carefully cultivated? Is the young female plant less liable to be warped by the ungenial influence of—unhappy fact!—a *mother*? Look at the history—the daily lives, of too many officers of this army, for the melancholy answer; and believe

that a well-born and well-educated Englishman, may be *denaturalized* by an unhappy marriage with an Eurasian, if it be their pleasure so to call themselves. *Allons donc!*" and we alighted at the door of Captain Cameron.

We found him on a couch, before which a sofa-table was placed. The room was impregnated with aroma purely Indian, the odour of the hookah, from which he was inhaling oriental luxury. On the table was a glass vase containing a bouquet of oleanders, tube-roses, the splendid Rosa mutabilis, Indian stock, and peacock's pride, the rich colours of which were relieved only by half a dozen green leaves, decidedly indicating the taste of native servants, who carefully abstract the leaves from the flowers they cull for this purpose. A glass dessert-dish was half filled with water, the surface of which was covered with roses in close juxta-position, literally decapitated, the stems being absent on leave; another native taste. Their delightful perfume was perceptible, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the hookah, sweet in themselves, and the more sweet for

their associations with all one remembers of dearest, purest, and best, at *home*. In this part of the world, what are called in England monthly roses are common enough in gardens, but they are without the least perfume. Those which were at this moment delighting me, are much rarer.

Two tea-cups, half full of cold tea, proved how harmless was the beverage which formed the accompaniment to Captain Cameron's hookah.

Line-steps and general orders were discussed as usual with the emphasis of personal feeling. Letters from home and newspapers, Buckingham and the renewal of the Charter, were severally communicated and commented on. Interesting as each and all of these topics might be, our eyes wandered towards the doors with that restless impatience of curiosity, allowable in two individuals in whose life the sight of a new female face, the possessor being unmarried, was, like angel's visits, "few and far between."

"Don't be in a hurry, K——; wait a little, Wartnaby," said Captain Cameron, with cha-

racteristic delicacy. "You shall have a sight of my young lady in time. Why, Wartnaby, man," addressing himself more particularly to my friend, who, I have already hinted, is in the Commissariat, "you have resolved to marry at last, I hear. Don't take an old standard in the country, my boy, they never wear well; they wear *out* though," enjoying his execrable attempt at a pun. "Hear, you boy!" calling with the voice of a stentor, "go tell mistress two gentlemen here."

The domestic presently returned.

"Mistress too much busy, S-a-a-r; mistress not come," said he.

"Why not come? why too busy? what you tell mistress?" asked Cameron angrily, falling into the colloquial English of the natives, which one does habitually, as being more intelligible to them.

"I tell mistress, 'Master tell come, mam; two gentlemen here;' then mam ask 'What gentlemen?' 'I not know,' I tell; then mistress too much angry, and say,—'Go, go! I

too much busy; I not come.' And therefore I tell master."

"Go away, go away; you 're a fool," a conclusive way of answering a mal-a-propos truth. "The fellow has made some mistake, I 'll go myself."

And he entered his lady's sanctuary forthwith, which not being within ear-shot of the hall, we lost the benefit of their *tête-à-tête*.

"*Wash-head* day, my diamond to a ducat," said Wartnaby *sotto voce*, which purely Indian phrase is very much in use amongst ladies country-born and country-educated, and, I fear, even prevails amongst English women who have lived so long here as to forget the better usages of home. It needs scarcely be explained as meaning, that the lady is engaged in one of those ablutions so frequent and so grateful in this climate.

Whatever might be the reasons urged, or the entreaties or commands used on this occasion by Captain Cameron, they had ended in his total defeat —not an unfrequent result

in matrimonial conflicts, I believe, whether performed in the East or the West.

"She is not well—that is, Mrs. Cameron is not well, and Lucy is with her," said he, sulkily insinuating the bad success of his mission. It is astonishing how much *moral* courage it requires to enable a husband to confess the undignified fact—"My wife *will* not come!"

We chatted a few minutes, but Cameron's temper was evidently disordered, and Wartnaby started off double quick.

"That is one of the punishments a man suffers for the sin of *such* a marriage," said he, as soon as the vehicle was in motion. "These Indian women are never fit to be seen before the evening drive, or, if earlier, at a tiffin-party."

"Disappointment, as usual, renders you bitter," said I; "that is a classification Mrs. Cameron would not forgive. She is an Armenian."

"Oh yes, so are they all, all—all of them Armenians! Was ever man so changed from

gentleman to barbarian as yonder Cameron since his marriage ?"

" The man had always *capabilities* for the character, you will allow."

" Well, if I were an influential man in Saint Stephen's, I would assuredly add a clause to the divorce-bill, for the benefit of men in Cameron's unhappy predicament. I would make a woman's causing herself to be denied more than ten times in every month, a sufficient ground for granting a prayed for divorce, without alleging one other cause of complaint."

" This unusual bitterness is surely indicative of some *pressentiment* of the future influence of the fair Lucy—Lucy !"

" I detest the name—Lucy—Louisa—*Tarza bi tarza, nou bi nou !*" sang he, perhaps as the most effectual way of causing his spleen to evaporate.

At Mrs. Marley's, where we next alighted, we found a large party sitting in committee on the merits of the lady, whose invisibility had so unfortunately disqualified us from being enrolled as members.

The usual questions and answers having been reciprocated, the discussion proceeded.

"My dear Mrs. Marley, I quite disagree with you; her complexion really is not so good as you imagine," said Mrs. Lieutenant Clinby, with her usual *minced* Irish; "it will not last, I assure you; *pink* whites never do; *blue* white is the only good complexion for this climate."

"Exactly," said Wartnaby, with a bow, making the palpable application.

"But such a foot!" said the diminutive Mrs. Captain Harris; "I saw it with the heel out of the shoe, looking as if it were afflicted with elephantiasis."

"She has a large hand and foot, I allow," said Captain Proby; "she is a fine woman, nevertheless, and very like Miss O'Neill, such as I remember her, at the time of her debut, when I was a young man about town."

Captain Proby left England *ætatis* sixteen, and had lived the subsequent twenty-five years in India. He was one of that class who, in the fond imagination of having outlived the remembrance of their origin, assume the airs of

men of family, and talk of their connexions with the decisive air of people who are secure against contradiction. He piqued himself on the accuracy of his toilet, and the unexceptionable elegance of his manners, which he believed to be perfectly in keeping with the best *ton* of the age. It was suspected that they were formed on the model Chesterfield recommended, engrafted on the propriety of a Grandison, with a sprinkling of Indian peculiarities which no talent can escape, after so long an abode in this climate. He read much — all the new novels, pamphlets, and sketches of society within his reach, and he adopted the style and sentiments of the literary favourite of the day — *usque ad literam.* You always knew what work had had the benefit of his last perusal, for he delivered its opinions verbatim, with the accurate simplicity of a parrot. Trifles naturally float on the surface, from which, by the way, it is by no means to be inferred that the depths contain any thing to prove that nature abhors a vacuum. Captain Proby abounded in anecdote, and was

amusing during at least his two first visits; beyond these his intimates charged him with repeating himself, and affected to know the precise chord which would produce the sound required; the key-note, the sounding of which would awaken any instrument of the whole orchestra. He was a great critic on female beauty, manner, and accomplishment, — given to scandal and tea-parties, — decisive in detecting indications of talent, or of the want of it, and philosophically sceptical of any that extended beyond the very circumscribed range of his own ideas. He gave magnificent entertainments — exhibited services of plate, quite *en prince;* piqued himself on bowing like George the Fourth; and was, like all others who have just sipped "the Pierian spring," a coxcomb in the knick-knackeries of literature — a pedant in manner, by too great anxiety after the perfection of elegant ease, — a man who played his small character in life with great verbosity and overmuch gesticulation, delivering the meanest and simplest ideas with a

pompous periphrasis, that reminded one too often of the *flourish of trumpets, and enter Tom Thumb.*

"Like Miss O'Neill!" almost screamed Mrs. Slater, who was lately from Europe. "My dear Captain Proby, what an antediluvian idea! Miss O'Neill is quite forgotten, I assure you."

"A waif upon the stream of time," said Captain Proby, with his usual felicity of application, and complacent sentimentality.

"One might as well forget that nobody reads Miss Edgeworth," continued Mrs. Slater, who, being lately imported, insisted on giving the ton in literature, as well as dress and style.

"How impossible!" said Wartnaby, affectedly; "just as if we, the devotees of Vivian Grey, Almack's, *et hoc genus omne*, could possibly endure books which come recommended only by sound sense, a perfect style, exquisite discrimination, cultivated taste, extensive and accurate observation, and the applause of all the literary world of Europe, for

nearly half a century. I assure you, Miss Edgeworth may be considered *quite* exploded, and Miss O'Neil as forgotten, as if

> "Fate had fast bound her
> With Styx nine times round her."

"The *sticks* that forget her, I suppose," said Colonel Hornley, laughing convulsively at his own execrable pun.

"I do not admire Miss Edgeworth," said Captain Proby, with his emphatic tone of criticism; "she is too much of a blue-stocking, and too little of a wit."

He paused, and seemed to feed with mental delight on the felicitous introduction of so brilliant an antithesis.

"I do *so* hate blue-stockings," said little Mrs. Harris, with a pointed glance at Mrs. Slater.

"The term and the character, I thought, were quite antiquated, even in this outer settlement of semi-civilization," returned Mrs. Slater, with the same amiable personality. "I believe you will find females in general *something*

literary *now*, at home; *fifteen years* must naturally afford time for great advancement in an age distinguished for the march of intellect."

Mrs. Harris coloured, bit her lip, and tossed her head. Just fifteen years since she had commenced her Indian career, and so palpable an allusion could not be evaded.

Mrs. Clinby, who by no means approved this interruption of the attack on a new arrival of suspicious beauty, took advantage of the momentary pause to renew it.

"Well, I must say, I think Miss Cameron's figure very overgrown and masculine," she began. "She must be at least five feet eight; how monstrous for a female! I do not think her at all a good life for this climate."

"Her wisdom will be then to marry some retiring Colonel, and return home forthwith," said Wartnaby, who held Mrs. Clinby in abomination, and threw out the suggestion for the charitable purpose of discomposing her.

"Colonels are not so attainable now-a-days,"

returned the lady, who reciprocated Wartnaby's dislike with great cordiality; "they who think of going home, are wise enough to await the end of their voyage, and to marry when they can know what they are about."

"Such knowledge is more easy of acquirement here, I should apprehend—*I speak always under correction*— than in the midst of that variety England offers, to waylay and tempt him at every step," replied Wartnaby, who was always reluctant to leave a lady in the quiet enjoyment of the sex's high prerogative—*the last word.* "To be sure, men marry ill everywhere, and as the chances are ten to one in favour of his being taken in, I advise, for Miss Cameron's sake, that this identical Colonel, we and the Fates intend to procure for her, should make his best bow instanter."

"I wonder *who* she was," resumed Mrs. Clinby, shifting her point of attack, for she was remarkable for hunting down every sufferer she started; "I never heard of the Camerons being connected with anybody in the least respectable. And what a woman is

Mrs. Cameron, to produce her! I absolutely expire whenever she enters my doors."

"Ah, but one *does* die so often in this unhappy clime!" responded Wartnaby, with an affectation as similar to the lady's as a moderate and skilful caricature can be to the original; "and then one recovers so quickly and so entirely—making at worst only just an Irish '*being kilt*' of it."

Mrs. Clinby tossed her head, and talked *from* Wartnaby.

"Girls are so soon spoiled after their arrival in this country!" she said to Captain Proby; "you flatterers completely turn their heads: they forget everything about home except the finery to be procured there, and imagine themselves people of great attractiveness and beauty, merely because they are not unnoticed."

There was a smile, a general and expressive smile, on the countenances of that circle: it was so extraordinary, they thought, that Mrs. Clinby should so far satirize herself: *she* had emerged at once from the depths of "rustical obscurity" into the theatre of an Indian Presi-

dency; she had all the advantage of that pure English complexion for which our island country-women are so famous, and she had fine light hair and bright blue eyes, which, if they were not overmuch lighted by expression, were *still* blue and bright; and she had a tall slender figure, and a prettily turned foot and ankle, and easy manners—that ease which does not result from acquaintance with the habits of elegant society, but from a happy unconsciousness of deficiency; and she danced tolerably, and sang a little—had a new wardrobe and dressed well; and finally, after six days' courtship, married Lieutenant Clinby, to the great scandal of all those whose propriety had sustained a siege of as many weeks. No transformation ever was so complete; it seemed as if one soul had transmigrated from her body, and a second had replaced it: the whole "hue and colour" of the character were different. Impressed with a great idea of the importance she derived from her connexion with the nephew of an earl, she "fooled it to the top of her bent," to the amusement of one half of

her acquaintance, and the disgust of the other: she continually drew on herself disagreeable reflections by consequential assumptions, and she put the whole world on discovering points from which she might be attacked to advantage, merely because she had the folly to hoist flying colours from every angle and bastion of the fortress. Perhaps no vice, however enormous, so surrounds a human being with enemies as egregious vanity, because it continually wounds our neighbour's self-love.

Tired of the discussion, I made a signal to Wartnaby, and we withdrew.

Indian society is indeed but a miserable exchange for the social enjoyments of England. In the out-stations, the proportion of females to the other sex may be as one to fifteen, or as one to twenty. This alone contains a sufficient cause of the generally uncultivated manners and exterior of the majority of the young men; yet, even these, few as they are, and sometimes objectionable, are rarely united by any bonds of sympathy or attachment. So far distant from home, almost exiles

in a foreign land, a theorist would imagine that these circumstances alone would be sufficient to form strong links of union: this is very far from being the case, and the counteracting causes are sufficiently obvious to those who see the vast dissimilarity of manner and intellect, principle, and religious feeling, which separates them,—and *unapproachably* so, when, as is too frequently the case, there is an intermixture of female Hindoo-Britons.

It was asserted, a few years since, that this race might often boast in its veins the blood of Jenghis Khan and Aurungzebe—an assertion the absurdity of which six months' residence here abundantly evidences. The prejudices of the natives, both Hindoo and Mussulmaun, with regard to what *they* denominate caste, are too often thrust on your notice to escape knowledge. Native women of the higher class are *never* the mothers of children by Europeans: on the contrary, these women are generally of the very lowest class, frequently menials of the most degraded description, and as ignorant of the moral obligations

of chastity and fidelity as midnight darkness of intellect can render them. Scarcely elevated above the level of the beasts that perish, the glimmering of reason they possess is just sufficient to teach them cunning, treachery, and petty theft. During the first five or six, and sometimes ten or twelve years of life, their unfortunate children—the children likewise of an European *gentleman* — are left to their companionship, having no additional society but that of bearers and other servants, and almost always unacquainted with any other language. After this period they emigrate to some "Establishment for Young Ladies" at Madras or Calcutta, where they are taught much that every thinking man would wish his wife or daughter to forget with all possible expedition. A passion for admiration and dress is generally—is universally, one of their acquirements, and their taste, as usual, bad in proportion to its extravagance; for the same want of mind which produces the desire, of course perverts its direction.

A young man leaves England as a cadet or

writer, buoyant in hope of Oriental splendour that is to realize the gorgeous pictures of the Arabian tales. He dreams of vales so fertile as scarcely to require the artificial aid of culture—of ease so entire, as to be interrupted by no exertion, but the pursuit of pleasure—of wealth to be acquired with equal speed and facility, and honours to be attained at no distant period. And what is the reality to the military man? He soon discovers, that his income does not suffice to supply his actual wants, that it cannot meet the positive requirements of the climate. To incur debt is easy, and this leads to present extravagance and future ruin, or at best, to so protracted a residence in India, as to despoil him of his memory of home, his longing after it, his taste for the more enlightened society and enjoyments of Europe, and an apathy, destructive of all those energies which are necessary equally to his utility as a moral being, and his progress as an intellectual one. Few sufficiently thirst after knowledge to pursue it for its own sake, when the excitement of emulation is lost, and the re-

compense of fame and distinction withdrawn So the promising youth sinks into the idle dangler after vain, and silly, and somewhat vulgar women, who are valued, as the African savage values glass beads, not for their intrinsic worth, but their novelty and rarity. In time he thinks of marriage, and he takes the first girl into whose society he may be thrown, whose affectation, extravagance, and ignorance, redouble his pecuniary difficulties;—and his libations become more frequent, and years and disappointments increase upon him, and he sinks into an untimely grave, and then—

"Alas! poor Yorick!"

THE NATIVE CHARACTER.

If one instance beyond all others furnishes us with a proof of the powerful influence exercised over the most distinguished intellect by partiality for those subjects, to the study of which it has been long and deeply devoted, it is the extraordinary prejudice in favour of the arts, the sciences, the literature, the religion, of the Hindoos, imbibed by minds, distinguished on all other points for the soundest judgment and most accurate discrimination.

It is not within the compass of a short essay to enter extensively on so profound an investigation. But a slight sketch may be ventured as the result of a comparison of the assertions

of various writers on India, with such observations and inquiries as the residence of an European in the country may enable him to make.

The Hindoo views of the Deity, so far from being sublime or elevated, are, in the highest degree, gross and absurd. The mystical interpretation which some writers have endeavoured to put on their mythology, is by no means within the limits of the apprehension of the multitude, whose whole idea of religious mysteries is bounded by a Procession, or a Pooja,—a sacrifice to propitiate the elements, or ten successive days and nights of the "sounding of psaltry, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music," to charm away the devil, and the sum total of whose deities, as avowed by a Brahmin, amounts to three hundred and thirty millions.* The absurdities, the contradictions, the vague expressions, the inexplicable confusion of their sacred books, are palpable to the most superficial reader, who enters on their perusal with an unbiassed judgment. Nor is

* Tennant's Indian Recreations.

any inference in their favour to be drawn from the lofty expressions they occasionally apply to Brahma, which generally, like lights in a picture, stand out the more from the dark obscurity or absurdity which everywhere surrounds them.

Sanctity, according both to the doctrine and practice of the Hindoos, is but a series of successive inflictions of self-torture; consequently he ranks most highly in their estimation, and receives the largest portion of their reverence, who voluntarily endures the most excruciating pains. Moral excellence they neither understand nor appreciate. In their religious books, indeed, detached sentences may be found that seem to inculcate morality as an object more worthy of practice than mere ceremonies; such, however, are but insulated passages, the great mass of their doctrines tending to produce, and actually producing, amongst their disciples, directly contrary impressions, as the following facts will testify.

Fidelity to the marriage vow is a thing almost unknown amongst them: their licence

of opinion on this point, places them on a level with nations in the lowest state of barbarism. Polygamy is common, perhaps universal amongst them. The Cooleens, the highest class of the Brahmins, practise it to the most frightful excess. The Sooreetro and Bungsoojo, who are in the grade just inferior to the Cooleens, but superior to all others, consider themselves bound to give their daughters in marriage to the Cooleens, who demand money for the honour of their alliance. The facility thus afforded of gratifying their avarice, produces the most disgusting effects, as one individual of this class will sometimes wed ninety or a hundred girls for the sake of their marriage portion, whom he never afterwards sees.

Amongst no people on the face of the earth are women holden in lower estimation than by the Hindoos. As the rank the female sex holds in the community is universally regarded as a criterion from which a judgment may be formed of the degree of civilization a nation has attained, we are compelled to place the Hindoos on the very lowest step of the scale.

From husbands to wives, personal violence of the most cruel and brutal kind, sometimes even to death, is of common occurrence. The husband, moreover, has a power of divorce on almost every pretext with which caprice, passion, or revenge, can furnish him. The women, on the contrary, can never regain their freedom from this tie, how severe soever may be the sufferings it entails on them.

Amongst the higher orders of Hindoos, as well as Mussulmauns, the whole life of women passes within the walls of the Zenanah in the strictest confinement, a restraint from which the poverty of their husbands, and the necessity of their performing various offices of labour, exempts the poorer classes. The minds of all are most deplorably neglected, the least possible degree of cultivation being carefully withholden. Nothing can more forcibly illustrate their degraded condition than the simple fact, that they are not permitted to eat with their husbands. Amongst the lower orders, the most laborious offices are performed by the women, such as the tiling of houses, beating

chunam, carrying heavy burdens, &c. &c., which, in highly civilized countries, always fall to the stronger sex.

The want of honesty in general, and of veracity more particularly, amongst the natives, may be traced to several causes, but it is sufficient here to mention one or two which are the most prevalent and the most potent.

The chance of escaping punishment is one great temptation to crime all over the globe, for wherever this chance is greatest, there crimes most abound. Unfortunately, it is matter of daily experience, that unless men are restrained by the dread of retribution here or hereafter, the natural moral principle, or instinct, for which some theorists contend, is so feebly operative as to be, in fact, perfectly ineffectual. It is very difficult, in a criminal court in India, to fix a charge upon a criminal; the cause of which is, the great facility with which the prisoner can always procure witnesses to prove an *alibi*, to whom perjury is habitual, and who, so far from considering it sinful, or a violation of the precepts of religion, deem it

always pardonable, and sometimes even laudable. Sir W. Jones himself has said, "Perjury seems to be committed by the meanest, and encouraged by some of the better sort among the Hindoos and Mussulmauns, with as little remorse as if it were a proof of ingenuity, or even of merit." I have heard a magistrate declare that he could procure any number of witnesses to vouch any fact whatever, at the price of *an anna an oath!*

The reverence which they entertain for their priests, the Brahmins, probably exceeds that with which any other nation regard the ministers of their religion. The Shasters are compilations tending to enslave mankind in the most complete mental thraldom to that class of the community with whom rests their interpretation, and for whose exaltation and pre-eminence they appear to be expressly written. Even the most absolute Hindoo princes have always been—those yet remaining on the native musnuds still continue to be—subservient to the will of the Brahmins, bending their legislative tyranny to the tyranny of priesthood,

with an awed and timid reverence exceeding that paid by the most bigoted Roman Catholic prince to the infallible Head of his church. The arrogance of the priest is imbibed from those sources from which he draws his code of religious belief. There he learns that he is equal with his God, and superior to his prince; consequently, that he is above all law, and possesses in a pre-eminent degree in his own person, the "right divine" of doing no wrong. Hear what their own Sacred Volumes declare: "The Brahmin's power, which depends on himself, is greater than the royal power, which depends on other men."—"The Brahmin who shall retain in his memory the Rig Vedas, shall obtain salvation and bliss, even if he shall have slain three worlds."

The person of a Brahmin is considered sacred, and himself impeccable. To entertain Brahmins sumptuously, is constantly inculcated on the Hindoos; abuse of a Brahmin subjects the offender to death by torture; stealing from one, to death by fire. This contributes in no small degree to fill the minds of

the multitude with awe of them; and the ignorance in which they are plunged acts as a powerful auxiliary. They are prohibited from reading the Sacred Books, and just such portions are communicated as most directly tend to augment their veneration for the priesthood. They are instructed in the performance of certain ceremonies, on which they are taught to believe that their salvation depends. Their faith in an absolute fatality absolves them from a dependance on the issue of morality, and precludes their repenting of a guilt which seems compelled upon them by the invincible necessity — the dark Atys. Moreover, their religious fears of the effects of disobedience subside before those two consoling causes,— the knowledge that crime may be expiated by certain repetitions of forms of words,— and that the priest has the power of absolving. It is necessary, therefore, that the favour of the priest should be secured at every risk. The Shaster permits occasional lying, and now the doctrine is inculcated, that in the service of a Brahmin it is not only allowable but merito-

rious; therefore, to secure the desired absolution, perjury affords the readiest and most efficacious means. Thus to arrive at the truth in the civil and military courts, where natives are parties or evidence, is attended with almost insurmountable difficulty. Laying aside positive falsehood, their evasiveness, their proverbial unwillingness to give a direct statement, or afford a direct answer to any question, their exaggerations, resulting in a great measure from the genius of their language, their clouds of metaphor and hyperbole, the superfluous circumstances with which they overload every narration, render it one of the most tedious and trying tasks imaginable to investigate their complaints, or to decide on their causes. It seems a trial of their sagacity to out-lie each other.

It is the policy of the Brahmins to make their own caste the sole depository of knowledge. Aware that its diffusion is the communication of power and of freedom, they know that their despotism must cease, their influence, their honours, and their wealth

evaporate, if once the avenues of science are open to the vulgar, if once they are permitted to inquire and to investigate. It is to be hoped, nevertheless, that a spirit is abroad with healing on its wings. At the seat of government a wonderful change is effecting; men of the higher orders are beginning to emancipate themselves from the triple fetters in which more than three thousand ages have found them. They are associated with Europeans, in literary and scientific societies, as well as in other undertakings. They publish a journal in their own language, and printing is likely to be as efficacious in abolishing their superstitions, as it has been universally proved the mightiest engine in the amelioration of the intellectual and social condition of the nations of the West. The throwing of a greater portion of wealth into the hands of other classes, which has been the effect of our intercourse with them, must also produce beneficial effects, —slow, perhaps, in their operation, but certain in their ultimate issue.

No political constitution ever was more ad-

verse to the progress of intellect than that established by the Hindoo laws. Bound by them to follow the vocation of his father, however contrary to his genius, hostile to his feelings, or humiliating to his ambition, a son must remain for ever in the same sphere in which he was born, and from which, as neither heroism nor talent can elevate him, the stimulus to both is withdrawn. No aristocracy in Europe even approaches to that exclusive spirit which separates the Brahmin from the other orders, and places an eternal and impassable gulf between him and the unfortunate Paria; that race born to bear the curse, "aliens to the commonwealth" of their brethren,—"hewers of wood and drawers of water,"—scorned and outcast—uncheered by hope—incapable of obtaining consideration from their kind—shut out from the social tie, as if foredoomed to vice, "hating and hateful." But, under the British government, they recover, in some degree, their privileges, and naturally become attached to rulers, under whom they are secure in the possession of the fruits of their

industry; and, being a numerous body of the people, they are never despicable as adherents.

The respect entertained by the natives for our superior prowess, our acquirements, and our science, is doubtless a grand,—a principal, security for the preservation of our influence here. Another powerful cause exists in the heirship of implacable enmity and hatred that exists between the Mussulmaun and Hindoo population, who seem never to lose, the first the haughtiness and tyranny of conquerors, and the latter, the vindictive feelings of the conquered and oppressed. It would be difficult to find a motive sufficiently strong to unite them in enterprise, far less to ensure that unanimity amongst their leaders, that faith and that secrecy on which the success of every combination—especially of every conspiracy—must depend.

"To leave the natives," says Dow, "entirely to their own laws, would be to consign them to anarchy and confusion. The inhabitants of Bengal are divided into two religious

sects, the Mohammedan and Hindoo, almost equal in point of numbers. Averse beyond measure to one another, both on account of religion and the memory of mutual injuries, the one party will not now submit to the laws of the other; and the dissension which subsists between individuals would, without a pressure from another power, spread in a flame over the whole kingdom. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to the peace and prosperity of the country, that the laws of England, in so far as they do not oppose prejudices and usages which cannot be relinquished by the natives, should prevail." The insinuation contained in this last sentence of Colonel Dow's, is daily proved to be an act of diminishing necessity. The abolition of a rite, to which the natives have adhered with extraordinary tenacity for ages, has been effected without the least symptom of commotion. Many of the most distinguished Hindoos have advocated this measure of the government warmly, and the slight opposition which was raised by the mercenary class of the priesthood,

has evaporated in a few letters conveyed to the public by the medium of the press, and in the convening of a meeting which got up a remonstrance to government, that died a natural death, as the last cry of worn-out prejudices generally exhales itself.

One great obstruction to the redemption of the natives from their present abominable idolatry is, that it encourages and administers to all their most violent passions and most depraved appetites. Christianity is an arena of perpetual conflicts with self, inculcating the severest restraint on the first, and the strictest self-denial of the latter. Moreover, they are of perception so gross, as to be little susceptible of impressions from any objects but those which strike vividly on the senses; hence, probably, the policy of their priests adopted the expedient of those frequently recurring pageants, which flatter this appetite, and increase it by encouragement; almost every action of life has its appropriate ceremony, every domestic event, every change of season. The result of an attempt to *modify* Christianity to

their apprehensions, is abundantly manifest in the Roman Catholicism of the native Portuguese, which is in nothing less absurd and idolatrous than Hindooism. Christianity, in its reformed mode, is a worship so purely spiritual, that nothing less than the Divine agency seems likely to be effective, in causing it to be adopted as the *real* belief of the natives of this climate, in their present mental darkness. Wedded to pomp and splendour, they despise a simplicity which they have not intellect enough to venerate; engrossed by the most determined sensuality, what to them is the hope that is spiritual? Dazzled by the voluntary tortures of their Yogees and Yanassees, they would discern nothing to compensate for the loss of this "will-worship" in the "sacrifice of a humble and contrite spirit." It is probable that the diffusion of knowledge will prepare the way for the reception of divine truth, by refining and purifying their minds, gradually, but surely; by elevating the human intellect above the brute-sense; by weakening, and eventually destroying their

prejudices. Whether this immense improvement of their mental powers, this communication of the might of moral strength, be desirable in a political point of view, is not to enter into our consideration as *Christians*. As sovereigns, it is our duty to ameliorate the condition of our subjects; and in our other higher character, as the depositaries of sacred truth, we are never to forget, that to be a means of evangelizing the world, is part of the tenure by which we hold our privileges; and we ought, in feeling that "we have nothing which we did not receive," to acknowledge, in every action, our conviction that the light is given to us, not to be "hidden under a bushel," but to be poured forth by every possible avenue, on "every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and language" under heaven.

MANAGEMENT.

THERE are people in the world who are *born* diplomatists; who cultivate finesse as an art, and who, in their moral progress, have an invincible antipathy to a straight line—whose mental motion is, in fact, always spiral.

"Shall I invite Vernon to dine to-morrow?" said Mrs. Raymond to her husband.

"Why not? I understood it was to be a general thing," replied the gentleman.

"Oh, my dear Colonel, that is so like you; forgetting the utter, the complete impossibility of the thing! In that case, we *must* invite Mrs. Slade, you know; and there is *her* sister and *his* to be produced, of course; and they are rather good-looking, I hear—not that I fear their

throwing Rose into shade, she is too excessively pretty for that—but distracted attention—that is, *divided* attention, is always injurious; and they say Arnold—the Collector, not the Lieutenant—is rather struck with one, I forget which—and he is so perfectly unexceptionable—and then there is the Resident very desirous of seeing Rose, but fond of music; and Miss Slade plays well, and one cannot avoid asking her to try the new piano. In fact, I have thought it wiser to have only married ladies—Mrs. Barney, she squints—Mrs. Graham, as dark as an Ayah—and Mrs. Jones, who is really a perfect female Falstaff, and eats more than two Aldermen. So you see, it is by no means general, my love; and one can omit Vernon without being pointed, you know."

"But what for, Mrs. Raymond? You have always so many reasons for what you choose to do, that, confound me, if I can understand one."

"Depend on it, my dear Colonel, nothing is to be done in this world without proper address: you are so terribly opaque, that you

would spoil the best management on earth. However, either I am to act as I please with regard to your niece, or I give up the whole concern; and, moreover, I am positively decided on *not* inviting Vernon."

"Once again, *why*, I ask?"

"Were they not fellow-passengers on board, and is not the voyage the eternal subject of discussion whenever I am so foolish as to allow him to be admitted? And is not Rose evidently quite delighted to talk with him? And have not I seen her neglect other people when he comes up to her as we ride out at night? However, I have desired the horse-keeper to report the horse lame, so I have secured *that* point at least. The carriage is much safer,—much more correct,—though, by the way, Vernon thinks proper to trot his horse by *her* side even then. Very presuming and forward that young man,—for a *subaltern*, moreover, and *not* on the staff!"

"Precisely my own position when we married, Mrs. Raymond."

"Yes, my dear, true, I was a very foolish

young girl then, and had no sound advisers. One gets wise too late: let Rose, therefore, have the benefit of my experience."

"A thousand thanks, my love."

"Nay, my dear, I mean no complaint. You are very unexceptionable as men go, and I assure you I find no fault with you, except that you are rather obtuse on all matters of management,—so necessary, too, as it is. However, you must agree with me, that if I did only *well*, there is no reason why Rose should not do *better*, and I consider it my duty to try *the best* for your niece, Colonel Raymond."

"Very good, my dear; only if, as you say, there *should* be any attachment between these two young people,—Rose and Vernon—"

"*I* say? Excuse me, Colonel Raymond, this is a very extraordinary charge, and one which I am the last person in the world to deserve. I did, indeed, hint at the possibility of some *flirtation* existing, which, though the farthest in the world from any thing serious, might be in the highest degree injurious to the best interests of our dear Rose. There is a

wide difference between a flirtation and an attachment, my dear; but, nevertheless, it may give rise to unpleasant reports, and I *must* have my way in this point."

And Mrs. Raymond, as usual, not in this point only, but in *every* point, *had* her way, and the dinner was given, and Vernon was *not* invited.

Rose, however, felt his exclusion, and was offended by it: but Mrs. Raymond was too well satisfied with her own powers to dread any very unpleasant results from the displeasure of her ward.

It is a delicate thing to state with precision a lady's age. Mrs. Raymond, perhaps, might be verging to that period which is so clearly and happily defined as a *certain age*, because it is just the most *un*certain epoch in the life of woman. Her best friends pronounced her "fat, fair, and forty," and their judgment was probably rather indulgent than otherwise. She was a *character*, principally, perhaps, because she always aimed at being one, which of itself constitutes a marked individuality. Somebody

said she had three distinct species of vanity—vanity of beauty—vanity of wit—and above all, vanity of management. She piqued herself on an *air spirituel*, which gave a charm, she conceived, to sharp, keen, and irregular features. She *had been* fair; fifteen years' sojourn in India had not improved her complexion, but *en revanche*, it had not diminished her satisfaction with it. Her skin was perfectly guiltless of wrinkles, and looked remarkably well by candle-light, and with the aid of a little rouge and a critical assortment of colours. Her stature was low, and her figure *en bon point;* her enemies—and when is merit without enemies? —her enemies declared, even to grossness. But she consoled herself, or rather offered incense to her own vanity, by remarking to all her friends, the dreadful angularity—the complete want of roundness, that characterised every tall, slender woman of her acquaintance. She danced actively even in India, walked in her compound more frequently than any other lady in the cantonment, perambulated the verandahs when the heat or the rain prevented her making a sortie,

which all the world *here* know to be the case, except at sunrise or after sunset, the year round. Then she valued herself on the art *de raconter bien*, and procured for her constitution, by this medium, quite sufficient exercise to carry off superfluous humours. Egotism must be a constituent part of such an idiosyncrasy. Being of immense importance to herself, she believed that others shared her sentiments. Thus her economy of her time and her fortune — her hour *de se lever et de se coucher*—how she got fat and how she got thin, what she ate, what she drank, what she said, what she dreamt, all furnished her with topics, pressed too frequently on the attention of most unwilling hearers. She was *liberal without being generous;* she gave pecuniary assistance with an unsparing hand to all her needy friends; but then she liked to have the *éclat* of it, and to be paid by applause. She did not draw upon *hereafter*, for what she conceived good actions done *here*. She was clearly of opinion that the portion of fame a person really enjoys, is just that of which he feels, hears, and

sees, the sweetness. She required incessant manifestations of the gratitude of those she benefited, until they sometimes suspected that this payment was much heavier and more burdensome than a quadrupled payment in kind. Besides, she had no idea of what we call *delicacy* in such matters. If you were poor, why wish to conceal it? Why suffer embarrassment when, in the course of conversation, she alluded explicitly to your circumstances in the presence of strangers? Did you blush to be *obliged* to her? Were you ashamed of being grateful? Long and loudly she argued in this manner, until the most favoured of her protégés felt themselves the victims of her vanity, and writhed beneath the galling liberality that had given them gold indeed, but compelled them to taste, drop by drop, the bitterness of that cup which her egotism perpetually obliged them to drink.

Confiding implicitly in her *savoir faire*, she had counsel for every contingence, and her own annals seemed to afford a precedent for every possible combination of circumstances. It was really astonishing how one individual could con-

trive to comprise in one life, such an amazing fund of experiences of all kinds. She had the best of all authorities—successful experiment—for every remedy she suggested for every evil. Therefore she demanded that all your reason, your judgment, far more your feelings and prejudices, should be disregarded on the strength of her *dictum*. Believing herself to see so much more clearly than other people, she treated the objects of her immediate operations as absolutely blind, and seemed to expect that they should imbibe the same conviction. She was, in every respect, an elaboration of activity; and her dinner-parties and her evening parties cost her a *bustle of occupation*, which very few constitutions could endure in *any* climate, and which, in this, seemed to threaten absolute death. Therefore, when the time of the assembling of her guests arrived, she was generally in her own apartment, under the influence of a fit of hysterics, which obliged her to appear late amongst them, but which afforded her a long-continuing topic of self-pity, in bewailing the excessive delicacy of her constitu-

tion, and the strength and energy of mind which, positively, was too much for the fragility of her body. "So that, having," said an old Major, too keen-sighted to be considerably in her favour, "the size of a porpoise, and the clatter of ten parrots, she exercises her grampus-like propensity of puffing, until her self-inflation produces a suspension of natural animation, and she complains at finding herself reduced to that state of quiescence which forms the chief blessing of every man, woman, and child, who is compelled to endure the horrors of her acquaintance."

Mrs. Raymond *had* her party, and Vernon was absent. The table groaned under the plenty of an Indian dinner, and glittered with its costliness. There was, as usual, one immense course, succeeded by sweetmeats and fruits, a dessert, in fact, placed on the table *before* the cloth was withdrawn. There was abundance of expensive English luxuries: hermetically sealed salmon, cakes and preserves of all kinds, costly wines cooled with saltpetre, liqueurs the *chef-d'œuvres* of the French dis-

tillery, all that could gratify the appetite, please the eye, or brighten the imagination. There was a hecatomb of compliments offered to the presiding divinity, that homage which she loved so well. During the process of eating, there was little attempt at conversation, but the corporeal wants of man being satiated, there was some effort made to supply his mental cravings. The silent smoked hookahs, and listened most patiently to the talkers, soothed into tranquillity by the monotonous lullaby of the bubbling water. Nevertheless it was a very dull party, passing the dulness of Indian entertainments generally. The Resident talked of Miss Slade's playing, and the Collector toasted Mrs. Slade's sister, and Rose was in the sullens, and quite impracticable. She made no impression, that was evident; and, as Mrs. Raymond justly said, "the party was evidently thrown away."

Mrs. Raymond had too much tact to notice her niece's dissatisfaction, far less to attribute it to Vernon's absence. She never attempted by any overt act to restrain the freedom of her

intercourse with him, and when he called she received him with that frank friendliness which she extended to all her acquaintance, never *perceptibly* distinguishing the superior rank, which really formed the passion of her soul, if she had a soul. She was too skilful a general to betray her tactics to the enemy; occasionally she spoke with a sigh of pity of the miseries necessarily to be endured by subalterns and their wives, regretted the total want of interest which completely excluded so many fine and meritorious young men from the staff; bewailed the privations to be endured by well educated young women who, by marrying thoughtlessly, put themselves out of the reach of those comforts and indulgences which alone can render India tolerable, and pressed on the view of her fair listener the attention paid to half a dozen married women whose incomes afforded them all the splendours of life. Rose was young, flexible, never of very strong mind, and educated for India. She liked Vernon passing well, and any manifestation of opposition to her attachment on the part of her protectress

might have had the effect of confirming that attachment. But she had been taught to place a high value on position, and the luxuries that attend large incomes and superior rank. She had not strength of mind sufficient to face the severe economy which must mark a subaltern's life, or condemn him to perpetual debt and exile. She flirted with Vernon, without any intention of marrying him, and accepted at length,—thrice happy moment of Mrs. Raymond's ambition!—Mr. Arnold, the Collector, who had been scorched beneath five-and-twenty summer suns in India, without any worse effects than liver,* corpulence, and a saturnine complexion.

Vernon thought himself jilted, and was highly indignant. But these more violent emotions soon die a natural death in a tropical climate. Mrs. Arnold was quite the fashion; she gave magnificent parties,—sported superb equipages,—carriages, elephants, luxuries both of the

* In Indian phraseology, a person suffering from hepatic affection is said "to have liver," probably because in seven cases out of ten he has *almost none*.

east and the west; received visitors of all classes with amiable good-temper; and, Vernon resolving also to visit her, commenced a flirtation at the house of a mutual acquaintance, and from that moment the affair was *en train*.

It was very soon a matter of course, that Mrs. Arnold should be driven every evening in a curricle Vernon sported just at this time, to the great scandal of the field-officers of the station. He must be involving himself very deeply, they said; no subaltern could afford two horses in addition to his riding-horse. He might wait six or eight years for his company yet, and in the mean while his debts would be increasing to a fearful magnitude. And what in the world was Arnold doing? Was he blind, and could not see? or deaf, and could not hear, what all the world were talking about? And where were Mrs. Raymond's wits? Had she lost her acuteness and penetration, which she was everlastingly employing in affairs that did not concern her? It was a great pity her faculties, which were so constantly directed to the benefit of the universe at large, were not a

little more useful in the guidance of her own connexions. It was really to be lamented that she had chosen the precise time for napping, when it was most requisite that she should be wide awake.

Mrs. Raymond *did* awake at length, and she set herself to divert the current of affairs with all possible address.

It may be questioned whether she really felt all the uneasiness she wished to persuade herself that she actually suffered. Such a fine field of management did not frequently invite her powers So much delicacy, so much tact was required. She passed two sleepless nights in deciding on the best method of commencing her operations. Should she write to Rose? No; she did not think epistolary communications half so effectual or persuasive as oral. Should she alarm her conscience,—rouse her pride,—or appeal to her feelings? It would be too tedious to follow her thoughts through all their meanderings. The result was the following note.

"My dear Rose.

"Will you be at home, and quite alone, this morning, at noon precisely? I wish to pass an hour with you *tête-à-tête*, if you can spare me so long. You know that I am not a very formidable personage, and you cannot, therefore, refuse me on the ground of alarm.

"Yours, very much,

"Jane Raymond."

To which the following answer was returned.

"My dear Mrs. Raymond.

"I should have the greatest delight in receiving you as you propose; but Vibert, the artist, is to have a sitting from me just at the hour you mention, and Mr. Arnold is anxious that my portrait should be completed without delay, as V. quits this very shortly. Any other time, if I am fortunate enough to be disengaged, I shall devote an hour to my dear Mrs. Raymond, without any alarm, and with the greatest pleasure.

"Yours, affectionately,

"Rose Arnold."

Now Mrs. Raymond had not exactly calculated on being refused; so, as she could not obtain the interview she desired, she made her call at noon nevertheless, and contrived to be present during the whole of this sitting. Vernon was one of the guests; but as Mr. Arnold himself was also there to superintend the efforts of the artist, and amiably unconscious that any other person was at the same time superintending the appearance and attitude of the exceedingly pretty original, Mrs. Raymond thought she could not very plausibly mention the circumstance to Rose, as objectionable. At length the sitting was over, and there seemed to be a tacit struggle between Mrs. Raymond and Mr. Vernon to compel the other to depart. At length the lady invited herself to tiffin; but as the gentleman was very quickly and quietly seated at the hospitable board, it seemed evident that his presence there had been expected. Mrs. Raymond finally was compelled to beat a retreat, being for this time completely out-generaled.

Mrs. Raymond had always given her niece

credit for the greatest possible simplicity and facility of character. She calculated on her being pliant to the influence of superior *mind*—(Mrs. Raymond patronised that word *mind* even beyond the *cant* of the day)—as the osier to the wind. It was a great pity that the accuracy of her views of things was so much distorted by considering the position she herself was to assume, more than that in which others actually appeared. She was so engaged in planning her own operations, that she overlooked the important circumstance, that an unforeseen movement of the enemy might entirely derange her projects. She forgot that the very error—she did not even dream that it might deserve a harsher name—on account of which she meant to remonstrate, must, in its very outset, destroy all the simplicity of Mrs. Arnold's character, and quickly render her an adept in *management*, competent to baffle the keenness of the most vigilant inspector of her actions. She forgot that woman's first attempt at concealment is the first admission of the serpent into Eden.

Mrs. Raymond felt herself constantly baffled in all her attempts at gaining a *tête-à-tête* with Rose; but she had no cause of complaint. Mrs. Arnold always received her visits with the greatest pleasure, indeed with an unusual appearance of affection,—but then she was never alone, not for one minute, whilst Mrs. Raymond remained with her. Rose also paid frequent visits to her uncle,—every devoir of this kind was punctually fulfilled,—but she always came attended with such a *suwarree*,* as Mrs. Raymond called it, that any confidential intercourse was out of the question. And this lasted for more than a month, until Mrs. Raymond's temper began to lose its equanimity, and her vexation at being *out-manœuvred* by a child, as she called her niece, mingled some resentment with her better feelings. Finding, therefore, her progress completely obstructed in this direction, she turned, like a person to whom all routes are equal that conduct him to his destination, into a different path.

Colonel Raymond received her first hints of

* Crowd of horsemen—attendants.

the matter with ridicule and positive incredulity. But the mere repetition of an assertion, unassisted by any additional weight of evidence, goes far to enlisting our faith on its side. When once he was sufficiently wrought on to view the subject as serious, he saw enough to corroborate all Mrs. Raymond's assertions; and he felt, more deeply than she did, all the misery that threatened Rose, because he had no ambition of displaying his own cleverness, or of introducing himself amongst the characters of the scene as an adviser, a judge, or an avenger. Moreover, he had a very deep feeling of the shame and dishonour that shrouds an erring wife, notwithstanding his long absence from Europe, and he thought no risk too great, no action too hazardous, to prevent the fixing of so tremendous a stigma on the child of his brother. He was a very straight-forward person, and it struck him that the individual most concerned in the business was the husband, who was likely to be the severest sufferer. Colonel Raymond never dreamed that it might be expedient to temporize,—that it would be

well if the endangered wife's progress were stopped without her possible errors being brought at all under her husband's cognizance: and though Colonel Raymond had a very proper conjugal feeling of the general cleverness of his wife, he had some suspicion that she occasionally *over*-managed her own concerns, as well as other people's; and he had a thorough conviction, not the result of any long process of internal reasoning, that his best plan would be to go quietly and directly to Mr. Arnold, and advise his cutting Mr. Vernon dead with all convenient speed.

Mr. Arnold was aghast. Supine, from the effect of long residence in India, and from his habitual yielding to the climate, he had been satisfied with seeing the very beautiful face of his wife clothed in constant smiles; with hearing her cheerful laugh, and with sitting down daily at a table covered with a splendid dinner, and surrounded with lively guests. He thought Vernon an excellent fellow, and was well pleased that Mrs. Arnold shared this feeling. If she preferred Vernon's curricle to

her own carriage, he saw no reason why her preference should be opposed. If she selected him as her cavalier at a ball, as her *escorte hither* and *thence*, well and good; it saved her husband the annoyance of accompanying her, and the disagreeableness of teazing her by keeping her at home. Mr. Arnold had an excellent temper, and really suffered so much from causing pain to any human being, that a species of amiable selfishness rendered him the most obliging person in the world. No husband on earth could be more indulgent. It seemed as if the chief gratification his large income afforded him, was to administer to her taste for jewels and equipages, and those delights which are generally most coveted by the young. He was pleased to be considered by her the very kindest being of her acquaintance, and he received her lively thanks for every fresh proof of his attachment, with the fond delusion that they originated in that mingling of love and gratitude which constitutes, probably, the best principle of conjugal affection. And now to be so rudely

awakened to be told that he might *possibly* be a dupe, the *dupe* of a mere girl, whom he petted as a plaything, and whose nature he had deemed as guileless as that of the just-fledged bird that makes its first flight from the parent nest! Mr. Arnold was completely overcome; an instant sufficed to convert the "milk of human kindness" with which his heart abounded into gall. His vehement indignation assumed a character the more formidable from his general state of quiescence and equanimity. It was long before Colonel Raymond could persuade him to adopt such measures as were necessary at once to secure his wife's virtue and her reputation. He condemned the Colonel, Mrs. Raymond, and himself, for their blameable blindness; he execrated Vernon for his meditated sin against every law of morality, every bond of hospitality; he alternately exaggerated and extenuated the weakness, the meditated ingratitude, of his wife. But the stormy mood exhausted itself at length by its violence; and when the Colonel left him, he was satisfied

that he would immediately adopt that course of conduct which was most likely to result in the preservation of his honour, and the redemption of his happiness.

Mrs. Raymond was perfectly *enragée* that the Colonel had ventured on this important step without asking her advice or opinion. She flung from him in a fit of high disdain, and dispatched instantly the following missive to Rose, in the persuasion that she was actuated merely by the benevolent feeling of apprising her of the exact situation in which she stood. If she could have defected the disproportionate measure of the desire of counteracting the imbecile plans of her husband, as she called them, she might, perhaps, have felt less complacency in the analysis of her feelings.

"My dear Rose,

"I have in vain endeavoured for some time to give you a hint of the various rumours that are in circulation, not only through the cantonment, but in fact throughout the Presidency, of your violent flirtation with Mr.

Vernon. You have so perseveringly avoided any confidential communication with me, that I am at last driven to this very unsafe method of conveying to you intelligence which, perhaps, will now reach you too late. I have no leisure for preparation, and it is not expedient to delay. In a word, Mr. Arnold is in possession of some fact connected with you and Mr. Vernon, which will probably lead to an immediate *éclaircissement*, for which my desire is to give you warning to prepare yourself. What may be the real state of the case you only can be aware. At any rate, to be taken quite unawares, might elicit some sudden disclosure, which it would be prudent to avoid, and which might enlighten Mr. Arnold more perhaps than would be desirable; if, indeed, of which I am by no means certain, anything remains unknown. Prepare yourself.

"Yours, very truly,

"JANE RAYMOND."

In the evening of that day the whole cantonment was in a state of agitation. Mrs. Arnold

had quitted her husband's house, and was actually living in Mr. Vernon's quarters.

The next circumstance to which public attention was directed was a duel between the deserted husband and the criminal lover. The whole proceeding was conducted with the greatest regularity. There was nothing that could possibly be construed into the slightest tincture of unfairness in either party. But Mr. Arnold found *his satisfaction* in death, and Mr. Vernon honourably added the character of murderer to that of seducer and adulterer.

Mrs. Raymond's agony was boundless. Her conscience upbraided her incessantly with her ill-judged interference. She went through all the paroxysms of feeling to which a person of her busy, active, vain temper may be supposed to be subject under the influence of remorse. Her internal admissions of erroneous judgment and foolish precipitation were unextenuated even by *her* general habits of self-complacency. It was the first time that the bad effects resulting from the spirit of manage-

ment had ever been displayed to her in forcible colours; and now the whole picture was so appalling, so awful! She could not be persuaded to view the body of Mr. Arnold,—her victim she called him,—and her imagination clothed him in horrors beyond even the terrible reality. She was wrought to a perfect fever of mind which partook of insanity, and the images that were perceptible to her mental vision were terrific as they were incongruous. Sometimes she charged the whole on the guilty widow, sometimes on Vernon, — on herself: for, let her accusations wander where they might, they invariably returned to this point. Disturbed by the cruellest remorse, she suffered the natural consequence in this climate of feelings violently excited—she was the prey of a prolonged and dangerous fever.

That the guilty Mrs. Arnold endured in her first feelings of anguish the measure of the Divine vengeance on her crime, may be imagined; but naturally of a temper that skims only the surface of things, she was not long without the alleviation that time brings to

every sorrow. She was very much disposed to attribute the whole affair to Mrs. Raymond's violent proceeding,—to the foolish chit which had brought on a crisis neither she nor Vernon had ever before contemplated very distinctly. Then she went back to her marriage—her *forced* marriage she called it, overlooking the trifling circumstance of its being entirely the result of her own free-will;—*if* she had been permitted to marry Vernon! *if* she had not been over-persuaded! *if* she had not been terrified by representations of the privations to which the wife of a subaltern was exposed,—representations too so greatly exaggerated! And thus "she laid the flattering unction to her soul," until she brought herself to receive Colonel Raymond with composure.

The Colonel felt as a man on whose honour a stain had been cast by the misconduct of a person so nearly connected with him; he felt also, as a friend, the death—the sudden, the awful death, of a being he had esteemed. Neither was he insensible to the evils of poverty, and obscurity, and disgrace, to which

his most criminal niece had exposed herself. He expected to see her overwhelmed with remorse—subdued by repentance—sinking beneath the despair of the dark future. He came prepared to speak words of comfort; to offer protection,—a shelter in England,—the relief of competence to obscurity. He meant to say, "Sin no more," and to offer the means of preservation. The reception of him was naturally an agitated one. "Some natural tears she dropped, but wiped them soon;" she discussed every topic calmly—spoke of the future with something approaching to cheerfulness—condemned the whole of Mrs. Raymond's proceedings most unscrupulously—extenuated all her own share of the transaction, and represented herself as the victim of her aunt's too great love of controlling everybody, and managing all the world. Poor Colonel Raymond was completely overwhelmed by finding her in a state of mind so contradictory of all his anticipations. He had arranged his mind for offering consolation, and he found himself the person who most needed it. He became at

length indignant, and inwardly confessed that no heartlessness exceeds that of a fool, and that a man may as well hope to impress a statue with deep or high feelings, as that most impracticable of all created things — a pretty idiot. However, the Colonel did not suffer his indignation to counteract the designs of his benevolence: with recovered composure he steadily advised Mrs. Arnold to proceed to England forthwith—to have no fear of a provision for the future, because, having been the cause of her being brought to this country, and having advised the marriage that had been dissolved under circumstances so awful and painful, he held himself bound to care for her future provision.

Mrs. Arnold was quite astonished that the Colonel could contemplate any other line of conduct for Mr. Vernon and herself than a marriage as soon as possible. She did not doubt they would be able to exist comfortably: she did not require splendour; and if the people of the cantonment did not choose

to visit her, she could exist without them: and then Vernon would soon get his company; and when he was a major, he would pay his debts, and, on the whole, she was sure they should get on very well as soon as this misfortune was a little forgotten.

"You cannot forget—you will never forget that Mr. Vernon is your husband's murderer!" said the Colonel, provoked into severity.

"It was all quite fair; and if one were to call every duellist a murderer—!" She burst into tears.

Colonel Raymond distinguished between the agitation of grief and that of passion.

"I have but one word to add," said he: "to waive all suggestion of the impropriety of a marriage under your circumstances—Vernon is under arrest, and will as surely be dismissed as he will be tried by court-martial: he will have no means of supporting you; and I tell you, Rose, very plainly, that you have nothing to rely on but the plan I offer. Suppose your marriage with this man to take

place, and our connexion, our intercourse, cease for ever? Take time to reflect, and let me have your answer to-morrow."

Whether she was capable of reflecting may be doubted; however, she did marry Mr. Vernon.

As Colonel Raymond had predicted, he was dismissed the service. An income of one hundred and fifty pounds yearly, the recent bequest of his father, whose death had been hastened by the report of his son's misconduct, was their sole earthly resource: they retired to France, and remain there at present, in what degree of comfort may be conjectured, by reflecting that Vernon had, for ten years, been accustomed to Indian habits and indulgencies —that his wife was educated entirely with a view to visiting India on a matrimonial speculation, and is as vain, shallow, and thoughtless, as a woman of that class may be imagined— that she enjoyed the luxuries of Colonel Raymond's house on her first arrival in the East, and subsequently was surrounded by all the expensive comforts and superfluities which affection could lavish round her. No rational per-

son can doubt that their lives are spent in a succession of reproaches, repentance, privation, and disgust—all that makes this world a type of that more fearful judgment which is to constitute the darkness of a future one.

JOURNAL OF A MARCH.

Thursday, 18th June.—PURSUANT to G. O. left —— forthwith, being compelled to do so, the officer commanding the division not choosing to connive at my remaining—Great bore—wish he were transferred to the invalids—most suitable service for *him* and half a hundred more. I wish I had the pruning of the Army List, we would see some promotion—I hate subalternship—wish I had my Company.—*Mem:*—to write instanter to Neyland, to know if he purposes returning, and what he will take to go out—not that one step is worth a great deal—but, however, it is just so much nearer the majority, "our being's end and aim." Ferguson cannot live through another

hot season—White must invalid—Price, if he marries his cousin, will remain at home—I know Evergreen is a very bad life—I shall *then* be within one of the spurs.—Dreadfully unfortunate corps!—not a step these three years. I wish, instead of sending me to India, they had made me a clerk or a chimney-sweeper.—What ignoramuses people are at home! I fancy they think "gold, and all manner of precious stones," grow here.

Well, we are at the end of our first day's march, thank Heaven!—Now that child cries!—it really *is* amazing that subalterns *will* marry!—What business have girls to come out and put temptation in one's way?—however, they pay for it—so do we!

Friday.—Got up to Burragaum—no eggs—no milk—a fowl and rice—forgot arrow-root—ditto biscuits—the child crying with hunger, and my wife as cross as the very devil.—Dreadfully rocky road, large stones lying under our feet in all directions. The bearers let the palanquin fall—*once* only—what a squall *she* made!—I only wonder it was not

broken to atoms—what would have become of us!—Wind seems getting up—fear the Monsoon will overtake us—pity it travels so uncivilly fast—wish it would lend us the same conveyance.

Saturday.—As xpected, last night it blew a hurricane—the tent was blown down—could not, for ife of me, imagine where my wife had di ed—heard her, at last, crying out from khenaut—fifty yards of tent-cloth be leasant petticoat.—Ground one agmire, where, like Noah's dove, und no resting-place.—Put my wife d in the palkie, and advised *her* to be quiet whilst things were putting ights.—Found half our supplies had been demolished in the storm—pretty prospect!—a week without beer or brandy—wish the Commander in Chief were in my place just now.

Sunday.—Kept our ground all day—weather close and damp, and occasional showers. The Ayah and the Amah quarrelling from morning till this present time of writing—

chatter, chatter, chatter; the worst of it is, no cure is to be expected, for they always contrive to stop short of blows—If they could be excited to *punish* each other!—but that is never to be expected from a Hindoo, man or woman — *baut*, *baut*, a... that is the whole. Rejoiced by the sight of the Tappal—two letters—both duns. Th... ginal debt has doubled itself, I find, ... eir blessed rate of interest!—twelv... !—and people cry out against usu... —let them come to India. They are... to give credit, that one is tempted to ... nce, and marriage, and perpetual ex...

Monday.—Advanced another stage—are likely to remain some time—pleas... rest, indeed! It rained all night; and the natural consequence is, the coming down of the river. —I have tried a mile lower dow..., and it is not fordable—sweet place for the pitching of our tabernacle, indeed! A rocky plain, a village half a mile off, and a nullah in the way; so the Sepoys are constantly grumbling at the difficulty of getting our supplies.—Baby

ailing — poor little wretch! — this is "to be nursed in the lap" of oriental luxury. The outer khenaut is wet through; and the trench they have dug round, seems threatening to overflow every hour.—I expect to fall into fever; and how to get on, Heaven only knows! —One has nothing left for it, but to fold one's-self in one's boat-cloak, and pass away quietly; for the hope of timely medical aid *here* is out of the question—Require an extra glass to keep up the *vis vitæ*, and cannot positively afford it, our stock is so reduced.

Tuesday.—River continues impassable; poor child sick.

Wednesday.—Ditto, ditto.

Thursday.—Ibidem.

Friday.—Started at three, A. M., report being made that the river was fordable. Bearers, as usual, carried the body of the palkie on their shoulders; nevertheless, my wife got a demi-bath. Came to our ground late, and found the people had pitched at the wrong village, which was deserted, and of course nothing to be obtained in the way of supplies.

Got some rice and dried fish; obliged to alleviate the child's hunger with congee-water. Could not remain, so sent on the things four miles, and of course got to the ground before the fly was raised — chill, wet, and uncomfortable; the ground damp, and shivering as if we all had intermittents. Cook came up three hours after; pretended he had lost his way; thrashed him soundly, and felt warm and comfortable with the exercise. The man was as drunk as a fiddler, and cooked our wretched dinner so badly as to make "confusion worse confounded."

Saturday.—Arrived at our ground in tolerable condition—sky cloudless—sun bright—no rain. Found supplies plentiful at the village, or rather town. It appears to have been a place of considerable extent formerly; fortified stone wall runs mid-way across the hill, which, contrasted with the dense foliage of the topes, in its neighbourhood, is really almost picturesque. We are pitched under the hill, and the ground slopes away from us down to a river, *now* ample both in width and depth.—

If one could overlook the evils of a march during the monsoon, or were rich enough to travel with all those "appliances and means" that go far towards obviating them, this is really the best season for viewing the country under its most favourable aspect.—Wished to walk out, but the soil being all cotton-ground, found myself very shortly in "the Slough of Despond," and made the best of my way back. Found ourselves rather snug and comfortable, and think of remaining until Monday, to recruit.

Sunday.—If there is a day in which an Indian exile is doomed to feel his distance from home with a keenness and pain that mark it from all other days, it is *this*—Sunday. When does the "chime of Sabbath bells" rouse him from his slumbers? Just when his regiment is at the Presidency—two years out of twenty perhaps. Religion seems to have flown away from this fatal climate. One gets too familiar with death.—I wonder if I can remember the prayer I used to repeat at my mother's knee.—I have had a fit of *mal du pays*

on me all day. I have been away to my own early home:—it is a blessing, that not the walls of a tent—nó, not the awful ocean—can keep memory bound. I have been in my father's house in the spring-month of May—when the very wind seemed to breathe more gently on the Sabbath;—I was in the breakfast-parlour; it looks out on the little green lawn, with its border of bright and glossy box, and its opposite flower-beds, and the wilderness of evergreen shrubbery beyond. I have seen them all, father, mother, brothers, sisters, when India was to us as a land of dreams. We were all assembled preparatory to going to church, and I heard the cheerful bells, their tunefully monotonous chime coming sweetly to the ear, as the wind bears it over the little river that runs between our house and the church.—What a picturesque church! all overgrown with ivy and moss, so that the windows are absolutely curtained with it! The very graves in the churchyard look cheerful, covered with verdant turf, and that "wee modest crimson-tipped flower," which is sprinkled, like stars, over

every patch of ground in these days of spring-tide. In the evening we rambled through the meadows, by the river, through the woods. Yonder hill is a chronicle of a thousand lessons delivered to us during those Sunday-walks by the affectionate voice of him whose wisdom excelled in reaching our understandings through our hearts. But the hour of awakening from all delightful visions must come—I am always a better man when I can lose the Indian in the Englishman. That moment of awaking to the reality—how bitter it is to leave home again, and feel the desolating curse pronounced on the first wanderer!

Monday.—Beautiful and memorable specimen of native talent and ingenuity! Woke this morning at three o'clock; am not aware that any noise disturbed me. A fine metaphysical inquiry into the extent of instinct, sympathies, and antipathies, might be sufficiently diverting if I had patience for it. Found the corner seam of the khenaut cut open, just at the foot of my couch, and a bullock-trunk abstracted. Rose in alarm and called my wife,

who, naturally enough, went into hysterics, at the consciousness of the thief's former proximity. Gave the alarm, and a hot pursuit commenced. Ascended an adjacent bund, found the trunk broken open, and sundry of its contents scattered about, the thieves having apparently been interrupted in the act of examining the spoil. Recovered the major portion of the wearing apparel, but saw no traces of forty rupees which had been deposited therein. Found on inquiry, that the chain which ought to secure the trunks, had been missing at the last stage. Have not the least doubt one of my own fellows was, if not the perpetrator, at least *particeps criminis*. All attempts at discovering the robbers of course useless; the village police have generally an interest in sheltering them from discovery. In most cases, they receive no inconsiderable dividend from the fruits of iniquity, and give protection in exchange. We have nothing left for it but endurance. The loss is heavy just now, but recovery is hopeless; and if we fixed the theft on one of our own people, his refuge would be

flight, and his services are valuable here, where he cannot be replaced. Oh, for a journey through England, in the mail, on a Macadamized road, even if it were in the character of coachee, or his subaltern, the guard!—Question if our cash will carry us to the end of our march, and to get a supply is impossible. My wife miserably low-spirited, and crying after home!

Tuesday.—Got newspapers by Tappal today, and a letter from Andrews — kind, friendly, and just what a brother-officer's ought to be. Invites us to put up in his quarters on joining, until we can find a house. Very glad to find ourselves certain of a shelter; Ann is quite enlivened by the prospect, notwithstanding the retrospect of last night's losses.—Find by the Gazette that Heyland is actually arrived, so have nothing left for it but to look forward patiently to the prospect of his being a dead fixture these next six years. The service gets worse daily, and is now really fit only to be considered a refuge for the destitute. To send here a man with the birth and education of a

gentleman, must be an act of madness. It is to chain him to subalternship and starvation, as well as plague and pestilence.

Wednesday.—Kept awake all last night by the performance of a marriage-ceremony in the village. We were pitched so close as to have the full benefit of their horrible discord.—What is meant by a natural taste for music? Since my arrival in this country, I have begun to suspect it may not be so entirely a gift as one imagines, and that the term, *natural taste*, means, in fact, nothing. Why are the natives so enamoured of tones which are caricatures of the vilest drone of a Scotch bagpipe, mingled with the shrieks of the most unmanageable horn to which stage-coach guard ever applied the force of his lungs? Why are the voices of their public singers, their nautch-girls, so coarse and tuneless, as to out-herod the most ear-piercing dealer in ballads? Since we believe that the organs of human beings have the same construction, why do these Hindoos feel as much disgust in listening to our most eloquent music, as we feel with the wearisome mo-

notony of their limited scale? Yet, they say, that though Europeans may doubtless excel them in their mechanical and scientific skill in almost any other art, the palm of musical superiority must questionless be assigned to these Asiatics! How could Sir W. Jones, having the gift of his two ears withal, permit himself to compose an elaborate essay on the music of the Hindoos?

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday.—Made the usual progress with the usual disagreeables—one day so like another that we are obliged to consult the route to know that time is really travelling onward at his usual place. My wife ridicules the attempt at keeping a Journal on a march in India, which, she says, is less interesting than a log-book, inasmuch as there is less variation—of the compass, I suppose, she means. But how can I contrive to pass the day otherwise? Hamilton's Gazetteer, and a volume of Sir John Malcolm, will not last for ever, nor can they be always endured.—Now there are great helps towards putting an hour to death, in this attempt at

journalizing. Preparing the paper, pens, and ink, of which the latter is dried up before I am willing to dispense with its aid; then, thinking over all I have *seen* for the sake of discovering what I shall *say;* then reading what has been written in order to avoid repetition, "stale, flat, and unprofitable." In short, I recommend a diary to all travellers by land with tents, going at the rate of ten miles per diem, as the best possible recipe against suicide. It affords a safe vehicle for the passage of all atrabilious vexations and irritabilities: the more caustic your journal, the less danger of its being dull; and the more abusive you are of your enemies in its pages, the better satisfied will you be with yourself in the secret sanctuary of your own heart. Besides, whatever evidence it may afford of your proficiency in *bathos*, it will at least present a durable record to yourself of those "perils of field and flood," which have threatened murder to your talents, if you have any, and shipwreck to your hopes, if you require more solid fulfilment of them than "fool's paradise."

Monday.—Our supplies are on the eve of exhaustion, but luckily we are within five days' march of our destination. Despatched a chit to Andrews, desiring him to send out a cooli, with the needful; found, as soon as I had sent away the letter, that three of my bullocks are completely done up. Have endeavoured to persuade the puttail of the village to press others into our service. Inaccessible to all persuasions, and was obliged to speak to his feelings at last by the medium of two rupees, a species of vernacular which seemed most perfectly comprehensible to him. The bullocks were brought to us with all practicable speed.

Tuesday.—Most disagreeable march. Found that the puttail had *puckalowed* the bullocks from a poor villager, of whose worldly riches they constituted the greater part. The owner followed us the whole day's journey, crying violently, and beating his mouth, after the Hindu manner. In vain I promised him a reasonable remuneration; the more attention I appeared to pay to his lamentations, the louder they became. If there had been any

earthly means of getting the baggage on without the aid of the animals in question, I would gladly have restored them forthwith, for I pitied the hardship put on the man by this Asiatic Dogberry. But what could humanity do in such a case? I was hard of heart "on compulsion," and contrived to keep his ear-harrowing complaints out of my wife's hearing, by riding considerably in advance of her palanquin. I knew that his sorrows would not diminish his speed, and calculated accurately that I should find him at my stirrup on dismounting.—Ascertained as soon as possible that we could procure carriage at this village, and dismissed my noisy follower, with his cattle, considering his journey well repaid by a rupee for *eenam-ke-waste*, and some annas for rice.

Wednesday.—Met our supplies, and a basket of bread from Andrews. What a treat after the indigestible country-biscuits!

Thursday.—All well; shall be with the Regiment, thank God! at sun-rise to-morrow. My wife quite happy, and the poor child quite

well. I wonder what Andrews will think of them! Should not be in the least surprised if he were to marry. It certainly gives a man *respectability*, and shall advise it strenuously.

* * * * *

A LEGEND OF BERAR.

It was a morning delicious as had ever dawned on the fruitful province of Berar. In the month of November the blue of the sky was less deep than in the summer months; but its radiance was as intense and as unshadowed by a single cloud. There it lay in its repose as an upper ocean, becalmed, clear, glassy, and transparent; and cool airs breathed beneath it, calling the animal spirits into play, whilst every pulse of Nature seemed to beat healthful music. The sun was vivid, and brilliant still; but its rays had lost their scorching fervour and their exhausting power. The whole earth was covered with a livery of cheerful and healthful green,—the evidence of the

falling of the rains that had so lately passed away, leaving plenty and fertility in their tract. The whole district was richly cultivated corn and pasture-land, thickly peopled with numerous villages, and the road which wound through it was so well defined as to prove that intercourse was frequent and great.

The summit of one of the loftiest of a range of hills that runs by the village of Ramteek, is crowned by a pagoda of extraordinary note. Hither, at stated seasons, resort princes, nobles, and people, to perform ceremonies, and offer sacrifices in propitiation of the god. And in the evening, during such season, the vast pile, splendidly illuminated, shines like a meteor before the eyes of the distant traveller, to whom, under these circumstances, it is visible when yet many miles divide him from it. Fireworks invade the territories of the night-birds, and at intervals the pale blue lights shed their cadaverous hue over groups of votaries winding in procession up the steep ascent. And well do the revenues of the

priestly Brahmins there testify to the profusion with which the most parsimonious Hindoo will decorate his altars, well satisfied with the profit of such expenditure,—a state of superior enjoyment in his next transmigration.

The festival in the year to which this sketch refers, 17.., had been marked by peculiar splendour. It was the first that had occurred since the accession of the present Rajah, and the dethronement of the late sovereign. Bravely had the unfortunate prince contended for the preservation of his dominions, until gradually his troops, allured by the better fortune of his rival, deserted from his standard, and swelled the host of his foe. Above all, the foul defection of his former favourite and minister, Bheemiah, had so disheartened his few remaining adherents, that even those who were not faithless enough to array themselves against him, were too timid to brave further conflicts, and returned, under the shade of darkness, to their own homes. Alone and helpless, therefore, it seemed that he had bowed to stern necessity,

and sought the shelter of some impenetrable concealment. The fallen prince was heard of no more.

Amidst rejoicings, as loud as they were groundless, the present Rajah ascended the musnud. Bheemiah still continued about the court, but he occupied no distinguished position there. If he had ever entertained hopes that such was to be the reward of his treachery, they were disappointed. Bheemiah was treated by the new sovereign with cordiality, —was the partaker of his master's revelry, the companion of his sports, sometimes the pander to his pleasures, but not his counsellor. And his spirit became dark, for he was ambitious, fond of pre-eminence, above all, a lover of power; and he ate bitterness, when he felt that *he was used, but he was not trusted.*

The Rajah was a bold and daring man. He chose his ministers with sagacity, and exercised extraordinary sway over the minds of his immediate dependants, by that strength of will and fearlessness of consequences, which assumes the appearance of power of mind, and, for the most

part, produces the same practical effects. Like all monarchs who feel that they hold their possessions by an insecure tenure, he was desirous of attaching to himself a band of firm adherents, in the persons of his army and their leaders. Honours and emoluments, therefore, fell to the share of those whose favour he was, in fact, soliciting, whilst his subjects were ground by a load of oppressive imposts, the produce of which went to defray the expenses of his past war, and to furnish preparations to meet the possibility of a future one. Consequently the nation, in general, were beginning to regret the monarch they had deposed, and to contrast the ease of his peaceful rule with the exactions of these more stirring times. The Rajah was by no means ignorant that the spirit of discontent was abroad, and in every proud throb of his heart he felt, let his rival appear on the stage *again*, and the results of a conflict might be,—how widely different!

It was the last morning of the festival. The concluding rite had been performed, and the Rajah and his suwarree wound, in long and

magnificent procession, down the sacred precincts of the Temple. A long line of elephants, with their crimson trappings and gilt howdahs, paced slowly and majestically onwards, bearing the prince and his nobles; and there were proud war-horses snuffing the wind, with "thunder on their necks," "smelling the battle afar off," and carrying spear-men, and "men of renown." And then there was a gorgeous cavalcade of scarlet palanquins concealing the Begum and her ladies from the vulgar gaze; and a numerous retinue of guards, with their gay turbans and habiliments, adding to the picturesque variety of the scene. Gaiety was on every brow, whatever might be hidden in the heart, for the Rajah went to hold a feast with his court at his summer palace of Nuggerdund.

Very recently had that fortress, for such it was, been erected, and with eager curiosity the court stopped before the portal to examine its carved ornaments, and to utter such encomiums as are ever ready for the possessions of a prince. The complicated machinery of its fastenings at length permitted their entrance; the dissonant band stationed in a guard-room

above sent forth a crash of sound; all descended from their various carriages, and with the slow etiquette of an Indian court, entered through an inner door into the gardens.

Every fruit of the season, every flower of the clime, bloomed there. Numerous fountains threw up their glittering waters in the sun, and long terraced walks offered a smooth pathway to the guests. The air was loaded with the richest perfumes of the East, and all things tempted to remain there. But the prince held a durbar in his hall, and all nature's beauties—all the decorations with which art had invested them—became invisible to eyes intent on *advancement*. The throng hastened to the durbar, as insects to the taper; and the gardens, lovely as they were, were deserted.—

The day had long since waned, and the mirth of the meeting had gradually sunk into silence; the voice of the nautch was hushed, and the forms which had floated in light were seen no more. It was midnight, and the moon's crescent was on the very verge of the horizon. The starry heavens were looking out on stillness, for of the living things that moved beneath them,

on that spot, none broke the silence, and the uplifted eyes that answered the glances of those stars, seemed *as* pregnant with unutterable mysteries.

On the rampart, so far from the bastion as to be beyond hearing of the sentinel, stood the Rajah; and by his side, with an air of strong excitement, stood also the once powerful Bheemiah.

The silence was long, and the countenance of the prince gloomed into deeper darkness. At length, suddenly starting into motion, he spoke, as if waking from a trance of thought.

"Bheemiah, thou hast served me well!" he said. "Nay, I read thy reproach of neglect and long forgetfulness. Trust me, it has not been so; but thou knowest, of all men, he who would rule prudently is most fettered. But now, at length, at length, Bheemiah, the hour approaches—the hour *is come*—when thy master shall no more appear ungrateful, even *to thee*, but thou shalt know that he hath measured thy deserts as thou thyself hast measured them, and his payment shall be as boundless as they!"

"The wish of the servant is the will of his master," answered Bheemiah, with oriental submission.

"So would I have it," returned the Rajah, still walking so rapidly that his companion with difficulty maintained his place at his side. "Suppose, then," he continued, "suppose, Bheemiah, that even now, by one single deed, one, too, that would cost thee small pains in the achievement — ask thyself, if thou wert willing to ensure the highest rewards in thy master's gift, and—" the Rajah's voice fell— "to rid thee and him of a fearful and irreconcilable enemy?"

Bheemiah replied not instantly; in his mind he rapidly surveyed the range of past action that might have created such a foe to him; in that survey he saw but *one* fearful shadow, and he felt that danger thence was amongst things impossible.

"I had but *one* such enemy," he replied slowly, "and my Lord knoweth that he is hidden as in the grave."

Again the Rajah walked on silently. The

moon had entirely disappeared, and the faces of the two were concealed from each other in that surrounding darkness.

The Rajah looked upon the form of his companion, and he cursed the gloom. The tongue he trusted rarely; but *the eye*, he knew its language, and believed it.

"Away, indecision and mystery!" he said at length: "Bheemiah," and his voice sank into hoarse whisper — "Bheemiah, thy betrayed master is at hand!"

The traitor stood lightning-struck.

"All the gods forbid!" he cried: "my lord, my master, knowest thou this, and are we dallying here?"

"Whither wouldst thou, Bheemiah?" said the Rajah, laying his hand on his companion, whose steps already retreated: "Tremble not, slave!" he continued angrily, "or, by Siva, thou shalt have cause!"

The panic of the traitor was gone; self-collected he again awaited the prince's address.

"Dost thou deem me the besotted fool to laugh away in revel a whole day like this,"

resumed the Rajah, "if aught of danger threatened me? All is safe as yet, Bheemiah, and by thy hand all must be maintained in safety."

"Will the prince deign to instruct his servant?" said Bheemiah, gathering confidence as the danger appeared less imminent.

"Thou knowest," said the Rajah, "that despite our bounty, the army is ripe for revolt. The people,—thou hast reported their discontent; the very name of Upoolah would be a war-cry that would gather them to his standard from every village in Berar: therefore, when I tell thee Upoolah is *here*—nay, start not!—dost thou not see that unless he depart speedily, one treacherous whisper of the base slave who feeds him, may raise a host to crush thy master and thyself?"

"*Depart!*" exclaimed Bheemiah in alarmed surprise; "but *how?* but *whither?* Where is the single spot of earth that may not suffice to bear his standard? Nay, better he were here."

"Or better that—*he perished!*"

There was silence. At length the Rajah spoke again.

"The work must be done, and thou must do it, Bheemiah!—he must *die*! It boots not now to tell thee how he fell into my lure; sufficient that I have sworn by Gunga my hand shall not harm him; thine, therefore, unfettered by the oath, must do it! Thy wisdom will discern how altogether impossible it is to trust such a deed to a mercenary slave whose next breath betrays it: thou alone, Bheemiah, art he in whom all things concur to render thee the fit agent: thy fear of his future revenge, thy hope of honour and office at my hand—for to what mayest thou not aspire?—all call on thee to shed his blood! It is but a blow—a moment—and 'tis done! But, that thou mayest hesitate no longer, I will show him to thee now, even as he sleeps. Follow me, but speak not."

Silently Bheemiah pursued the footsteps of the Rajah along the rampart; they descended, and, advancing to the centre of the garden,

entered one of those smooth-paved walks that seem made for pleasure alone; a bowrie terminated it, and the Rajah commenced his descent into its depths by the broad flight of stairs which ran up one of its sides.

Bheemiah followed with a quailing heart. Beyond the influence of the faint light which scarcely rendered the entrance visible, the abyss below was enveloped in the profoundest gloom. Far, far above, the stars were shining out in unsullied splendour, and once or twice, in unfathomable depths, it seemed that the brightness of the shining planets above them was reflected from some transparent surface there. The Rajah at length diverged to the right, and entered a small opening which a faint light from within rendered visible to Bheemiah. In the passive obedience of terror still he followed, and it seemed, as he contemplated the scene on which he suddenly entered, that he was under the influence of some potent spell. The apartment, for such it was, though low, was spacious, and rich carpets from the loom of

Persia covered its pavement, and silken drapery curtained its walls. Ottomans of the same costly material invited to repose; the odour of perfumes was inhaled at every breath, and a banquet of fruits and rich sweetmeats, and ruby-coloured draughts, such as are drunk by the infidel, in vases of the precious metals, seemed to invite them to partake. And through the painted curtain that veiled a distant door, he saw small forms floating in glittering drapery, and ever and anon a soft voice arose like gentle music, breathing through silence and darkness. "Taste the banquet," said the Rajah, "and fear nothing. *This* spot is devoted to thy master's *pleasures;* anon, thou shalt see that dedicated to his *passions*."

They feasted there, that sovereign and his slave, and they quaffed the luscious wines, as though they would imbibe thence courage for the deed which was to be done. The Rajah, more inured to such indulgence than his guest, watched calmly and collectedly the kindling of Bheemiah's eye and brow. At

the precise moment when the voice of the tempter might lead to acts of desperation, he arose. He took a small lamp from a niche. "We have no time for words," said he, "once more, follow me!"

Bheemiah rose, scarcely conscious of the object of such mandate. He obeyed, however, and, passing outwards, he found himself again in darkness, for the feeble light the Rajah carried, was not visible on the sudden transition from the splendour within. They resumed their descent, and Bheemiah felt the air blow cold and damp upon his brow, as he gradually sank deeper and more deep beneath the upper earth. Still his heart trembled not, for his pulse throbbed high under unusual excitement, and with an unfaltering footstep he tracked his guide as he diverged to the left, and entered, through a low and vaulted passage, a damp cell in whose vapours the flame of the lamp scarcely survived, and where, but for that feeble light, all had been dark as the sepulchre it seemed.

The Rajah paused, and lowered the lamp; "Look at thy feet, Bheemiah," said he, "and tell me, who lies there?"

Bheemiah obeyed. He started back. An exclamation of horror escaped his lips.

"The avenger or the victim, which?" said the Rajah, in a whisper, that sounded in the ears of Bheemiah like thunder in the mountains.

There he lay who had been monarch of that fair territory; he whose frown had once sealed the fate of thousands, whose smile had gladdened as many hearts,—he, the mighty, lay there, manacled in the trappings of a slave! And still he slept!

"Do thy work quickly," whispered the Rajah, as he placed a dagger in the hand of Bheemiah; "Be wise, and he shall wake no more."

Under the domination of that superior will the traitor raised his arm. At that instant the eye of the victim opened and glared upon his murderer—in the next the uplifted dagger had entered his heart.

"*He is dead!*" said the Rajah, ere yet Bheemiah fully comprehended that the deed was done. "So perish all our enemies!"

They stood again in the open air, and Bheemiah gasped for freer breath. The Rajah grasped his arm. "By Gunga, I swore that my hand should not be raised on him whom thou hast slain; and that I have not violated my vow, testify thou, Bheemiah. But, traitorous dog, why hast *thou* betrayed thy master's blood? To thee, at least, he had done no wrong, and, therefore, the more art thou accursed! Base slave, witness that I put no confidence in traitors, but ensure thy fidelity—*thus!*"

The body of Bheemiah reeled and fell into the abyss. Once—twice—thrice—there was an echoing sound as of heavy substances in contact; a plunge, a gurgling of parting waters, and then nought but silence and death.

LE VRAI N'EST PAS TOUJOURS LE VRAISEMBLABLE.

WILMER was the second son of a German Baron of sixteen quarterings. Nothing, perhaps, could have counteracted effectually the Baron's pride of plunging into the unfathomable abyss of genealogy, in the depths of which lay his own antiquity of origin, but the symptoms of approaching starvation, which the empty butteries and unroofed galleries of his dilapidated ancestral castle exhibited. His children got into bad society for the sake of keeping off the two fiends, cold and hunger: they put themselves so far on a level with the yeomen and cotters as to take a seat almost daily at the board of some one of them. The

Baron snuffed the air like a disdainful steed, and looked too high to see their offence. How *he* contrived to exist, was an enigma that might have puzzled Œdipus; and as our business with him extends only to the fact of his being the father of our friend Wilmer, we shall consign him to the care of his trusty butler, gardener, valet, cook, housemaid, and purveyor,—one multifarious personage, who had the character of making as free with the neighbouring flocks, poultry-yards, barns, &c. as the owners themselves, and in fact enjoyed the fame of being the most successful and adventurous peculator that had ever been known in Germany, which is an assertion of no very ordinary magnitude.

Precisely at the same epoch there was living and fattening on the good things of this world, a person who united in himself every characteristic most decidedly opposite to those which distinguished the Baron; nevertheless these contrasts were the children of the same parents. How and why the younger should have emigrated from the neighbourhood of Stralsburg

to London,—how he prospered there, and attained wealth, and its concomitant, influence, it is not necessary to inquire here. The Baron's dignity had, in former days, cut the connexion, but the Baron's poverty was too glad to renew it when a provision for his unfriended sons was a matter of inevitable necessity. Pride affected to make conditions as to the *mode* in which wealth was to contribute aid, and stipulated for *gentility*. The old merchant and director, compassionating his own blood, as he said, overlooked the presumption of the stipulation,—adopted his nephew and namesake, Frederick, to his particular favour and especial patronage,—sent him as a preliminary measure to the University of Halle, and at nineteen embarked him for India, with the credentials of an Artillery cadetship.

And what did Frederick acquire during his few years of academic life? The classics, perhaps?—or moral or natural philosophy?—or—but why waste time in conjecture? He learned love and mysticism; and which had the greater share in transforming the hardy, robust moun-

taineer into a pale, melancholy, shadowy-looking young man, it might puzzle a metaphysician to determine.

Sophia Sternhof lived just opposite the lodgings of Frederick's great and kind friend, Professor X——. No man was a more devout Kantean than the excellent professor, but he ate and drank like a materialist. So, whilst he slept after dinner, Wilmer occasionally diverted himself by gazing at his *vis-à-vis* neighbour, because all study, he argued,—though it be the fascinating knowledge of transcendentals, — requires relaxation. Perhaps the fine display of roses and other flowers in the opposite balcony was his first attraction: no matter,—there was cause and effect, and very soon Wilmer saw amongst those flowers only the combination of all their graces in Sophia. All the world knew that Madame Sternhof was a cripple; her misfortune was the result of a long attendance on this only child during a very severe and threatening malady. She was a widow, and she was poor;—her circumstances and her malady conduced equally to her seclusion. Sophia was

never to be seen in the places of public resort; she was a violet blooming the more sweetly for the shade that embosomed her, for she caught only the first and the last rays of the sun in retired walks before Madame Sternhof rose in the morning, or during her afternoon's siesta.

Sophia was a German, but her features and complexion were not national. She had the darkest hair and eyes, an oval face, features of Grecian outline, and a fair pale cheek, resulting perhaps as much from confinement and circumstance as from constitution. She was tall, but her perfect proportions gave her figure the most feminine elegance, and her step was light and sylph-like. She was often occupied amongst the roses of her balcony, and though at first she retired, on perceiving to what point the intense gaze of the student was directed, she became used to it at length, and, in short, it was not long before he walked by her side during her evening airings, and a few months were sufficient to plunge them into the depths of a pure and first attachment.

We might linger here, in this holiest sanctuary of life's best feelings, but sketchers must pass rapidly over the most beautiful details, to bring out the stronger and more marked features of the picture. Wilmer's attachment acquired much of its peculiar character from those pursuits to which it acted as light to shade. Sophia's mind was of a lofty tone, and responded to the enthusiasm of his own. She delighted to participate in his visionary theories of the soul, and to plunge with him into conjectures of the unknown world of phantasm and shadow. But her enjoyment in the inquiry differed widely from his. She was too much occupied with the every-day business of life,—the details of domestic economy, and tender attendance on her sick parent, to find that plenitude of leisure which might have given these speculations a more forcible character. She was always under a counteracting influence, and amused herself with these illusions of fancy, as with a beautiful poem or romance that might touch her heart, or affect her imagination, without warping her reason.

But Wilmer's mind had not a refuge in this counteraction. His philosophy, if we are to imitate him in calling it by that name, mingled with his love, and his love encouraged the mysticism of his philosophy; both had a characteristic of melancholy grandeur, for he viewed the soul of her he loved as connected with that mysterious and eternal future, into which human thought pierces only to tremble. And this was the current of his life.

But existence was only to be dreamed away for a short period. He *must* rouse and bestir himself,—take *his* part in the actions of mankind; and like a sleeping sailor, suddenly summoned to his post on the deck, must encounter with his fellows the united influence of wind, wave, and darkness.

The Lombard-street Wilmer required the immediate presence of his nephew in London. The cadetship awaited his arrival, and,—and in short the one great conviction on the mind of Frederick was,—thousands of leagues of land and ocean were about to divide him from Sophia—for ever!

Yes, for ever! In his despair, the distance and the time seemed extended beyond human calculation. It was infinity—it was eternity,—a future of darkness, whether in life or death, mysterious and unknown.

He did, for a moment, indulge the wish—the hope, that Sophia would accompany him to the far-off world for which he was destined. One word from her was sufficient to crush that single blooming hope,—to break that one line of light. Could she desert her mother?—render the widow childless?—the poor destitute?—the infirm helpless? Wilmer hated himself that he had asked such a sacrifice; a thousand vows were exchanged, hours of pain and agony wept away—and they parted.

Sophia had a certain round of duties to perform, which compelled a diversion from the one dominant idea, that at first threatened to become too exquisitely painful for endurance. But poor Wilmer was delivered over to the monotony of a five months' abiding on the weary world of waters. The novelty of the routine of a ship life,—the wonders, to his in-

experienced eye, of nautical management,—furnished some occupation for the few first days; but as the vessel neared the line, when the frame was relaxed by the heat, and the mind, by inoccupation, left to prey upon itself, his curiosity was satiated, and an overwhelming feeling of desolation threw a deeper shade of dreariness over the interminable ocean around him. Some of his companions were coarse and uncultivated, some profligate. Others were educated indeed, but they had no sympathies with Wilmer's peculiar modes of thinking and feeling; and with that shrinking delicacy of mind which plunges its possessor into solitude, and sometimes into misanthropy, he believed that by shunning intimacy he escaped ridicule. Thus secluding his peculiar pursuits in the sanctuary of his own bosom, he surrendered himself to their enjoyment with passionate ardour, and enshrined amongst them the image of Sophia, which illuminated the temple with its own light,—beautiful and poetical, if pale and melancholy.

No man ever possessed more intense consci-

ousness of intellectual existence, or more devout faith in the spiritual peopling of the regions of air around him. The sails white and shroud-like, under the midnight moon, seemed like the tall spectres of the deep; the very waves, as they rolled on in their might, appeared to him heaving beneath the footsteps of beings of power and intelligence beyond that of man. The desire of penetrating the future, common to all mankind, was intense in such a temperament as Wilmer's. He saw omen and prodigy in the shapeless clouds, to him pictures shadowing forth the unknown, through which he was hereafter to pass. Melancholy blended with all his visions. He shaped images of woe in every phantasm of his imagination; and, as a friend said of him afterwards, his mind seemed to awake only at midnight, and to be torpid beneath the enlivening influence of the sun.

The night that preceded his landing he passed on deck. It was the full-moon, and the whole atmosphere was filled with its beautiful light, brilliant beyond the experience of the travellers in more northern latitudes.

Sometimes soft white clouds sailed across the sky, slowly and solemnly as if, Wilmer thought, they were moving to the music of a death-anthem. His soul was impatient of the restraints of mortality, and strained after the knowledge of mysteries hereafter to be revealed. As the dreamer gazed upwards, he saw a white but dense cloud rising from the west, like a shadow darkening the horizon. It came slowly upwards, and as it neared the zenith, it broke into a hundred lesser bodies, which, to his eye, assumed human form and likelihood. He saw drawn out in long array, a funeral procession; he watched it as it moved slowly onwards, and as he gazed, seeming to himself sensible of its near approach, it dissolved, and the whole arch was one clear unsullied sheet of blue and brightness. He arose hastily, in the fear of a supernatural presence, and he felt it borne on his mind strongly and irresistibly, that he had witnessed the burial of his beloved.

How far a youth so gifted, and so bewildered by poetical fancies, was qualified to sustain a part in Indian life, where all worldly wisdom

is honoured, and all enthusiasm scorned unutterably—those can best tell who have had fatal experience of the depressing effects of that life on the intellect. He was sent to a corps, where for many months he had no companions, and where too late, he found a real friend.

His correspondence with Sophia was punctual, but then a weary year must elapse before he could receive her answer to each letter. He loved her fervently, ardently as ever. But his mind was devouring itself. Beyond the reach of access to books, satiated with his own limited store, not only indifferent to, but actually averse to field-sports, existence became daily less tolerable, and he fell into guilt to avoid the horrors of that loneliness which threatened him with the grave.

How a man of cultivated mind and high endowments can descend to a tie with a female whose manners, heart, everything, contain the elements of all that, in theory, most disgusts him, is one of those effects

——"In which the burden of the mystery
Of all this unintelligible world"

is, perhaps, felt most bitterly. It is true, Orissa had exceeding beauty, and the grace of form peculiar to Indian women, to attract the senses. There was no suspicion of impurity attached to her till now; she was the orphan of a deceased Subidar, and perhaps Wilmer viewed her as one whom he himself had despoiled. Was he happy in his new connexion? Let him answer who, not yet lost to virtue, has foully wronged the one confiding and faithful heart that has trusted its sum of happiness to his keeping, and lives hopefully, if not happily, in the conviction of his unswerving fidelity.

Pain, acute and remorseful, mingled with his expectation of Sophia's letters. There was even a feeling, unacknowledged perhaps to his own heart, a feeling of relief, if they came not. And yet "he had not forgotten his first love." All the worthy tenderness of his heart was fully engrossed by her, but he knew in what he had offended, and he shrank from the close contemplation of the difference between her heart and his, which those letters of pure and devoted affection forced on him.

The brightness of Sophia's prospects in Germany had not increased since they parted. "My dear mother," she wrote in one of her letters, "grows weaker daily. Every morning I think I perceive a diminution of health in her countenance, and the accents of her voice falter when she blesses me. Ah, if it would please God to spare my dear parent to me, I would regret your absence less, Frederick, than I have been wont to do. The secret repining of my heart at our separation, was indeed greater than I ever cared to confess to you, and the fading colour of my poor mother's cheek is a painful reproach to me. If she does but regain some portion of her health, I will indeed strive to bear with more fortitude a sorrow which I fancy I have hitherto cherished. Indeed, dear Frederick, I felt as if to be happy, were treason to you, and approached to forgetfulness. As if your Sophia could forget! Oh, no, neither of us can forget how dear we have been to each other! how dear we are! But do not let the thought of *me* ever cause you one painful moment. Rather take comfort in re-

membering that there exists one being, whose highest earthly hope is that she will one day, far distant as it may be, find her felicity in contributing to yours."

" Dearest Frederick," said another letter, " I have been long without writing to you, and I scarcely know why I should write now. I have tried to hide what I feel, and almost think it wrong to cast the shadow of my grief over your path. But indeed, Frederick, I feel my utter loneliness so painfully, that I am *driven* to write to you, as the only refuge from the sorrows that oppress me. I know that I am constantly in the awful presence of *death*, and if the blow be not already dealt, he is not the less near. This is so awful a thought, dear Frederick! and I see my mother's face pale as if his shadow lay on it. My dear, dear mother, why did I ever grieve when my heart could entertain a reasonable hope of your being spared to me for years? Why did any other thought ever cause me a sigh or a tear? I often dwell on the conversations we used to hold together, Frederick; perhaps we were wrong in

endeavouring to penetrate into mysteries beyond this sphere of existence, farther than has been revealed. It is a dark and awful valley that separates life from death, and what matters it to us whether it be peopled, and with what? I am, indeed, not happy; I seem always to hear the thunder, and to be within reach of the lightning."

"The stroke has fallen," she wrote again. "You will grieve for me; my dearest mother died three months since. You will not wonder that I have not written before; indeed I have not had the heart to do so; it seemed to me a treason to her memory to think of any subject connected with hope. But now, I come to you for advice and direction, which our engagement and our affection gives me a right to ask, and you a right to afford. You know the small income on which we formerly subsisted was only a pension for my mother's life—consequently, now it is withdrawn; and the little fund she so carefully accumulated for me, together with the produce of our household furniture, will afford me the means of existence only during a

few months. There is, therefore, but a choice of *dependence;* do you point out such a mode in which my exertions shall be made, as will be least disagreeable to you. My cousin, the banker's wife, at Leipzig, has written to offer me the advantage of her protection, as instructress to her five children. I am going to her directly, and shall await your reply there. I do not think any plan could be more acceptable to you than this; and you will be comforted by knowing that, if I be dependent, it is on my own kinswoman. Besides, life is not all roses."

"*Life is not all roses!*" sighed Wilmer, as he finished the last letter. The death of Mrs. Sternhof affected him painfully, but the disposal of Sophia was a much more interesting point to be considered. The irrevocable past was beyond his power, and he set himself seriously to decide on his views for the future.

Amidst all the difficulties of the situation in which folly and frailty had placed him, let it not be supposed that Wilmer for a moment hesitated on deciding that his union with Sophia

should be effected with all possible speed. A very little calculation sufficed to show, how much less expensive and difficult her coming out to India immediately would be, than his returning to England for the purpose of escorting her. If he were indeed able to obtain a year's furlough on "urgent private affairs," he would draw no pay during that period, and he must incur a large debt to defray his contingent expenses; whereas, it would not be difficult to borrow a sum sufficient for Sophia's outfit, which, by severe economising during the interval of the passage of his letter to England, and her voyage out, he felt confident he should be able to repay before her arrival. This plan was carried into instant execution;—the money, after some demurs on the part of Agents, procured by effecting an insurance of his life, and despatched with an invitation ardent, pressing, and, as appeared from the result, irresistible.

Thus far Wilmer's plan had advanced rapidly and easily to execution. But by far the most difficult task remained; he felt it imperative on him, by honour, principle, even inclina-

tion, to dissolve instantly and for ever his unhappy connexion. Aware with what too great indulgence this sin is regarded in India, he felt the less reluctance to ask the aid and advice of Captain Aubrey, who commanded the troop of Horse Artillery to which Wilmer had been removed. Captain Aubrey was married, and had offered his house as a residence for Sophia on her arrival, as soon as he heard of Wilmer's project. To him, therefore, Wilmer applied for two months' leave of absence, and to him he resigned the power of terminating a thraldrom the yoke of which became every hour more galling.

Wilmer had been absent about a fortnight when he received the following letter from Captain Aubrey:—

"MY DEAR WILMER,

"In the first place, let me relieve your mind by telling you, you are free. The girl has left your house for ever, I trust. I have disposed of a sum in her behalf, which will produce her ten rupees a month for her life,

put out to usury after the native fashion. This will be done by an agent over whom I shall be always able to keep an eye; for, *sub silentio sit*, he belongs to the troop; and depend on it if there is any failure in punctuality on his part, we shall hear of it.

"I need not relate to you all my arguments and persuasions, because to me 'nothing so tedious as a twice-told tale.' You may imagine the violence of a native woman, and the superior energy of her language, which, you know, is on no occasion limited by the restraints of common decency. She threatens you with all manner of evil and vengeance; and I hear she was making *pooja* at the Swamme-house on the left of our lines, a few nights since, to call down mischief and punishment on you. There is one point on which you may set your mind at ease: Hall recognised her when she visited my verandah the other day; he swears she lived with Jones of the 81st, before she was fourteen; he spoke to her, and she received him with all the ease of an old acquaintance. Her father, it is true,

was a Subidar, but a Pariah; he got his promotion in days of yore when we looked less to a Sepoy's caste than now;—so, you see, she had no caste to violate. In every respect you are well rid of her, for, setting aside the superior beauty of her person, she is one of the worst of her species I ever happened to meet.

"You have suffered so much on account of this unhappy affair, that your own mind has already suggested more admonitions than my lazy pen is likely to afford you. Seriously, however, my dear Wilmer, unfavourable as I consider life in this country to a young man's intellectual advancement, this inconvenience becomes nothing when I regard the infinitely more serious depravity which it has a tendency to produce in his moral character. Viewing crimes of this kind as, if evil, necessary, his moral sense very soon becomes so obtuse that a violation of the holiest sanctions of civilized society may come to be regarded by him in the light of a venial offence. Besides, if no worse result were to be feared, the intimate

association with beings, the degradation, the refuse of their sex,—having nothing of woman but the form,—must have an irresistible tendency to brutify the heart and destroy the understanding. I wish no cadet came out before he was twenty, and every one married. If I had a voice in the legislature, I would vote to establish it by Act of Parliament.

"I have concluded, you see, with an opinion worthy of a married man. However, as I hope soon to greet you a member of the fraternity, I need not apologise for sentiments, the justice of which I think you will at this moment most particularly approve.

Ever, my dear Wilmer,

Yours most sincerely,

C. AUBREY.

"P.S. I forgot, as usual, to give you Mrs. Aubrey's best salam. I know she feels more than usually well-disposed towards you just now, in the prospect of your providing her with a suitable companion.—G. O. in yesterday. Always reduction! If the system goes on, we may content ourselves with curry and

rice, for we shall get nothing beyond it. It would not become *me*, in my position of Commandant, to give evil counsel, otherwise I almost think I should advise a mutiny."

Wilmer was well satisfied that he had thus finally shaken off the trammels of his culpable connexion, but he felt some of those uncomfortable *misgivings*, if I may call them so, which invariably attend the commission of wrong. He resolved to remain absent during the whole of his two months' leave, trusting that, the *habit* of separation once fixed, he should escape future annoyance.

He returned at length, with a thankful but not a joyful heart. Solitude was always unfavourable to a temperament so predisposed to melancholy, and an intellect whose favourite exercises were in the most mysterious department of human conjecture. Captain Aubrey, suspecting something of the nature of his pursuits, and sincerely anxious for his happiness, with all the frankness of Indian hospitality, offered him the closest intimacy in his domestic

circle. Wilmer's bungalow was in the adjoining compound, and after this period he became in fact an inmate at his friend's.

With the pertinacity which distinguishes these unhappy creatures, the discarded woman sometimes found means of approaching Wilmer. In his solitary morning's walk she occasionally presented herself before him with prostration, and tears, and all that is in fact "part of the vocation" of her class. But when Wilmer, by repeated resistance, proved himself invulnerable, and resigned his early sauntering abroad, her attacks assumed a different character; she came boldly to his house with threats, violence, and outcries, — calling down vengeance, and menacing him with the infliction of it. Captain Aubrey's interference was, at first, ineffectual; and it was not until the withdrawing of her stipend for two or three months that she finally retreated, and left Wilmer to comparative tranquillity.

The succeeding interval was, however, one of great anxiety. Prone always to view the future as approaching in clouds and darkness,

the heart of Wilmer was often overwhelmed with doubt and anguish. He hesitated to admit the belief that Sophia would indeed have courage to venture unprotected on a voyage to this distant land. He feared the opposition of her relation, and even if all these obstacles were finally overcome, he dreaded the effect this uncongenial climate might have on a constitution naturally delicate. If truth must be told, his most intimate presages were all of evil, but their shape was indistinct as the shadow that is mingling with surrounding gloom. The strong common-sense, the raillery, and the constant society of Captain Aubrey, the kindness and good feeling evinced by his wife, and his being led as much as possible to the most enlivening amusements the place afforded, were, however, effectual in preserving generally the equipoise of his mind.

At length one cause of doubt and agitation was removed. He received a letter from Sophia.

"Yes, I am indeed coming to you, dear Frederick; but I do not know that I should

have ventured on such a step, uninfluenced by the representations, I may add, the *commands* of my relation. She advocates the measure on the grounds that you urge it,—the saving of expense. However, I will not now tell you every argument that has been advanced; I write this from London, as the date and the postmark will tell you, having been conveyed hither by my relation's brother and agent in this great metropolis. I may consider, therefore, that my voyage has already commenced, since I have quitted my country. My passage is taken on board the ——, which sails early in next month, and I shall have the advantage of the protection of Mrs. Z. on board, who is a friend of my host's, and to whose acquaintance I have already been introduced.

"I bring with me, dear Frederick, a heart unchanged in warm affection to you, but, at present, sad and desponding. You will not find my person improved; but if you think me paler and thinner, you will remember that I have passed through some suffering since we parted, and will not love me less for the change.

I own, however, that I wish we had once met again, and at least resumed our acquaintance."

"Ah, how well I can understand that feeling, poor girl!" said Mrs. Aubrey, to whom extracts of Sophia's letter were read. Pleased with the simplicity, purity, and affection those extracts expressed, Mrs. Aubrey became more deeply interested in the future bride of her friend, and prepared for her reception with a consideration that regarded equally the feelings of Sophia, and the estimation to be obtained for her from the world.

Captain Aubrey had a brother at the Presidency, and he and his excellent wife found it particularly expedient that they should visit him just at this juncture, so that, as they told Wilmer, they should be able to afford Sophia protection and a home immediately on her landing. By this means also, they suggested, he would be spared the necessity of applying for leave, and incurring the additional expense of the journey.

Wilmer felt—how deeply did he feel!—this real kindness. Impatient as he was to greet

his Sophia, he was conscious of all the additional respectability that would attend his union, if she were received by Mrs. Aubrey, and made the journey to his present station in her society and under her protection. Lover-like longings were not for a moment to be put in competition with these solid advantages, and gladly, gratefully, he testified his assent.

They departed, Captain Aubrey and his family, and never had solitude seemed to Wilmer so sad, or time so tedious. Reading was out of the question, and he had few companions. Of those few, the want of intelligence was more apparent than ever: never had the climate appeared so terrible, the country so unalluring; but even suspense, all-lingering as it is, and slow as are its haunted footsteps, must cease: Wilmer received a letter from Mrs. Aubrey.

"The —— came in sight the evening before last; yesterday morning her passengers disembarked, and amongst them, Aubrey greeted on the deck of the ship, your Sophia.

"For once, love has not exaggerated; she is indeed beautiful, graceful, simple, attractive:

expect many rivals. You know, a new face in India, that is barely tolerable, is a great attraction, and *this* creature, we may be quite convinced, will have some of our dignitaries at her feet with all possible dispatch. If her mind prove equal to the idea conveyed by her entire manner, you have nothing to fear from the glittering temptation, and, perhaps, hereafter you may find a cause of happiness in her having been exposed to it. However, Aubrey will not leave the Presidency—(Can you forgive him?)—until the monsoon is fairly over; that is to say, at the expiration of three entire months."

Wilmer *did* feel it hard to endure this "hope deferred," even whilst he acknowledged the wisdom and real kindness that prompted his friend's designs; he had, however, too much virtue, and, perhaps, too little courage, to offer any opposition, and he remained solitary whilst those three months wore lingeringly away.

It must be confessed his patience was rewarded by frequent letters from Sophia: those

letters were indeed so delightful, that it may be doubted if he did not secretly acquiesce in the sentiment, that it is worth while to separate from the objects of attachment to experience the exquisite pleasure derivable from their correspondence.

Sophia came through the ordeal pure and unsullied by one regret that she was the destined bride of a subaltern. We pass over the splendid temptations offered to her, and see her at length safely domesticated with Aubrey at the head-quarters of his troop, and enjoying daily the society of Wilmer.

The day of their union was fixed, and it was a week distant; every anxiety seemed banished from the heart of Sophia, in the fulness of her present happiness. There was the deep and luxurious repose that succeeds tumult and extreme agitation; her hopes were on the eve of realization, and her wishes seemed bound up in a golden certainty. Wilmer, too, felt that happiness was all around him, and if sometimes a shade of melancholy did cross his brow, or a thought of sadness his heart, the smiles and

tenderness of Sophia speedily restored his tranquillity, if they did not excite him to a vivacity with which, in truth, his nature was almost unacquainted.

It was one of those brilliant evenings peculiar to southern climes; the whole landscape was bathed in the softest and clearest moonlight: every object was as distinctly visible in its form as by day, and the absence of colour, the striking contrast of light and shade, gave solemnity to the scene. Sophia and Wilmer had strolled through an avenue bounded on either side by plantains and guavas, and they now reposed in an open verandah, looking out upon the garden before them, filled with eastern shrubs, and plants, and fruits — the white-thatched bungalows speckled around — the clear river, filled with the recent rains, each ripple crested as with a jewel, as it reflected back the moon's ray; and if they sighed at contrasting the Oriental character of the scene with their own European home, they felt likewise that they were *together*, and wished not, asked not, for change.

Aubrey and his wife joined them, and they conversed playfully. Wilmer, for once, seemed to deliver himself up entirely to happiness: he was unusually cheerful, and when Mrs. Aubrey afterwards dwelt on that evening, she confessed that Wilmer was so unlike himself, that his vivacity had impressed her mind with a pain almost like an acute pang inflicted on her body.

By degrees Sophia became less animated; but as the others were conversing with great eagerness, her complete abstraction was not at first perceived: Wilmer was the first to be conscious of it, and, looking in her face, his own reflected back its extreme paleness.

"Heavens, Sophia, you are very ill!"

He clasped her hands in his. They were cold and damp. Mrs. Aubrey, roused by his evident alarm, rose also: "My dear Sophia, what is the matter?"

"I do not know;—I cannot tell;—it was a sudden pang,—a faintness,—a numbness, a—a—Wilmer! oh, Wilmer!" and she fell back in his arms.

Wilmer was nearly as powerless as his fainting bride. Aubrey took her in his arms and carried her into the house. He exchanged a look with his wife, that revealed at once all he knew, and all he feared. The nature of the attack was not to be mistaken.

Medical aid was almost instantly administered. Wilmer, scarcely conscious of anything that was occurring, paced the garden, with his hands pressed on his hot brow, gazing upwards with his burning eyes, sensible of pain and anguish, but bewildered *wherefore* and *why*.

There were symptoms not to be mistaken; but there were others as inexplicable. "What I can comprehend of this case," said the Surgeon to Mrs. Aubrey, "threatens nothing fatal; but there are symptoms apparent that lead me to suspect the illness of our patient to have been produced by causes purely external. Has she eaten anything unusual,—anything more than is generally on your table?"

"Nothing. I remember nothing," said Mrs. Aubrey, dreadfully agitated; "surely, surely, Doctor, you suspect nothing *very*—that is—"

"We must endeavour to ascertain what has been taken," he returned evasively: "I will see Wilmer; perhaps he may be able to elucidate what, I confess, embarrasses me."

It was some minutes before Wilmer could be made to comprehend the nature of the questions asked by the Surgeon. At length he said he had brought her some *bon bons*, in the manufacture of which one of his servants was very skilful; that Sophia had frequently before eaten them, without any bad effect, and in larger quantities, for she had reserved a great portion of these for the children.

Doctor V. desired to see what remained.

When they were produced, he examined several closely and minutely. "Send for your boy," said he to Wilmer; "I wish to ask him a question."

But the boy was no longer to be found; and now that discovery seemed at hand, as is usual with natives of this class, each individual of Wilmer's household had something to disclose of the absentee, which had never before been suspected.

He had been Wilmer's favourite attendant; his dressing-boy,—always about his person. It now appeared that he had also been so high in the favour of the unfortunate and guilty woman, formerly living with Wilmer, that it was no secret to his fellow-servants that he was her paramour.

Moreover, it was ascertained, that she had, for several days, been lurking in the neighbourhood of Wilmer's compound,— that Mootasawny had had repeated interviews with her,— and that on one occasion he had gone to sleep before his master's return from Captain Aubrey's at night, being intoxicated,— that before he slept he had talked strangely, and had told them, "never any good when Mistress come;—better not let come;—Master good, quiet gentleman;—what for Mistress want?— not let come."

The evidence was more than sufficient to corroborate the suspicions of Doctor V. He was quite sure that some noxious drug or herb had been administered, and with inexpressible

grief he was obliged to confess that the disease was beyond the power of his art.

Wilmer admitted the conviction in all its depth of darkness and of horror; Sophia was dying,—and link by link he traced the chain of the tragedy to the first moving cause,—his own guilt. He was very calm,—so calm, that no opposition was made to his being present by the dying couch of Sophia.

The face was fearfully changed; the whole frame was collapsed in a degree that seemed the effect of years of disease, rather than of a few minutes. She smiled gently when she became conscious that Wilmer was near, but generally she lay in a state of quiet, resembling torpor.

Her hand lay in his,—passive and cold as if already that of a corpse, except when a convulsive pressure and a correspondent contraction of feature, indicated a spasm of pain. Towards the last her eye gained an expression of strong consciousness. She looked round at Mrs. Aubrey,—at Aubrey,—and smiled peace-

fully and gratefully. That dark and intellectual eye looked more brightly and tenderly than ever, as it poured its glance of parting love on the one being who had excited the first—the last passion of her pure heart. The lips moved, but "*Wilmer!*" was scarcely audible. His arms encircled her in an instant. His cheek rested against hers,—he felt her breath pass sighingly over it, and the spirit of Sophia had departed!

As soon as possible, after a long and dangerous illness, Wilmer went to Europe on sick certificate; his kinsman was dead, and had bequeathed to him a moderate competence, which enabled him to dedicate himself to the profound retirement he coveted. In a small house at Halle, once occupied by Madam Sternhof, lived years afterwards, a melancholy man, generally considered insane, at once shunning and shunned. The poor were well acquainted with him and his haunts, but, though he was suspected of an over great acquaintance with books, he was unknown both to the rich and

the learned. His only attendant was the nurse of Sophia, whose fidelity, if he trusted her, was inviolable, for he was never betrayed. He was found dead one morning in a little arbour, the erection of which was well known to have been a favourite amusement to Sophia Sternhof, "who had gone far away." He was buried in the adjacent church-yard, in the corner shaded by the large and pale ash-tree, where no head-stone records his name, his misfortunes, or his crimes.

LETTER FROM CALCUTTA.

"MY DEAR K——,

"BEHOLD me very safely deposited,—after sundry tossings by land and water, by the combined efforts of palankeen bearers, boatmen, and the wind,—in my own garden-house, on the banks of the broad and brilliant Ganges, —once again a suburban of the City of Palaces. In spite of your well-remembered hospitality, I look back without regret on the moment of my departure from your tongue-tied,—that is, press-tied,—Presidency. I eat my breakfast with keener zest now it is accompanied by some Journal, in which men dare declare boldly that which the charter of their birth commands them to think. You know this in-

volves the subject of a long-standing controversy between us, but now that I have again planted my foot beneath the shadow of comparative liberty,—hugging its blessings to my bosom,—I challenge you to show me one single bad consequence resulting from a press in Calcutta as unfettered as any reasonable man could desire. On the contrary, are not its benefits exhibited in the improved tone of society,—the *dawning* cultivation of indigenous talent,—the absence of many evils which have been brought by this medium, to the notice of those within whose power lay redress,—and with whom to *perceive* has been to *remove?* Trust me, old Indian as I am, and knowing as I do the delicacy and frangibility of those links by which society is here, in an especial manner, holden together, none less than I would advocate the degrading of the public press into a vehicle by which mean and malignant minds might, under anonymous shelter, inflict those wounds for which their swords are *all too rusty.* Not thus! Sacred for ever be the sanctuary of private life!—uninvaded the territory of each

man's hearth-stone! But the actions of public servants are public property, and no man holds office exempt from this condition. The press, therefore, the organ of the public, has the right of stamping them with the brand of shame, or crowning them with the laurel coronal, as is meetest for their deservings. Woe to the ruler who dreads the truth from the tongue of an honest man, and seeks his security in the insane impolicy of a gag! Your press is a blot on your society, which spreads a shade of darkness over the whole surface. Its servility is despicable; the original matter of its effusions execrable; its extracts directed by the most partial illiberality. On the contrary, here, *at present*, the press is worthy British editors, and does not disgrace the mother tongue. Therefore we ask nothing beyond actual enjoyment, but the security of its permanence. We are thankful for the *boon*, but we demand the *right*. We deny that we ought to be put in the condition of receiving by act of grace, a property fraudulently withholden from us. True, that we have no cause to complain under

the administration of our present high-feeling and liberal-minded Governor-General; but *all* Governors-General number not these qualities amongst their especial prerogatives. We have had woeful experience that they are subject to all the infirmities that 'flesh is heir to,' and, above all, we dread the short-lived but severe despotism of an interregnum. We feel the pain of old but not forgotten wounds,—at changes of weather and similar unpleasant occasions. Time, the great "EDAX," will, I trust, set his scythe to this as to many other *mown-down* prejudices, too long bound upon a timid, shrinking world. As to you, you appear to have forgotten the great political and moral truth, that subjects are, at least, as much in fault as rulers, when the one oppresses, and the other groans, indeed, but, whilst he groans, obeys!

"My dear K——, I wish you would show yourself amongst us, that you might see with your eyes, and confess with your lips, that there *are* choice spirits even in this Indian world,—not by twos and threes, but by dozens

'and scores. There is ———, but no!—come and see them bodily; — come, and thenceforwards deny that human intellect does indeed perish here;—that the tone of our society is so grossly sensual as to drive from its sphere all that is intellectual,—all that is allied to the nobler part of man. Tremble not that you shall be conducted to a festal board, for the furnishing forth of which whole herds and flocks have been slaughtered. 'We order these things better now.' There is less of *official* in the tone of our friendly meetings, and we do not put each other to death if a transgression of the laws of precedence should chance to occur. We do not measure our appreciation of men by the date of appointments and commissions, or by the number of units that describe our annual receipts. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* We respect talent, and we listen to it with attention, even if it should wear but the insignia of subalternship. We do not think a bit the more highly of a man's virtues or genius, because he writes 'honourable' to his name, or holds a province at

his beck. We are beginning to receive it as an article of faith, that the moral idiosyncrasy of the individual is worth more of our observance than the accidents of his externals. We have done with drinking,—and gaming is pronouncing its final imprecations in blushful whispers. We read,—we think,—and we publish. Conversation, at least, fairly *contests* the ground with the bubbling, murmuring lullaby, of the somniferous hookah. Our women have got beyond the accidence of female intellect,—the fashion of a new turban, and the piquancy of the last *Leadenhall-street* novel, or *liaison.* Scandal there is,—if not so much or so loud as of yore,—still enough to make an honest man bless himself that he is not—*woman!* We live so much with open doors,—and it requires so little exertion for our neighbour to peep into the arcana of our establishment,—that at idle hours, for such will occur even to the 'sensible and reflecting part of the world,' we *are* apt to look, and to communicate the result of our observations. '*'Tis* true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true.' But, as the schoolmaster hath

really put on his seven-league boots, and looked in on us, we trust that beneath his gentle castigations, this evil also will, in the course of two or three thousand centuries, be put to death. Meanwhile, let us comfort ourselves with what there is of bright in the present.

"A Calcutta RE-UNION! — Did not you read the account of it in the journals with sparkling eyes, and mouth watering? Did not you picture to yourself, beauty discarding the tawdry ornaments which, for the most part, disfigure her in all public exhibitions, — arrayed *simplex munditiis*, — and disdaining not to contribute,—noble, perchance, and bright as lovely,—*her quota* to the more refined pleasures of the evening? Did not your heart yearn to him, the author of that pleasant charade, which was acted to the life, by yonder two or three non-professing amateurs? And did not your fancy linger on the dying notes of that thrilling syren, who so charmed our listening ear, that even applause was hushed in hope of more,—in reluctance to believe that those honey-dropping tones had ceased to fall

upon our sense? And did you not desire to catch the sparkling *bon-mot*, as it added that Attic salt to the light repast, which just *sustains* not *satiates*? Such an assembly, my friend, is choice enough for the most fastidious abhorrence of grossness and vulgarity. It is meet for the choicest epicure of society, and as it does not invite the presence, cares little for the censure of those, who merit the cognomen of its *gluttons*.

"Have you seen our New Annual?—No! Then, as I am anxious to contribute largely to your delight, I shall send you a copy by Bangy. Do not you, men of Madras, droop with shame, not only that there is no spirit of emulation in you, but none of *encouragement*? that as you are not the Virgils, you are unwilling to become the Mæcenases of literature; and that, from want of sufficient patronage, this little star of the Indian Press is likely to be seen no more above the horizon? Oh, most worthy and most *asinine* public of ———! But I have done.

"I meant to have been *descriptive* on many

and various subjects connected with this lordly capital, but I have, at the same time, exhausted my paper and my patience. Yours, I guess, is pretty considerably worn out also; therefore, until I am again 'i' the vein,' believe me, &c. &c. &c."

NOURMAHAL.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Amongst the very few females who have sustained a distinguished *rôle* in the generally sanguinary drama of Indian History, the name of Nourmahal stands pre-eminently conspicuous.

Chaja Aiass, by a long course of trials, was reduced to the extreme of poverty and misery. His despair assumed a gloomier character as the period approached which was to add another claimant to his affection,—another human being to his care; when, to the relation of *husband*, he was to add that of *father*. Talent, probity, industry—all were in vain displayed and exerted in his inhospitable native clime.

In Tartary, as elsewhere, "a prophet hath no honour in his own country;" and deprived of hope,—every resource failing,—he exchanged the few household articles which remained to him, for such as might best assist and sustain a frugal traveller. Accompanied by his wife, he left for ever the land of his birth; and, with courage to meet, and fortitude to endure, the perils and trials of his journey, he commenced the long march which was to remove him to the more fertile and more adventurous clime of India.

Cheerfully the pair proceeded on the earlier part of the journey, but before they had completed half the distance before them, the dreadful conviction smote them, that their stock of provisions, frugally as they had drawn on it, was nearly exhausted, and that famine was likely to overtake them in the inhospitable tract through which they were now passing.

Could any thing add to the bitterness of man's feelings, in such a situation,—with such a prospect before him? There was yet a single drop to fall into the cup of Chaja Aiass;—

the moment was at hand which was to make him a father. Overcome with pain and fatigue, his wife had sunk at the foot of a tree, whose friendly branches sheltered her from the sun, and, in agony and suffering, from the contemplation of which Nature shrinks, and the possibility of the endurance of which philosophy might deny, she became the mother of a living daughter.

The first smile of that child beguiled the mother of the memory of her sufferings. Her attachment increased with her strength;—fatigue, privation, want, were remembered no more; "carrying her babe," she said, "she could march *so* easily!"

The brow of the unhappy Chaja Aiass darkened into unwonted sternness. Their provisions had reached the lowest ebb; their utmost expedition would not bring them to human habitations before they were completely exhausted. His wife, weak, and still sick, was ill able to bear the additional fatigue of that burden which her maternal fondness tried to delude itself by pronouncing light. There was

no hope that she could afford her baby the sustenance it required; weariness, want, and weakness, would speedily deprive her of the provision Nature supplies. What was to be done? It was no novel idea to an Asiatic to leave the child exposed beneath the tree under which it was born. But the mother! Chaja Aiass felt his purpose shaken, as he pictured the distress to which it would expose his fellow-sufferer,—his *more* than fellow-sufferer.

The sun was above the mountains, when the husband, who had wrought himself to that pitch of resolution which enables the victim to endure the rack with silent lips, made preparations for their march. His wife, with the child girdled to her side, arose. "You are too weak," said Chaja Aiass; "give *me* our babe."

She looked in his face, and its darkness fell upon her spirit like an eclipse; a fear—a horror—a full conviction of his intent, pressed on her. Her despair seemed apathy, as, unresisting and passive, she obeyed his commands. The unconscious child lay smiling in his arms.

"It must be!" said he, and, as if fearful his resolution should waver, he deposited it at the foot of the tree which had been its birth-place.

"*Do not kill it!*" whispered the mother hoarsely, half unconscious of that which was passing before her. Chaja Aiass looked in her face; it seemed as if death had struck it.

Scarcely less cold was his own heart; yet, with the fortitude that marked his whole life, he did not swerve from an act which he believed necessary, and which, unhappily, in the moral code of his nation, is hardly a crime. He supported his trembling wife, and led her onwards.

She yielded to the impulse of his arm, but as she receded her head was turned back, and her eyes were constantly fixed on the forsaken one. Chaja Aiass spoke not;—consolation would have been mockery from *his* lips, as to *her* heart. At length the winding of the path shut out the child and the tree which shadowed it;—then, as if first comprehending the whole reality of her desolation, the bereaved mother poured forth the passion of her feelings.

Tearing herself from the supporting arm of her husband, she fell at his feet. She dashed her head on the earth in the wild madness of her agony. She supplicated,—she menaced,—she adjured him by his god,—and with dreadful imprecations on herself if she failed to fulfil her vow, she swore never to abandon her child,—to remain and perish with it.

The resolution of Chaja Aiass failed. His own anguish was awakened into a voice and an expression, by the passionate grief of his wife. "Be tranquil," he said;—"if the child dies, we will die. I will return and bring it."

In an instant her shrieks were hushed. The soft hope of a mother's love flowed back on her heart, and brightened through her tears. She sat on the ground, her eyes fixed on the receding form of her husband, and, when he was no longer visible,—on that point of the landscape where he had disappeared; and in her tender longing for the certain presence of her child, she forgot that the storm of desolation had threatened her.

Chaja Aiass meanwhile came in sight of the

tree. His eye rested on its root, but the object there was strange and incomprehensible. It was *not* his child;—it was a mass which in the distance seemed shapeless. With winged steps and a beating heart he approached.

Oh, horror!—The child *was* there, and looked up smilingly, even as it lay amidst the foul folds of a black and loathsome snake, that had writhed its whole length round the sweet body of the babe. A wild—loud shriek burst from the breast of Chaja Aiass. The reptile reared its head!—its folds were rapidly unwound, and in terror of the unseen enemy, it glided amidst the jungle of the forest.

Chaja Aiass remained as if rooted to the earth. In his eyes the flight of the snake, and the safety of his child, were miraculous,—the effects of the immediate and supernatural interference of his god. Tears fell from his eyes;—he raised his child from its dangerous resting-place, and with a thousand caresses, pouring on its head blessings innumerable, he carried it to the impatient mother.

How the miracle was told by Chaja Aiass

in terms by no means less exalted than the occasion warranted, and how both wife and husband hailed it as a pledge of the future preservation and ultimate exaltation of the child, may be imagined by all those acquainted with the superstition of people, the half of whose actions are regulated by omens and auguries.

In confirmation of all these high-wrought expectations, before their supplies were entirely exhausted, just when fear was verging on appalling certainty, they came up with a party of travellers, who charitably admitted them into their company, and bestowed the aid that had at length become necessary.

Without farther difficulty they accomplished their journey to the capital of Akbar. Chaja Aiass was taken into the service of an Omrah about the court, into whose confidence, his talents, fidelity, and integrity, speedily advanced him. At length the monarch himself distinguished him, and through various degrees of promotion he attained the post of treasurer of the empire.

Meanwhile, the child so miraculously pre-

served had been educated by Chaja Aiass himself, with a care and attention immeasurably exceeding that bestowed on eastern women generally. Her expansion of intellect,—her improvement in the lighter accomplishments, rewarded the assiduity, and justified the doating fondness of her father. Her personal beauty as far exceeded that of the generality of women, as her intellectual accomplishments; and, the favour extended by Akbar to Chaja Aiass rendering his alliance as desirable as the graces of his daughter rendered it attractive, she was betrothed at an early age to an Omrah of rank and distinction at court.

The Sultan Selim, the son of Akbar, not less than his father favoured Chaja Aiass. Weak in intellect, indolent, and effeminate, he reposed on the superior mind of the treasurer, with a confidence that spared him all the fatigue of reflection. Occasionally he saw the young Nourmahal, and enraptured with her beauty—perhaps also allured by that evident strength of mind which offered aid to his own inertness,—he demanded her in marriage, and

pledged himself for the gratified concurrence of the Emperor.

But Nourmahal was betrothed. Chaja Aiass explained his dilemma to the prince; but Selim, sanguine in the success of his passion, engaged that the interference of Akbar would secure the consent of the Omrah himself to the breach of the engagement; and, won by his importunity, influenced also by his ambition to see the daughter fulfil, by becoming the wife of the future sovereign, the high destiny to which he believed her early and almost miraculous preservation had dedicated her, Chaja Aiass consented that Sultan Selim should implore the interference of his royal father.

But Akbar was too just to permit the passions of his son to change the laws of his empire, or to interfere with the customs of his people. The wise monarch knew too well his own influence, to be unaware that his interference would be compulsive on his Omrah, and that the mere hint of his wishes being construed into commands, would lead the betrothed bridegroom to yield in submission that

to which, if free, he would have maintained his indefeasible right with life. The princely lover bore his disappointment with a burning heart; but Chaja Aiass applauded the equity of his master's decision, and the marriage of Nourmahal was shortly afterwards completed.

Akbar died, and Selim ascended the throne of Delhi.

Selim—or Jehangire, for, on his elevation to the sovereignty, he assumed that magnificent title, signifying "Emperor of the World,"—had not forgotten the charms of Nourmahal. The sudden crush of his hopes in the moment of fancied attainment, had rendered his passion the more violent, and his resolution eventually to attain his object became the more decided from the silence he was compelled to observe regarding it.

But now, to a monarch all things were easy, and if the ardour of his love was perhaps dissipated in the voluptuousness of the Zenanah, his desire of regaining that of which he deemed himself wrongfully deprived, and of punishing the Omrah who had been the innocent cause

of his disappointment, was the more intense. The husband of Nourmahal was sent, by the express command of the Emperor, on a mission so hopeless, that he felt he had received his death-warrant. The treacherous purpose of Jehangire was answered. He deprived himself of a faithful servant, and was avenged on a too fortunate rival.

Nourmahal received the tidings of her husband's death with a beating heart. Perhaps at this moment her ambition was first awakened; she saw in no distant perspective, her union with Jehangire, and her consequent ascendancy in the state. Her heart probably was startled at the earliest approach of such imaginings;—shocked thus to shake off the memory of—the *murdered.* Yes; Nourmahal was not for a moment blind to the fact, that the desperate mission on which her husband had been sent, was a snare for his life,—and that the disappointed passion of Selim had fired the train for his destruction.

Chaja Aiass was high in the favour of his monarch. The Emperor relied on the strength

of his understanding and the multiplicity of his resources, with all that unquestioning faith which had rendered him the confidant and friend of Sultan Selim. Still holding the post of Treasurer of the Empire, he was, in fact, in all measures of difficulty, the secret counsellor of the Emperor, and incomparably the most trusted. To him Jehangire first spoke of his wish, that Nourmahal should reside in the palace; and Chaja Aiass, whose respect for the memory of the Omrah was probably lost in the prospects of aggrandizement to himself and his family, which the anticipated influence of Nourmahal promised,—received "the intimation of his master's wishes, as a law which it became not his servant to dispute."

With a bounding heart Nourmahal entered the apartment of the Zenanah which was appropriated to her. Visions of the enjoyment of unbounded power,—the thought that henceforth the fate of a great empire would principally be regulated by her,—afforded so much mental occupation for the first few days after her arrival, that she scarcely regretted the absence of

the Emperor. But when weeks passed away, and he made no effort to see her;—when she heard of him only as having refused to make that provision for her support which befitted the rank of his Sultana,—she was for an instant overwhelmed with consternation and dismay. But her mind was too haughty to lose for any long time the power of grappling with its destiny, and too active to be subdued to torpor. She aroused herself, and commenced the assiduous cultivation of those talents in which she was pre-eminent.

Her exquisite skill in embroidery,—her perfect knowledge of painting,—were put in requisition to manufacture articles of luxury and elegance, the sale of which might afford her the means of decorating her apartment and her person, with all the splendour that befitted her rank. Nor did her efforts relax during the years in which Jehangire persisted in his extraordinary resolution. Every day witnessed the creations of her needle and her pencil, vying with each other only in brilliancy and beauty,—

at once the ornament and the admiration of the whole court.

It was perhaps quite consistent with the weakness of Selim's character, that the complete attainment of his object,—the removal of the Omrah, and the possession of Nourmahal,—should diminish or annihilate his desire for it. All obstacles having disappeared, the prize he had so ardently coveted, probably lost in his eyes the powerful attractions it had once possessed. Former favourites too would zealously aim at occupying him with their allurements, lest a powerful rival should be elevated on their ruin. And his indolent spirit, content to know that she was within his reach, was probably beguiled without difficulty into declining an interview with her until eventually she had almost passed away from his thoughts.

But now every tongue found a theme of praise in the accomplishments of Nourmahal. Chaja Aiass, disappointed as he had been in the destiny of his daughter, was still favoured by the Emperor, and heard on all sides enco-

miums on the productions of her skill and industry. Not long could Jehangire be ignorant of that which incessantly occupied the imagination, and furnished the conversation of those by whom he was constantly surrounded. His vanity was gratified by being the possessor of her in whose favour all seemed agreed, and that vanity stimulated his curiosity. Before the close of that day he had visited the apartments of Nourmahal. Enraptured by the glow of her beauty,—proud in the conviction that the whole world commended her accomplishments,—his passion was rekindled in more than its original vehemence, and from that hour the supreme dominion of the favourite Sultana was established.

Chaja Aiass felt, at length, that the brilliant destiny which the miraculous escape of the babe had predicted, had been realised, in the elevation of the woman,—rejoiced, and was satisfied. By the influence of his daughter he was elevated to the Vizarit, whilst his two sons were placed in the first rank of Omrahs.

Their elevation, though originating in an

unworthy source, might have reflected honour on the wisdom of the most sagacious monarch. The administration of Chaja Aiass was distinguished for justice, talent, and success;—the reins of the empire were in his hands, for Jehangire, intoxicated with his passion for his wife, resigned himself wholly to the influence of her charms. Nevertheless, the voice of the people spoke content and gladness, for the minister was their judge and protector. Neither were men envious of the elevation of his sons; their moderation disarmed envy, and their prudence secured esteem.

During the seven years that Chaja Aiass held the Vizarit, the influence of Nourmahal, unbounded as it was over the mind of Jehangire, was disarmed of any pernicious effects. But, at length, the upright minister closed his extraordinary life, leaving behind him a name long holden in veneration by a people grateful for the blessings that had marked his ministry. The grief of the Sultana was unbounded. The best affections of her heart were devoted to her father. Admiration of *his* talents,—gratitude

for his assiduous cultivation of her own,—respect for his integrity,—had effectually restrained the exercise of the unlimited power she possessed over the Emperor. Her character also was softened by its sympathy in the charities of human affinity;—she was redeemed in some degree from the cold heartlessness resulting from the possession of supreme dominion,—but with his death the restraint was removed. Although gratified that her brother, Asiph Jah, was, by her desire, nominated as the successor to the office and dignities of his father,—aware, likewise, that his talents were worthy of the son of Chaja Aiass, she had not that habitual reverence for him,—that instinctive respect which makes us veil our very selves in the presence of superior intellect united with unimpeachable integrity, in our desire of preserving the approbation we feel necessary to our happiness,—which had encompassed her spirit in the lifetime of her father. She gave the reins to her ambition, and allowed free indulgence to every caprice her passions or her haughtiness dictated. The new minis-

ter saw, and trembled for, the mischief to the state that might result from the tyranny of so indomitable a temper. He ventured a remonstrance, which was received with disgust, and with an imperious mandate to perform the duties of the Vizarit, and to withhold the least interference with the wishes of the Sultana. Asiph Jah submitted in silence to an evil for which the imbecility of Jehangire promised no remedy, and set himself to perform zealously the duties of his exalted position, and counteract as much as in him lay the evils which could not effectually be prevented.

Of the sons of Jehangire, Shah Jehan was he who possessed those bold and energetic qualities necessary to the character of a prince. Domestic dissensions had embittered the life of the Emperor, who, beyond all things, coveted the enjoyment of indolence. Chusero, his first-born, had headed a rebellion against the royal authority, and was now confined in a fortress in Malwa. Purvez, his second son, governed Candeish, residing at the capital with all the splendour of a sovereign. Of an easy temper,

inherited from Jehangire, he had little skill in the conduct of an army, or curbing the fiery spirit of its officers. In a conflict with Ameer Sing, the Raja of Odipore, he had, by his want of ability to remedy the difficulties that encompassed him, been compelled to retreat to Ajmere with considerable loss. The Emperor himself hastened to that city, and sent Chirrum, his youngest and best-beloved son, into the mountains to prosecute the war. The event covered the youthful prince with glory, and gave him an ascendancy over Purvez, which subsequent events confirmed. Purvez, with the bad success which was always attendant on his warlike efforts, was again engaged against the princes of the Deccan, and Chirrum, newnamed by his father Shah Jehan, "the King of the World," was sent, notwithstanding the representations of Asiph Jah of the danger of thus openly preferring his youngest-born, to supersede Purvez in the command of the forces. Purvez yielded what he was too indolent to contest; and Shah Jehan, with that prudence which, equally with his valour, cha-

racterized him, secured the glory of terminating the war, by listening to the terms of accommodation offered by the enemy, and removing every difficulty that threatened the amicable termination of the contest.

An interval of thirteen years strengthened the mind, and confirmed the ambition of Shah Jehan. After the lapse of that period, the princes of the Deccan, lulled into security by a long peace, violated the engagements on which that peace was founded. To reduce them to submission, Shah Jehan was despatched with an immense force. The allies had already taken arms and had crossed the Nerbudda, but, on his approach, terrified by his numbers, and intimidated by the remembrance of his former victories, they made peace, and retreated. This event confirmed the ambitious designs of Shah Jehan. Chusero, his eldest brother, so long a prisoner, had been released at the request of Shah Jehan, and permitted to accompany him on his expedition. This prince was secretly assassinated, and suspicion loudly accused Shah Jehan of instigating the deed. Jehangire

adopted the general opinion, and commanded his son to his presence. Shah Jehan received this as the signal of revolt. Relying on the devotedness of his troops, he openly threw off his allegiance, assumed the royal titles, and advanced to attack the Emperor. His rebellion ended in complete defeat. Deserted by his followers,—forsaken by his friends,—he who had been so elate of heart in prosperity, sank beneath the reverse, and a letter to Jehangire was the herald of his contrition and entire submission. The Emperor, with the clemency natural to his character, pardoned him, but commanded him to repair instantly with his family to Agra,—a mandate which he contrived to elude, and to travel, as if in quest of amusement, through various parts of the empire.

Mohâbet, the successful general, who had preserved the throne, and probably the life of his master, was regarded by the haughty Nourmahal with feelings of hatred that were embittered by every accession to his fame. He was one of the few who did not owe his elevation to

her influence; and not to be the creature, was to be enrolled amongst the enemies of the Sultana. She sought by every artifice to awaken in the breast of Jehangire, that jealousy of superior merit, the common vice of mean minds. She represented the danger to his sovereignty which might result from the high reputation of his victorious general. She acted the part of the dark spirit with the Jewish monarch. "Cannot he who preserved, also deprive?" she asked. "Will not he who has the power of placing the crown where he pleases, find it best befitting himself? Shall the slave hold in his hands the destiny of the monarch?" Jehangire listened, trembled, and believed. Successive orders to resign various commands, were followed by a mandate to present himself before the Emperor. Aware of the weakness of his master's mind,—of the supreme influence of Nourmahal, and her hatred of himself,—Mohâbet represented the inconvenience to which obedience would subject him, and requested permission to remain. "Is the Emperor now satisfied of the

treason of the slave?"—asked Nourmahal, and an imperious order for his immediate appearance was issued.

Mohâbet wavered no longer. Five thousand Rajpoots, who had served under his banner, volunteered their attendance, and with this escort he hastened to the imperial camp. But ere he had actually approached, he was commanded to halt, until he had accounted for the expenditure of the Bengal revenue, and for the plunder acquired by his army in the late action. Mohâbet, humbled in the dust by this indignity, sent his son-in-law to the camp of the Emperor to exonerate him from the imputations with which he was assailed. Instead of listening to his defence, Jehangire, whose anger became fierce in proportion to the injuries he was committing, received the messenger with every mark of indignation. He was treated with all the indignities that can be inflicted by oriental despotism. Having been despoiled of his garments, covered with rags, and suffered the punishment of the bastinado, he was driven from the camp, placed backwards on a wretched

tattoo, and exposed to the insults and scoffs of the populace, always ready to swell the current of royal vengeance. The indignation of Mohâbet was roused by the account of the contumely to which his son-in-law had been compelled to submit, and he prepared to avenge it, and wipe away the stain that had fallen on the honour of his family.

Mohâbet withdrew his faithful band from the immediate neighbourhood of the camp of the Emperor;—sheltered by an eminence near the river Jïelum, he remained a few days in quiet watchfulness of the motions of the royal army. At length he saw symptoms of immediate movement, and the foremost bands passed the river, whilst all were on the march, save the royal household. The rear of the troops had crossed the river, and the tents of the Emperor and his retinue remained still pitched. Mohâbet, with part of his Rajpoost, sallied forth; they rushed to the bridge, and destroyed it, thus cutting off the royal army from the power of returning. Proceeding to the tent of Jehangire, he secured the person of the sove-

reign, and whilst he effected this first object, Nourmahal escaped.

Asiph Jah, the faithful servant of a weak master, on the following day put himself at the head of the army, and endeavoured to ford the river. Mohâbet received him on the opposite bank, and repulsed him with great loss. On this complete defeat the army dispersed, and Asiph Jah took refuge in a fortress on the Allock, which, however, he was speedily obliged to surrender. Mohâbet, too virtuous to heap indignities on the head of the unfortunate Jehangire, seemed to forget the injustice done to himself, and paid his master every honour consistent with his safe keeping. The Emperor, no longer exposed to the influence of Nourmahal, confessed that he had too harshly treated his faithful and victorious servant, and Mohâbet contemplated a near period when, without endangering his own safety, he might restore his sovereign to perfect liberty. Nourmahal, however, who had taken refuge at Lahore, set out to rejoin the Emperor. Receiving tidings of her design, Mohâbet sent

forward a party of his followers, as if to constitute an escort, by which means he had a constant guard upon her actions. Aware that her restoration to Jehangire would be followed by her absolute ascendancy, and by measures which would probably lead to struggles that could terminate only either in the ruin of himself, or in the deposal of the monarch, he hastened to the presence of Jehangire, and accused Nourmahal of serious crimes. The attachment of the Emperor required to be sustained by the constant presence of its object; and a few months' separation had considerably weakened his affection for the Sultana. In her absence he had learned that he could live very tranquilly without her, and that she was by no means necessary to his existence, or even to his enjoyments. He yielded to the remonstrances of Mohâbet, and signed the order for her execution. Mohâbet carried it to her. She received it with stern composure. Her mind seemed always to gather strength in great emergencies. She said, " My enemies triumph, and the stars have decided that I must die.

Nevertheless, I have been faithful to the Emperor, and for the years in which we have lived together, I desire to see him once more. Then deal with me as you will."

Mohâbet, respecting the courage that characterised her, granted her request. He had no fear of any evil result. Jehangire had become indifferent to his former idol, and, moreover, was naturally desirous of making a sacrifice which cost him little, to the wishes of the man who held him prisoner. Nourmahal prepared herself for her visit. Attired with decorum, but divested of all her ornaments, with cheeks bedewed with tears, and with downcast eyes, she stood in the presence of the Emperor. No word passed her lips, and as she slowly raised her eyes, she fixed them on Jehangire with a glance of tender reproach, which, at the same time, expressed rather a melancholy resolution, than an appeal to his compassion. Her presence had awakened in the heart of the vacillating prince all those emotions which had rendered her former empire unbounded. She seemed to him more desirable than ever, as she

appeared on the verge of final departure. Her eyes penetrated his heart with a thousand sentiments of love and compassion. Deprived of all mastery of himself, he burst into a passion of tears, and clasped her in his arms.

"Mohâbet," he said, "Mohâbet, have you the heart to slay this woman, and to break your master's! See her tears—behold mine! Shall she—shall I—weep in vain?"——There was a pause.

"The Emperor of the Moguls must not ask and be denied," said Mohâbet, and from that moment Nourmahal resumed her royal state.

Mohâbet did not long detain the Emperor in confinement. In a few months he restored to him entire liberty, and generously confiding in the gratitude and the promises of his master, he dismissed the greater part of his own faithful adherents. But he miscalculated the strength of Nourmahal's passions, and her strong tenacity of purpose. To her former hatred of Mohâbet was superadded a desire of vengeance for the peril in which, by his means, she had been placed, and for the insult that

had been offered to her person in being brought to the camp of the general as a prisoner. All her influence, all her arts, were employed to induce the Emperor to order the execution of his former generous enemy, and now faithful subject; but in this solitary instance the virtue of Jehangire proved itself capable of resistance. Aware that his refusal had only led the Sultana to adopt the expedient of assassination, he had the justice to warn Mohâbet of his danger.—The unfortunate warrior, satisfied that immediate flight offered the only means of safety, hastened from the camp, unattended by either a friend or domestic. Proclamations, at the instigation of Nourmahal, whose thirst for vengeance became the more intense when she found its object had escaped, were issued to governors of provinces, and to all persons holding official jurisdiction within the dominions of the Emperor, not to harbour or assist the fugitive, on peril of treason. Thus proscribed, Mohâbet resolved on a measure which indicated as much magnanimity in himself, as he ascribed to the person to whom he meant to

intrust himself. He hastened to the tent of Asiph Jah, disguised, and under shelter of a moonless night;—planting himself in the passage that led from the tent of the minister to the apartments of the females, he remained until he was discovered by the officer of the guard. This man, on ascertaining who addressed him, conducted him, as he requested, to the Visier. Asiph Jah, long wearied and disquieted at the constant interruption his wisest and most beneficial designs received from the baneful exercise of his sister's influence with the Emperor, received Mohâbet with assurances of protection, and concealed him in a place of security. A close alliance was formed between them, and the resolution that Jehangire was incompetent to conduct the affairs of his kingdom, was acquiesced in by both. Purvez resembled his father too closely to promise to become a vigorous or an useful sovereign; and the confederates determining that Shah Jehan must succeed to the throne of Delhi, separated, and Mohâbet proceeded to the court of the Rajah of Odeypore, there to

await a favourable juncture for the execution of their plan.

Natural events forestalled their designs. Jehangire died by a stroke of apoplexy; and after a short contest with Shariar, the son of Jehangire, who had married the daughter of Nourmahal by her first nuptials, Shah Jehan was placed on the Imperial throne. History is silent regarding the future fate of Nourmahal. She sank into the obscurity which the perpetual imprisonment of the widowed females of eastern princes naturally casts over their latter days; or she perished in that slaughter by which Shah Jehan cut off the whole male population of the house of Timur, save his own sons, thus establishing himself in unquestioned right and authority on the throne of the Moguls.

She has served, however, if not "to point a moral," "to adorn a tale," for poetry has cast a halo round her name, and made her so dear to the imagination, that we regret the severity of history which leaves *such* a portrait of "THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM."

DOCTOR PAUL.

THAT small bungalow at the northern extremity of the lines of the —— regiment, is an object of attention to all new-comers. Its situation is happily chosen. The compound slopes downwards to the river's bank on one side, and a small grove of evergreens and flowering shrubs shades it from the road on the other. Westward, there is a well-cultivated and orderly garden. The milk-hedges are cut scrupulously, and trained with great attention to appearance, and with considerable success. The drive up to the house, and the broad pathway round its verandahs, are smooth and cleanly, like a gravel-walk in an English garden. The fragrant mendy bounds one side of

the avenue, and loads every gale with its hawthorn-like perfume. Yes, hawthorn-like,—at least, it pleases one to fancy the resemblance, which may pass very well *here*. If it crowned a violet-bank at home, indeed,—but why depreciate the shrub by the comparison? We may be grateful for its actual sweetness, and for the thoughts it brings of spring-tide evenings, and pleasant, paradise-like fields and shrubberies,—far, far away. There is no vegetation immediately surrounding the house: there is a plain, at least ten yards square, entirely bare. But this is healthy; it taints the atmosphere with no malaria; it threatens no fever, and it harbours no musquitoes. The house itself is oval, thatched, low-roofed, and with grey walls. A verandah entirely surrounds it, supported by chunammed pillars of the most cleanly white. It is raised at least five feet above the level of the country; in that and in everything built to the greatest possible advantage, and to afford the greatest possible share of accommodation and comfort.

It belongs to Doctor Paul, who knows every-

body, and whom everybody knows and everybody likes.

Doctor Paul cannot be under forty, or, at most, a year or two. His is just that complexion on which one is quite sure that the climate has produced no effect; he is not one of those whom these suns have parched and shrivelled into a look of premature age. His face is suffused with one tint of—what shall I call it?—It is neither pink nor red, it approaches more nearly to the former; but is quite free from all those associations of too great conviviality which one is so apt to attach to complexions resembling it. His features are sharp and hooked, his forehead retreating so exceedingly as to give to the form of his head the appearance of a caricature. His figure and limbs are long, lanky, and loose; somebody called him the original of Dominie Sampson. His eyes are grey and keen, with just sufficient obliquity to give a cast of the comic to his physiognomy. In discussion, his manner becomes vehement and loud beyond all rule, and his gesticulation proportionably

violent. He has none of that "patience of attention" which characterised Napoleon. He is restless as soon as his opponent begins to advance his proofs, and, unable to bear the irritation of contradiction, he interrupts with an abruptness and violence unpardonable in any person who has not the apology of originality, and the privilege of *being* privileged. But then Doctor Paul is really the most excellent person! so ready to do a good office! His errors are attributed to the contracted sphere in which his early life was passed, to the deficient education that was bestowed on him. His accent is always Scotch,—when he is warm, it becomes *broadly* so; and then he has an assortment of French and Latin phrases, which, though always properly applied, are so disguised in the pronunciation, as surely to be beyond the recognition of those to whom they are, or were, the mother tongue. Occasionally, too, he indulges in Johnsonian phrase, still guiltless of Mrs. Malaprop's sin, but masking the words in such sounds as might have added to the confusion of Babel, and which certainly have the effect of

giving one trait of the sublime to his sentences, —they are obscure. All his knowledge has been *thought out* by himself, and he probably values his acquirements the more, that they are so thoroughly his own property. Nature has bestowed on him her higher gifts with a niggard hand; but she has in some sort compensated for her neglect, by endowing him with a perseverance that knows no fatigue, and dreads and is deterred by no obstacle. His acquaintance with Indian society has not tended to enlarge his views; and perhaps, take him for all in all, there never was a mind of equal strength, so overstocked with prejudices of all kinds, shades, and descriptions.

From his age, his length of service, and the unusual circumstance of his always having been attached to one corps, the young men look up to him as the father of the regiment, and fly to him for advice and assistance in all their difficulties. He is liberal of both, and the distressed invariably leave his door with a lightened step and a more cheerful heart. He invents excuses for them to their creditors, and if these

will not pass current, as too frequent utterance effaces the impression of the purest coin, he drives away the dun by too much — "paish, paish!"* as they term it, and keeps triumphant possession of the field until the next month. He is also the general scribe,—the dictator of official applications for leave, and apologies for neglects, and explanations of errors, in short, personal staff to every individual officer, who consequently deems Father Paul, as they call him, the best friend he has on earth, and pretty nearly the cleverest fellow in the world.

Although the very appearance of Doctor Paul is an antidote to sentiment, yet there is a little romance in his history; indeed, what human being lives, who cannot cull from the common-places of his existence some short period, that seems to him in after-days as a passage through fairy-land? There were hints and surmises, gathered from his own occasional allusions, and from the recollections of his earlier friends, of an attachment, imbibed in his very boyhood, when, a peasant-boy amongst

* Chatter.

peasants, he sunned himself with his father's sheep on the hill-side, or by the banks of a burn, shaded by a mass of leafy trees.

It seems that Doctor Paul had been a sickly child, and so weak as to be unfitted for laborious employments, which awakened the charity of the village Galen, who bestowed on him all his own skill; and then his mother was a far-off cousin of the laird's,—so that by degrees Doctor Paul was put in the way of higher attainments, and in process of time came to India assistant-surgeon, to pluck the gold mohurs, and return to Scotland a Nabob. But this is anticipation. The attachment of his boyhood began and flourished under circumstances quite *à la mode de* Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler, and the fair indulged dreams that lasted some years. But the persuasions of some rural Dumbiedikes were more effectual with Doctor Paul's fair one than with her prototype. It was the old history of woman's fickleness,—and the wise pronounce it the origin of all the harmless peculiarities which distinguish the forsaken. Whenever he speaks of woman, it is to depreciate her; he

affects to look down on her intellect, and to consider her, *en morale*, by no means *too* perfect. But then he so contradicts all this bitterness of speech by his actions! In the whole cantonment there is not a man more attentive to the other sex,—more careful of their comfort —and in their indispositions the kindest of medical attendants. So that, despite his misanthropic tinge, he is always considered a *lady's man*, and employed in the thousand little offices appropriated to the character.

He is a great admirer of Blackwood, and an enthusiast in his eulogies of the "*Noctes.*" It is suspected that he makes a study of the shepherd's part in those colloquies, for he quotes sentence upon sentence *ad infinitum*. In his secret heart he has pronounced a ban on the Edinburgh, into the pages of which he never glances; but he has so much *nationality*, that if an unfortunate Englishman disparages *The* Review ever so slightly, Doctor Paul's Scottish feelings are immediately up in arms against the offender, at whom he vociferates with a vehemence and perseverance that would be almost in excess,

if employed in the defence of his dearest friend. His eyes kindle, and his complexion deepens to crimson, whilst his accent becomes almost too broad to be comprehended by the ears of the southron, if he were not assisted by the recollection, that no Scotchman can allow an Englishman to speak slightingly of *the* country, and, notwithstanding a difference of political faith, the aforesaid Edinburgh is considered by all parties as a national property, with which profane hands are not to intermeddle.

Dr. Paul is a great diner-out. He has always more invitations than any other person, and *never* declines except on the ground of a *bonâ fide* pre-engagement. He is a favourite guest at the mess, where he talks at pleasure, generally having the field to himself, and conscious that the warm applause of his audience follows him. He sings too,—every thing that Burns ever wrote, capable of being harmonized, and much that he never *did* write. All his songs have a touch of the sentimental in them;—sea songs, of the school of Dibdin and

Incledon, being his abomination. His ear is correct, but his taste,—however, being of no school, it is *original*, and his harmonious ornaments please not the less because they are more amusing than elegant. Altogether the play of his features,—his gestures,—give such universal delight, which it boots not to analyze too closely, and Doctor Paul is so frequently solicited to do honour to the wine, that he retires in a condition of great comfort and exaltation, always terminating his visit with a speech of desultories, connected by a link of eulogy on himself, which is the exuberance of his own harmless vanity, and draws forth thunders of applause from his gratified audience.

On the whole, Doctor Paul is quite a character,—to be placed in the composite order, the component parts being, little education, Scotch feelings, strong mind, and Indian society. He belongs to a species never found in Europe, because he is the produce of circumstances that have no existence there. This imperfect sketch falls far short of his claims to attention;—to be

justly appreciated, he must be intimately known. However, though unfinished, the likeness is accurate, and will be recognised by all who belong to that numerous and respectable body, the friends and admirers of DOCTOR PAUL.

THE BALL.

WHAT an excitement agitates the whole population of an up-country station at the announcement of a Ball!—what a succession of hopes and fears amongst the subalterns expectant of invitations! In India the position of the sexes, as far as regards public entertainments, is exactly reversed; ladies are as much *recherchées* here as beaux in England. Quadrilles must be danced, and there *must* be an adequate proportion of females to dance them; therefore she who is issuing her cards, whatever may be her own pretensions, or her fastidiousness on ordinary occasions, is under the necessity of waiving all her objections to *le plus mauvais ton;* hideousness; *fourteen stones;*

execrable English, or French precisely as good; and a host of atrocities, which render the possessors inadmissible at morning-calls, ineligible at dinners, but—*faute de choix*,—*essential* at balls. The list of names masculine is conned, however, with very considerable scrutiny; when abundance offers itself to the selection, people can afford to be critical. The unfortunates are quite aware of the existing state of things, and know themselves between the horns of dilemma,—either to endure whims and caprices of no common extent, or to take refuge in the pride of disdaining the society of womankind of all descriptions, at dinner, ball, or supper, morning-call, or evening-drive. This class, however, is not numerous, and the great majority of the cantonment were relieved on the present occasion from considerable anxiety, by learning, after the issuing of a few cards, that Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke meant to make quite a general thing of it. Every heart, therefore, was at liberty to dwell on the anticipated delights of the evening, according to its own peculiar mode of enjoyment.

"Yes, on due reflection," said Lieutenant-Colonel Parke, looking wise almost in proportion to his weight, "it will be advisable to ask everybody. I *may* be removed, you know, Anne, nobody can say how soon; and who can tell what corps I shall get next? And at my time of life, Mrs. Parke, it is better to be on amicable terms with my officers: you understand, Mrs. Parke?—A word to the wise,—humph!"

"It is a pity you did not come to that conclusion sooner," said Mrs. Parke, amiably, "for every officer of *ours* has sent a refusal, except Grampus, who goes anywhere for a feed gratis."

"I don't care,—so much the better," returned Lieutenant-Colonel Parke sulkily; "my young men want a few court-martials amongst them, and I'll see if I can't have two or three of them in arrest before long. I'll have them out to squad drill, and see how they'll like it,—humph!"

Mrs. Parke turned away, half in a pet with her "model for all Colonels, past, present, and

to come," as his mutineers called him, and half angry at the defiance implied by the *declining* of all the officers of their own regiment except Mr. Grampus, who indeed, as Mrs. Parke had elegantly expressed it, went *any*where for a feed gratis.

She looked over her notes with all the haste the difficulty she found in decyphering any person's autograph that was less than the magnitude of round hand, permitted. Mrs. Parke had great disadvantages to contend with: some said "old Parke had picked her up at a charity-school at Calcutta;"—some hinted that her childhood had been spent under auspices much less unexceptionable; there were many and divers reports afloat, but one point of accordance existed amongst all,—Mrs. Parke was originally *nobody*,—had bad manners,—most unforgivable awkwardness of address,—unusually plain person; and if this had not been a period of particular dulness in the cantonment of ——, all the world then agreed, that her *acceptances* would have been confined to the *canaille*.

As it was, however, Mrs. Parke had no cause to be dissatisfied with the reception of her invitations. Acceptance followed on acceptance, and notwithstanding a few indignant risings of temper at the insolent *refusals* of "*our own*" officers, she addressed herself, in very pleasant mood, to effect the necessary preparations.

Two large field-officers' tents were pitched in the compound as supper-rooms. The hall was "to be dedicated to the votaries of Terpsichore," as the newspapers express it. The cook had special instructions; the butler was lectured into the most unconditional stupidity; and Mrs. Parke prepared, and her tailor executed, all the furbelows and fripperies she had gathered to be fashionable from the "*Magazins des Modes*" which lay on her table, the latest number of which was only twelve months old.

The evening came;—the moon was as bright as Indian moons at the full generally are. The hall was nearly cleared, the tents were nearly

furnished. Mrs. Parke was dressed, very much to her own satisfaction, in a waist to her hips, and a petticoat fulled and stiffened into the dignified rotundity of a hoop, and flounced over two-thirds of its longitude. A vast pyramid of roses aided considerably the imposing effect of her appearance, and she looked "to the full as well," Cornet Witherby said, "*as could be expected.*"

The guests were all collected, and the band having preluded a few flourishes, remarkable chiefly for their originality,—no slight merit in these degenerate days,—a double set of quadrilles were formed, and active operations forthwith commenced.

The *ears of Midas* seemed quite the fashion; —there was such scrambling, and pushing, and shoving, and directing,—now in French, now in English *patois*—"*Chassez à la droite*"—"*Ballotez*"—"*Balancez*"—"*Turn your partner*"—"Right and left"—"*Glissez*"—"*Dos à dos*, my dear Mrs. Jones—back to back"—"All out!"—"How provoking!"—

"Begin again"—"We can't manage 'the Lancers!'"—Push—scramble—shout—shove—&c. &c. &c.

However, there was plenty of mirth,—jokes,—laughing not quite within the limits prescribed by Chesterfield,—and perhaps, except in a few instances, the blundering of the dancers promoted an hilarity that was much better suited to the tone of the society than grace or decorum. Everybody told Mrs. Parke that it was exceedingly delightful;—and just before supper there was a country-dance, which afforded Lieutenant-Colonel Parke the means of displaying his agility,—and the young men shouted their applause of his Harlequinades, and called him "*a feathered Mercury*!"—and in the "very witching time of night," supper was announced, and, the ladies being duly cared for, there was a rush as of a whirlwind by the remnant, in the direction of the tent.

The tables were covered—were groaning beneath the slaughtered hecatombs. It was a feast fit for Homer's heroes;—centuries have

been gathered to the "years before the Flood" since any thing resembling it has been afforded by the hospitality of "merry England." Soup of kinds—mulligatawney, and vermicelli, and turtle;—huge turkeys and huger hams;—barons of beef;—saddles of mutton;—geese, and all manner of tame fowl;—legs of pickled pork, and pease-pudding,—these were the delicacies that tempted the appetites of Indian epicures. Two or three ultra-fashionists, just imported from cold and icy Europe, stared, and turned a little pale as they inhaled the steam arising from the various "savouries,"—swallowed a jelly, and a biscuit, and a glass of wine;—but the rest of the party addressed themselves valiantly to the work of devastation. They drank beer in huge tumblers,—men and women;—they ate of the beef, and the mutton, and the pork, and the turkeys, and the fowls, and they closed with real Mussulmauni curries. The punkahs were fanned manfully in all directions, nevertheless they waxed warm: each guest had one or two of his own servants in attendance, so that the

tents were crowded to suffocation, and, as somebody said afterwards, there was fixed air enough within the walls to prove that animals may exist therein. Indeed, the atmosphere was so purely artificial, that the removal of the viands exposed the organs of the sensitive to attacks somewhat more offensive.

There was a call for "a song from Colonel Parke," and the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Parke, in obedience thereunto, put on a countenance that rendered him fit to exhibit as the frontispiece to Colman's "Broad Grins," and addressed himself to the task incontinently.—He sang—no matter for the name—*such* a song!—And applause was vociferated, and the ladies laughed, and looked well-pleased, except the two or three lately imported; who, Mrs. Parke declared, gave themselves a great many airs. And then the females returned to the ball-room, just as the Colonel politely gave "the Ladies,"—and the gentlemen remained to make themselves better qualified for the campaigning that was to succeed.

In process of time, dancing re-commenced,

and the scrambling and laughing and vociferating were more emphatic than before. And they whirled in the Spanish dance, until some became giddy, and others stumbled, and others fell. Then there was a *second* supper,—of grills, and stews, and lukewarms, and cold, of which the majority of the ladies partook, and dancing was resumed,—reels and country-dances, until by the aid of frequent refreshings of negus, the greater part of the loftier sex were in a condition which admonished their *gentler* partners, not only of the propriety, but of the absolute necessity of a retreat.

When they were fairly deposited in their various vehicles,—tonjons, or palanquins,—a scene of uproarious revelry commenced, of which it is needless to depict the details.—Bursts of the coarsest laughter repaid jests *as* coarse,—toasts and tempests of applause,—songs and thundering knocks upon the table,—led the way to a third supper, before the termination of which, glasses, bottles, dishes, and viands were flying about in all directions. One by one the guests walked off, or were carried

away, accordingly as they lost or retained power over their muscles,—and so the glory of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke's ball, like all other mundane glories, passed away.

Not so the memory of it. The most mirthful of the guests were by no means the least backward in expressing their censure of the vulgarity and bad taste that had marked the whole proceeding. They ridiculed the supper,—the dancing,—the dresses of the ladies,—and Mrs. Parke herself above all others. Her person—her manner—her extravagance—her temper,—afforded in succession matter of condemnation. Some of Mrs. Parke's very good-natured friends, wounded that she should receive such a recompense for her hospitality, were careful to repeat as many of the censuring and censurable remarks, that were flying in all directions, as they could possibly gather. Poor Mrs. Parke sighed over her folly, and was loud and incessant in her lamentations to the Colonel that so many rupees had been wasted on such dreadful ingrates. The Colonel made a gesticulation explanatory of his anger,—

whether at Mrs. Parke, or the guests, or both, is a mystery that has never yet been solved; and it was observed that the introduction of this subject, for many days afterwards, never elicited from him any other remark than that which his intimates understood to be conveyed by his pithy and emphatic "humph!"

But all mortification and bitterness disappeared from the amiable bosoms of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke, and they basked in a halo of glory emanating from that fountain of intelligence—that most luminous of all journals,—the ——— Gazette.

"Most sincerely do we congratulate our brethren in the East,"—the Editor speaks *in propriâ personâ*,—"on the spirit of hospitality diffused through every station, however remote, in which Europeans are congregated. Nothing can have a more beneficial tendency in ameliorating the condition of the exile, and in dissipating the tedium of a protracted residence in this ungenial clime, than a disposition to promote innocent mirth and elegant conviviality. For our own parts we must confess, that though

our dancing-days are over, we are not so 'fallen into the sere and yellow leaf' as to be incapable of enjoying the spectacle afforded by the hilarity which pervades a ball-room, the genuine design of which is seldom obtained so entirely in any part of the world as in India. We are the first to hail the gaieties that are announced, and to afford the warmest meed of our praise to those which have delighted and passed away—only, it is hoped, to be succeeded by others as effectual in binding the hearts of the European community in one link of amity. In accordance with our plan of paying tribute where tribute is due, we conceive we should fail greatly in our duty to our readers and ourselves, if we neglected to notice a splendid ball and supper given at ——pore, by Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke, to whom the whole cantonment are indebted for various preceding acts of hospitality. We derive our information from a private letter.

"The guests were nearly all assembled at nine P.M., and shortly afterwards the band of the regiment which the gallant host commands,

played a lively air, that served as a signal to the votaries of Terpsichore to select their partners. The elegant quadrille, and the graceful waltz, by turns afforded the dancers opportunity of displaying their proficiency in this highly attractive accomplishment, until midnight, when supper was announced, and the numerous assemblage adjourned from the ball-room to two field officers' tents, of the largest size and most commodious form,—tastefully decorated,—round the sides of which the supper tables were laid out, covered with every choice delicacy that can be culled from the east and the west, and furnishing in their abundance farther proofs, if necessary, of the munificent hospitality so characteristic of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke. The richest wines flowed profusely round; wit sparkled as the nectareous beverage was imbibed; songs from many gentlemen of highly cultivated taste added to the spirit of the scene, and Lieutenant-Colonel Parke himself afforded his guests the high gratification of witnessing a display of those comic powers for which he is so eminent.

"The ladies retired at length from the supper-rooms, and were speedily followed by their gallant partners, who were too well aware of the exquisite delight conferred by female society, lightly to forego its charms when within their reach. Dancing recommenced, and the morning-gun had fired as the last remaining guest departed,—closing reluctantly a night of the most animated excitement, where mirth had been controlled only by elegance, and where the vivacity of youth had been indulged with that moderation which the known good taste and exquisite fashion of Mrs. Parke prescribed.

"Above twenty ladies graced the entertainment by their presence, and the beauty of their persons,—the air of high *ton* conspicuous in their address,—the perfect taste displayed in their costume, of the finest texture, most costly description, and most fashionable form, threw over the scene an enchantment which only their presence could diffuse. There was no *gaucherie* manifest to dissipate the illusion, and the rapt gazer might, without any great ex-

aggeration of fancy, imagine himself at Almack's.

"To Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Parke the whole Station are in the highest degree indebted, not only for the pleasure of the evening, great as it was in itself, but for such an opportunity of exhibiting the temper and tone of refinement which pervades the society. They have afforded an irrefragable contradiction to the absurd opinion prevalent in Europe, that the goodbreeding and elegance which control the best circles at home are unknown here, and that instead of them, our entertainments are conspicuous only for the extreme of dulness, or of boisterous mirth, equally hostile to the polished relaxation which a refined mind requires as its necessary aliment. This erroneous opinion is now very little entertained amongst the best-informed at home, so far as regards the Presidencies;—but we lament to say there is an existing prejudice relative to up-country, or Mofussil stations. A few more entertainments so well-conducted, will suffice to remove this most unfounded and indeed

illiberal prepossession; and most happy shall we be to afford the aid of our widely-circulated columns in effacing so unjust an impression. We therefore solicit frequent communications from our Mofussil readers, to enable us, by a plain and unvarnished statement of facts, to remove prejudices so injurious to the social character of our respected countrymen, whose duty fixes them for long periods in remote districts."

"*Humph!*"—said Lieutenant-Colonel Parke, and it was the first pleasurable '*humph!*'—he had uttered on the subject. If Goldsmith's Mr. Burchell had witnessed the producing cause, and read the encomium, he would have contributed possibly his equally emphatic—"*fudge!*"

TULZAH AND ADJEIT.

ONE of the most beautiful vales in Central India is situated on a branch of the Nerbuddah, whose bright and blue stream intersects it from north to south. The village that lies on the right bank of the river, with its white huts glittering through the tope which shadows it, is as picturesque as any that adorns the Indian landscape. A building of imposing dimensions, on a commanding eminence just beyond the village, and a pagoda at the other extremity, contest the palm of superiority. The former is the country-house of the Zemindar of the district.

The whole region teems with fertility. Immediately under the eye of the master whose

prosperity depends on its cultivation, it is little likely that a negligent or ignorant ryot should be permitted to continue a tenant of the soil. Coudiah had been an indulgent and consequently a wise landlord; he knew well that the cultivator, ground down by rigorous exactions, has neither the industry requisite to produce the full proportion of grain, nor the hope necessary to animate his exertions. He knew that the improving condition of his ryots was one grand assurance that his own coffers would be filled;—he calculated accurately, that he who taxes man's labour beyond his power, will in the end lose all by his vain attempt to grasp too much. He knew, in short, that no Zemindar could prosper in the midst of a starving tenantry.

But Coudiah's life waned apace, and the sun of his days was shortly extinguished. His son succeeded him, as holder of the district;—but Goupaldoo inherited only the wealth of his father; no law of inheritance unfortunately can secure the legitimate descent of wisdom,

and often the follies of the child scatter dust on the grave of the parent.

Goupaldoo loved ease better than anything in the world. He had been known to sacrifice to it the indulgence of his darling propensities. To sit on the cushions that covered his verandah, gazing out upon his own broad lands, and enjoying the odour of his kaleean, whilst its bubbling lulled him into dreamy stupor, —was to him the acmé of felicity. To such a man, consequently, a minister—a fac-totum, —a steward—was absolutely necessary; and Kishamah, having passed through various gradations of servitude, finally attained the post of distinction.

Kishamah was as indefatigable as his master was indolent. Keen, astute, ready-witted, he contrived to render every event subservient to his own interest,—an object of which he never for an instant lost sight. The advantages which his position afforded, were by no means thrown away on *his* perception. He knew well the means of oppression,—of ruin,—within his

power, and the ryots were not long in having this discovery forced on them. Very soon also it was well understood that Kishamah was accessible to a bribe, and that he who could give most largely, might insure a favourable consideration of *his* case, even if justice lay altogether with his opponent. This accessibility led the unfortunate ryots to the commission of frauds and outrages on each other, —to the indulgence of the spirit of litigation so unhappily general amongst the Hindoos,— for every man overlooking the fact, that his adversary might offer a higher bribe than he, believed that he might purchase on all occasions a decision in his own favour. Of course the result was always disappointment to one of the contending parties,—in many instances despair. And it soon became a truth painfully apparent to themselves, that from having been the most prosperous, the happiest, and the most contented cultivators of the whole large district, those in the nearer neighbourhood of the Zemindar were decidedly the most wretched and most unfortunate.

There was *one* dwelling, however, where peace and plenteousness still inhabited. It was the abode of so much pure and deep affection, that it seemed as if every ungentler guest were excluded thence for ever. It stood somewhat apart from the group of cottages belonging to the other villagers;—it had also rather a broader front, and its walls were freshly chunammed, and its roof was neatly and securely thatched. Its interior arrangements were simple in the extreme;—it was divided by a mat of the palmira bark, which screened part of it from the eye of the intruder. Its furniture was scanty as the wants of the Hindoo;—two sleeping cots, with setringes and palumpores, in the inner apartment,—a few cushions, as articles of luxury,—the usual proportion of brass cooking vessels and chatties in the outer, completed the whole of its garniture. Still, comfort—happiness—existed here, for here was an abundant provision for many luxuries compatible with their inartificial habits.

It was the abode of an individual of the Rajpoot caste, who had lately married a girl of his

own tribe. Adjeit Sing possessed a person distinguished for its peculiar strength and beauty, and the loveliness of Tulzah, his bride, made her more than an equal mate for him. They were both orphans, and every separate affection of their hearts seemed gathered into one strong feeling of absolute devotion to each other. Adjeit was a discharged sipahi, and his merits had recommended him to the notice of the late Zemindar, who made him putail of the village. Whether from his own superior skill, or, as the envious said, from his better luck, every thing to which he set his hand prospered. The change of Zemindars had not affected his prosperity. Free from the litigious spirit of his neighbours,—inoffensive, and known to be the possessor of strength and courage to assert his own rights by his own personal prowess,—respected also from the position he held,—he pursued his usual course of harmless existence, unmolested by the most mischievous. Tenderly careful of the comfort of Tulzah, he redoubled his efforts for their common support, and permitted her not to perform any of those labo-

rious offices which were usual to the females of their rank. It was his pride to think, when toiling beneath the mid-day sun, that she was securely sheltered in her shady nest, not injuring her slight frame by drudgery, nor encountering the rude gaze of coarse and vulgar men. Adjeit was, as I have said, a Rajpoot, and to him, therefore, the exposure of his wife was an event to be deprecated and averted by every possible means.

Their habitation stood apart from the village; indeed it was so shaded by a large tamarind-tree on one side, and by its garden of plantains on the other, that Tulzah was accustomed to seat herself under the shelter of the former, to enjoy the freer breath of the evening-air, and to watch with her husband the retiring light of the yet glorious sun. In these regions the twilight is so short, that there seems no resting-place between day and night;—but then, to compensate the poet or the man of melancholy for his disappointment, the moon rises so brightly, so beautifully, that he, of this character, who stands in that softly brilliant light, might

well wish it were never to be displaced by the more garish sun. Such a wish was sometimes even pronounced by Tulzah, who had no more poetry than nature usually bestows on the young, and no melancholy save when Adjeit remained absent longer than his wont; and such a wish she uttered one evening when with *him* she sat beneath the shade of the broad tamarind-tree, watching the last red streaks of the day on one side, and the splendid rising of the moon, perceptible through the opening branches of a tope that lay between Tulzah and the east, on the other.

She had scarcely heard her husband's laughing censure of the absurdity of such a wish, when a piercing shriek burst from her lips, and before Adjeit could ascertain the cause, she had covered her face with her drapery and fled.

That cause was not, however, long unexplained to the startled husband. Standing in the shadow, right opposite to the spot where Tulzah had reclined, Adjeit recognised the

forms of Goupaldoo, the zemindar, and his prime minister Kishamah.

He wondered *why* they were there; but it was not for him to ask, and they received and returned the usual *salám*, without expecting an inquiry or dreaming of an explanation. But for many hours after they had disappeared he was busied in vain attempts at assigning some probable motive for their presence.

He knew not that the one only stimulus capable of rousing Goupaldoo from his indolence, was his passion for beauty. He knew not that the grace of Tulzah, carefully as she concealed herself from common eyes, was the theme of many. He knew not that he was an object of hatred and jealousy to Kishamah, in whose path of prosperity he appeared as Mordecai appeared to Haman. He knew not, therefore, that his ruin was resolved by one who always tracked his victims to destruction.

A few moons waned, and where was Tulzah? —where was Adjeit? Alas! those moons had shone on scenes of much suffering and degra-

dation! Adjeit had lost his little chieftainship; his cattle had died; his property had been destroyed by invisible means; his house had been burnt down; he had been bribed by Goupaldoo to give him his wife; he, a RAJPOOT, had been bribed—he, of the tribe of the lion—to dishonour his name, to violate his caste, to volunteer for infamy! Bribes, promises, all had been disdainfully rejected, and he pressed his beloved and tearful wife to his heart as he vowed rather to devote her to death.

Tulzah disappeared, and the unhappy husband, desperate and distrustful of all creation, sometimes harboured the suspicion that she had voluntarily deserted him. It was in the silence of the night that he had been bereft, and if violence had attempted such an outrage, would not a shriek,—a cry for rescue from *her* lips,—have roused him from the deepest slumber that ever steeped his senses? And above all, when the rumour of his loss was carried to the zemindar, he had immediately sent out a body of men in all directions to aid in discovering whither Tulzah had been conveyed. *He*,

therefore, was guiltless. He had, moreover, endeavoured to console him with the assurance that he should be restored to his former office, that things might yet wear a better aspect, and offered aid to rebuild his little dwelling. But Adjeit accepted it not: what was his dwelling to him when the light of it was gone? What could prosperity give, when she, for whose sake it was precious, was removed utterly from his sight? Oh, no! All things were hateful to him. He turned with loathing from the cheerfulness of the sun; he shrank with disgust from the gay flowers he had used to gather for *her*. His food was swallowed hastily and scantily, to satisfy the mere cravings of human nature. His person was neglected; his beard had grown ever since her disappearance. His features were sharpened,—his eyes sunk,—his cheeks hollow,—his person stooping and lean, and his footsteps feeble. His usual occupations were neglected; his days were spent in a search which became more hopeless every hour; his nights passed in restless and uneasy sleep, or in unquiet wandering round the neighbourhood.

In short, the villagers, who scarcely understood that the mere loss of a wife was one of such great magnitude, and who were themselves accustomed to endure all the evils of destitution, began to look on him as one under the dominion of an evil spirit.———

It was the deep and dark midnight. The moon in her wane had not yet risen, and though the stars and the planets studded the heavens, the objects of earth were scarcely distinguishable. Adjeit lay under his tamarind-tree, as of old, and he gazed up at the sky as if he reproached it with his woes. Sleepless and disturbed he lay, and his thoughts were with Tulzah, and he deemed himself alone.

But he was *not* alone. There stood near him another human being of small stature and slight form. But he knew it not, until he heard in murmurs, like a whisper—"*Adjeit!*" and he felt that there was but *one* who would *thus* have called on him.

He arose instantly, breathlessly. He saw not his companion, but his out-stretched hand grasped her, and forgetting all his suspicions

in the joy of restoration, he clasped her in his arms, and in a scream of wild exultation, he cried,—"My Tulzah!—Tulzah!—Leave me no more, oh Tulzah!"

But, disengaging herself, she sank from his arms to his feet, and as she lay prostrate before him, her breast heaved with convulsive sobs, and in accents almost suffocated, she said—"Embrace me not! own me not! reject me! spurn me, Adjeit! I am polluted, I am defiled, I am become thy shame and thy reproach! Wife meet for thee no more, I have sought thee but to die at thy feet, Adjeit; to tell thee of my dishonour; to animate thee to vengeance; to assure thee, that thy poor Tulzah was torn from thy side, by ruffianly hands, when peaceful slumber was in our dwelling; but oh, what boots it? They have defiled me, Adjeit!—I am vile, worthless, not to be named as thine. Thy wife, thou Rajpoot, hath been dishonoured!"

He raised her forcibly from the earth, and he wildly covered her with kisses. The faint moon rising shone on her altered face, and

told him in bitter signs what the destroyer had inflicted on her. Again and again he embraced her—"Thou wert true!" he cried, "thou wert true, Tulzah!—But thou art dishonoured, and, Tulzah, thou must die!"

"And for that I sought thee, Adjeit!" she cried, "to tell thee I must die! To tell thee, too, thy Tulzah hath drunk her last drop of life, and tasted the sweetness of revenge! The dog slept securely at my side, and with his own creiss I stabbed him as he lay; within the walls of his own tent, as he despoiled *thy* roof, was *he* despoiled. I stabbed him twice, yea, thrice, Adjeit!—thus—thus—thus!"

The weapon had been concealed beneath her drapery, and now he opposed not the dreadful work of death.

"Thou hast spared me a sore task, Tulzah," said he calmly, as he lay beside her dying form. "In truth, thou hast died bravely; it was well—*that* thou hast done, is well!"

Beneath the tree he buried the body of Tulzah where it lay. And he arose as the day dawned on the completion of his work, and he

prepared an ample meal, and he ate it greedily. And he departed, and was seen there no more.

A few weeks wore away, and the vile servant of a vile master, Kishamah,—perished as that master had done—by violence. His body was found beneath the tamarind-tree, covered with deep gashes inflicted by a creiss. The murderer was never discovered, and Adjeit was heard of no more. One of the ryots indeed declared, that on the night of the murder, he saw a man precipitate himself into the river where the current was strongest, and he *looked* with the look of Adjeit. But the man's own account was so incoherent, that little credit was attached to it, especially as the moon was on the wane on the night in question. In a short time, the story was remembered only as a village-legend; and children wandered to the tamarind-tree, and watched a pair of doves on its branches, into which they said the spirits of Adjeit and Tulzah had transmigrated.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE

EAST INDIA

SKETCH-BOOK:

COMPRISING AN

ACCOUNT OF THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY

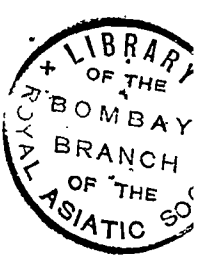
IN CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, &c.

The poor exile
Feels, in each action of the varied day,
His doom of banishment. The very air
Cools not his brow as in his native land;
The scene is strange, the food is loathly to him;
The language, nay, the music, jars his ear.

WALTER SCOTT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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A LETTER HOME.

"DE REBUS OMNIBUS."

MY DEAR Z——,

"I SIT down with all possible haste to answer the queries contained in your letter of the 19th October, which, as you will see by the date of this, has scarcely been three months from England. A capital voyage that! Nevertheless, I do not think our community will be satisfied, until that time be reduced to one-half, by means of steam,—'a consummation devoutly to be wished.'

"Firstly with regard to the boys—a writership for James, by all means; but as to the cadetship for Benjamin, I am more dubious;—indeed, if you can secure him any *decent* pro-

vision in another line, by all means decline your friend's offer. It is worth nothing—absolutely nothing, in this our day;—it holds out perhaps a flattering prospect to you, 'happy in your ignorance,'—but assure yourself it is as fallacious as the mirage to the desert-traveller, if it be even as alluring. Reduction is the order of the times, and the most luminous exhibition of the march of intellect yet manifested to our vision in the East. The army is overstocked, *fearfully*, so far as regards the hopes of young aspirants. Ensigns thrown back to Cadets,—starving on a hundred rupees a month,—hungry lieutenants in a state of absorption, and grey-headed captains not within ten years of *the* step,—are facts from which you may proceed to draw inferences by induction on the most approved Baconian principles. You say Benjamin acquires languages with extraordinary facility, and you believe certain appointments are the reward of proficiency in the native tongue, and that these render an officer's career both much easier and

much more lucrative. Let me set you right on this point.

In one word—which perhaps would be better placed at the conclusion than at the commencement of the detail; for the peroration should contain an abstract of all the argument,—a *little* interest is worth incalculably more than any definable quantity of knowledge. A few years since a considerable premium rewarded the diligence of every officer whom a committee, assembled for the purpose, pronounced to be competently skilled in Hindostanee. A further donation of similar amount recompensed the acquirement of Persian. This stimulus, however, was, in the course of time, found to rouse the energies of too great a number of candidates, and consequently to draw too largely on the funds of the Honourable Company. It was therefore reduced to a fraction of the original amount, and called an *honorary* reward, but at the same time it was notified that Regimental Staff appointments were to be the *substantial* accompaniment. This might

have been as effectual as the original plan, in obtaining an object so every way desirable as the proficiency of an officer in the language of the great body of the army to which he is attached,—of the soldiers under his command. But *how* has the design been carried into execution?—*how* has the promise been performed?—*how* has the golden hope of the aspirant been realized?—To quote one or two instances, by way of example.——I know a young subaltern of some eight years' standing, who, having a family at home in no affluent circumstances, has assiduously devoted himself to the study of Hindostanee, in the hope of acquiring an appointment on the Regimental Staff, and the means of assisting *them*. The expected vacancy occurs after a long interval;—his application is made, and in the next G. O. he has the satisfaction of finding himself passed over in favour of a *youth of condition*, who is most admirably calculated to be an Interpreter of a language of which he does not know the alphabet, whilst his colloquial acquaintance with it amounts to '*Jao*'—and '*Ao*'—and

'*Lao*'—and such like recondite phrases.—Another youth, of similar accomplishments, has won the prize from many competitors, by having been the lucky bearer from home of a parcel of female trumpery for a *lady in office*, who willed that he was to be so recompensed for the trouble of carriage and the safe delivery. Therefore, my dear Z——, unless you can find means to pack up sundry letters of *strong* recommendation with the rest of Benjamin's outfit, never for a moment dream, that 'if it should rain staff-uniforms, one of them would fit him.'

"There are, as you well know to be usual in the character of all *corporations*, various evils radically connected with the Indian army, interwoven, indeed, with its very constitution, and to be remedied only at the expense of such innovations as we unspeculative soldiers greatly dread. But *all* our evils are not of this character. There are many susceptible of removal, and others again of alleviation. There are some, the absence of which even we "with silvery heads" hope to experience. Our public

journals will give you quite as much information on this head as you can possibly require. The slowness of promotion is the *leading* grievance; the palpable and coveted remedy, that it should occur not regimentally but in the line. In any service, supercession is indescribably mortifying;—in the Indian army, tolerable only because the desperate have no remedy. To allow promotion by purchase would be a state of things infinitely worse, nor do I think that it would be safe to attempt the introduction of such a measure. If promotion were to be obtained by purchase, or by interest, what man would expose himself to the perils of such a climate, where his existence is preserved by one continued struggle? And unless an individual enrolls himself in the Indian service with the prospect of passing the greater portion of his life attached to it, one of the greatest securities England has for the preservation of the country, would be overthrown. An officer entering the career late, and for a short period, could feel no interest for soldiers such as the Indian sepoys, so foreign in nature and habit;—

strangers to him they would always be, and he alienated from their confidence. The fidelity of this extraordinary army is at present matter of fact not of conjecture;—but let them have a rapid succession of European officers, ignorant of their customs and unyielding to their prejudices, and I fear the experiment would tell woefully against those who would hazard it.—No—an Indian officer must be for many years a fixture, or of no essential advantage to the service to which he belongs.

"There are sundry discussions and apprehensions here relative to the probability of this army's being transferred from the Company to the King. I speak advisedly when I say, that I believe such a change would exceedingly dissatisfy the majority. They anticipate supercession in an almost unlimited degree, as the inevitable result of amalgamation with the King's,—whom they have long considered, and are likely long to consider, as jealous rivals, coveting with avidity those staff-employments which, by the constitution of the service, are, in the present posture of things, exclusively appropri-

ated by the Company's officers. That this appropriation is strictly just, very few unbiassed persons will deny, when they consider that the cadet sets his foot on this soil, to weather, during the greater part of his existence, plagues like those of Egypt, and that the rewards which can animate him to exertion, struggling as he must with the opposing influence of this terrific climate, are already too thinly scattered. Ought he to be spoiled of his hopes,—ought despondency entirely to deaden his energies, for the sake of bestowing these boons on those who, deserving as they may be, are not tied to this soil,—who can always escape from it, by making sacrifices doubtless, yet without the total ruin which must attend a Company's officer who resigns at an early period the service on which his subsistence depends?—on those who consider themselves as foreign soldiers employed on foreign service, and have neither knowledge of the peculiarities of *this* army, nor care for its interests, all of which are in some sort within the keeping of officers who occupy the higher range of staff-employments?

" The possibility of our present regulations being so modified as to permit promotion by purchase or interest, is never contemplated by us without indignation and alarm. You will say that much personal feeling mingles with this assertion;—well, you may receive it with the qualification,—for I avow it. It is now some thirteen years since I made the Indian shore, and I am yet two steps from my company. Of the staff I have no chance, and I have neither cash nor interest. With what feelings then must I contemplate the possibility of an amalgamation, which may place me in imminent danger of being superseded by one of your fair-faced European-complexioned recruits, who writes 'Honourable' before his name, or comes out in the interest of the Minister, or of the Minister's private Secretary, or, to descend a little lower, of the Minister's Secretary's head clerk? Would not such a contingency drive an unfortunate devil to mutiny, whose only chance of seeing home again after some thirty or forty years' service, is the retiring pay of his rank? It would be a temptation to prostrate

one's-self at the feet of the Nizam, and to draw one's sword beneath the drapeau of the Musnud.

"These, my dear Z——, are details which, dry as they are, will doubtless be interesting to you, who are actually debating, whether your son is to become an actor on this arena or not. It is fitting, also, that I should show you the picture in another position.

"It is true that the golden days of India are over. Military men do not now acquire fortunes in this country. Exceptions by no means invalidate my rule, for they exist only because the few have discovered ways and means unknown and inaccessible to the generality. Still the life of an Indian officer is that of a gentleman, and is sufficiently aristocratic to gratify the most fastidious pride. He has servants,—horses,—a house,—a plentiful table,—fine wines,—constant hope of an augmentation of income,—and, above all,—for I speak to the proud,—he has *consideration*,—a place and a right to mingle with the highest. He is at ease in the society of his superiors, because at no *very* distant day, if he is toler-

ably fortunate, he is to occupy the same position. He has a place at their tables,—a seat in their carriages,—and is on that easy footing of familiarity which implies essential equality. He may occasionally 'fall on evil days,' by being afflicted with that most absolute of all despots, a tyrannical commandant. But these occurrences are 'like angels' visits, few and far between.'—Field-Officers in this service have very considerably passed the bloom and spring-tide of their youth. They are for the most part elderly, bilious, half worn-out personages, 'melancholy,' if not 'gentleman-like,'—and very happy generally to allow their faculties a siesta during the whole twenty-four hours, and permit affairs to be administered by deputy. Detachments for marching in the monsoon are troublesome, but not frequent: altogether the military life here is not laborious, neither in truth ought it to be so, for who, after years passed within the Tropics, retains energy enough for constant toil?—I am falling again into railing, when I meant to exhibit the fair side of the picture, but I confess, that

to 'my mind's eye' that fairest side is clouded.

"However, there is one great consideration which must operate against sending a youth to India, whether in a civil or military capacity. If I say that the country,—the society in its general tone and manner, is anything but favourable to the improvement of the heart or the understanding, I may be told that 'temptation abounds everywhere, and it is as vain to look for Plato's republic, as for Utopia.' —True, but there is a comparative state of things even when absolute perfection is to be found nowhere; and therefore I tell *you*, in sober seriousness, that for mine own private opinion, no earthly consideration short of rescuing him from absolute starvation, should induce me to send a son to this country. First, the chances against his living *at all* are great, as a comparison of the Army Lists of 1800 and 1820 will testify. Next, admitting that he has strength of constitution to grapple with the evils that beset him, where,—after a residence of twenty years,—where is his mental,

where his physical energy? At thirty-six he is an elderly gentleman,—with little personal activity,—with less inclination for intellectual pursuits. At that age he has 'served his time,' as it is called, which means the prescribed twenty-two years, admitting that he has had no means of availing himself of the furlough regulation, or has not been home on sick-certificate.* And then the years absolutely lost to him during that immense lapse of time! for, compared with the duration of life, it *is* immense.—The pursuits of his boyhood are abandoned, as too toilsome for the climate. Emulation affords no stimulus, for he is surrounded by the idle, who, if they secretly respect, openly ridicule him, and lure him to an

* After twenty-two years' service *in India*, an officer is permitted to retire on the pay of his rank, or, as it is expressed in the Regulations, after twenty-five years, including three years for furlough. The same deduction from the period occurs, if an unfortunate man is compelled by sickness to proceed to Europe for the preservation of his existence. It is hardship enough, that he loses all his Indian allowances during that compulsory absence, and in some cases the necessity of serving out the twenty-two years is the sentence of his death.

indolence, or possibly a dissipation, to which the listlessness and languor already unnerving his spirit, too fatally incline him. For the preservation of his health, a ride of some hours at 'morning's prime,' when duty does not prevent it, is absolutely essential;—he breakfasts and endeavours to settle himself to serious study. Presently his friend or companion arrives, and proposes a tour of visits, 'as the sun is becoming too hot for anything like industry.' And thus until two o'clock, which is nearly the hour of tiffin;—another hour or two is lost at table: then evening is approaching, and there is the evening-ride and the party, —and 'so 'tis midnight,' when jaded and spirit-worn he seeks his uneasy couch, to slumber heavily and unhealthily, or more probably to count the weary moments as they pass so drearily, that he can hear and number their footsteps.

"But let me give 'honour where honour is due.' I have known in this 'orient land,' many bright and mighty intellects which predominated over all the physical opposition that

might have enthralled them. Their flight was hardly to be retarded, and their course was brilliant and rapid, as it was evanescent. Few indeed are the exceptions which can be brought forward to disprove the assertion, that sedentary pursuits in this country cannot consist with existence. Few are the constitutions that have vigour to resist the inroads of climatic disease, whilst the intellect is exerting its strength, and making daily encroachments on the physical energies. The most splendidly gifted individual I have known here,—placed in a position as advantageous to him as any that could have been selected, careful to preserve his health by every regularity of exercise, diet, and society, possessing a cheerful temperament, excellent stamina, well regulated temper, and ardent, not to say sanguine mind, is even *now* fading gradually beneath the influences of this atmosphere. '*Renounce your pursuits*' is the obvious prescription in his case, which goes to support my assertion, that this country is manifestly hostile to mental cultivation. And do not charge upon me the folly

of attempting to build up a theory on an isolated fact. I adduce this one instance as a prominent illustration of it. I assure you, fancy has had nothing to do in the painting of the picture. I have conjured up no phantasm to amuse you. My talented friend is too really such, and so circumstanced as I have described him, and I am but one of many who will tell you, that Europe or the grave must shortly be his destination, and that of hundreds of equal promise and equally unfortunate.

"You speak, my good friend, of your boys returning after a few years, to break, as you call it, the long line of their Indian residence,—to marry, and by domestic companionship to shed a charm over the latter part of their Indian career. Waving the chances against their returning, except under circumstances sincerely to be deprecated, and exclusive of course of the possibility of your furnishing the requisite funds, how are you certain that they will await this epoch before they form a matrimonial engagement? It would be too idle to imagine you

innocently asking for a pledge from the youths on such a topic, or relying on it if they gave it; and temptation here, whatever you may think of the matter, is great. Two words will explain the causes of its magnitude,—idleness and opportunity. Young men have little occupation, and young women are accessible. Morning-calls lead to evening-parties, and these to flirtations, which for the most part terminate, in the east, in matrimony. I am no harsh satirist of the female sex, nor of that part of it who are impelled by circumstances to incur the chances of Indian speculation. I pity such individuals as unfortunate,—as either the victims of adverse circumstances, or the too docile pupils of misjudging friends. But, setting aside every extraneous consideration, I must always deem it a slight diminution of the—I would scarcely say the *respectability*—but the *delicacy* that should characterize the young female,—to find her *here* unmarried. If it be equally true, that Bath and Cheltenham,—every public assembly—almost every social amusement,—is also a scene for the exhibition

of unmarried women,—that the object is the same, and that, whilst society wears its present aspect, it must continue to be so,—I can but betake myself to the assertion, that the veil of decency is there thrown over the motives. It does not stand out so glaringly manifest;—it is not forced upon the mind of the uninterested bystander;—he has the power of conjecturing it to be the effect of so many causes, that he is satisfied not to bewilder himself in the labyrinth. But in this case it is palpable,—it is avowed. A girl arriving here scarcely affects to cover her real object with any other pretext, nor would the attempt be successful, where the merest novice considers every fresh arrival as affording a wider range to his fancy, if he be inclined to 'fetter himself.' And,—I do not attempt to deny exceptions,—females so situated are not generally, either by education of intellect or heart, what an intelligent, reflecting, and cultivated man would select as his companion, or what a parental friend and counsellor would point out as a mate befitting his son. Many are beautiful,—many attractive,—showy, well-

dressed,—of captivating manners. Young men soon lose their earliest impressions of the dignity of the female character; and a protracted residence here tends greatly to lower the standard: consequently tinsel is often mistaken for gold—the counterfeit for the diamond. Your boys, my dear Z——, are, I dare say, as properly tutored as boys *can* be, and have views as exalted of the perfection of feminine character as their mother's sons ought to possess. Nevertheless, their nature is human nature,—liable to the same wearing out of old impressions and receiving of new as the nature of others, and *therefore*, I warn you, keep them from temptation *here*, where, considering how circumscribed is the circle in which they are to revolve, the snares that beset them are incalculable. I do you the justice to believe, that they must sadly have deteriorated from the ancient stock, if they could bestow even a passing thought on a woman wholly educated in this country. On the tremendous evils consequent on *such* unions, therefore, I shall not enlarge; and lest you should charge on me a too sweeping censure, I

shall have the frankness to acknowledge that, doubtless, exceptions do exist even in *this* class also, but I still lift up my voice against him who ventures so hazardous an experiment; and all who know what kind of education is to be obtained here—what are the attendants of the child—and what must necessarily be its first impressions—will unite with me in declaring, that it is indeed a *most* hazardous experiment.

" My professional feelings lead me chiefly, as you will perceive, to military matters; but as far as my knowledge extends, I would gladly give the benefit of it to your son, ' the civilian *in posse.*' For him a perfect acquaintance with the native languages and with Persian is absolutely necessary. Surely it ought to be his first duty to acquire the means of direct communication with those who must appear before him in his capacity of magistrate and judge, as supplicants or criminals. Dreadful is the responsibility incurred by him who, sitting on the judgment-seat in this land, trusts to his vakeels as interpreters. I believe those who are best acquainted with the native character, will sup-

port the assertion that *every* Hindoo is accessible to a bribe. The extent to which an interpreter may exercise his power of distorting facts, when he translates a case for his superior, is really terrific. Who is to accuse him? Who is to give a counter-representation? In vain the wretched victim of injustice prostrates himself, and implores the protection of the European arbiter of his fate, who can neither comprehend his own foul injustice nor the sufferer's appeals. I would almost say, let no man attempt to preside on a judicial tribunal, who is not competent to receive *direct* the statements and complaints of the suitors, as he values his immortal soul. For surely that man perils his everlasting interests who, through idleness or incapacity, is unable to render justice between man and man, and condemns to desolation and ruin, family after family, in the wide-extending sphere of his influence. The rich oppressor knows his security; for aware of the vakeel's venality, he measures out a gift, and knows that he has triumphed over his poor foe! And the oppressed man says,

I have neither gold, nor jewels, nor grain, nor land, and how can I strive with my enemy? And in his despair he raises up his voice and curses 'the unjust judge,' and surely *this* is not 'the curse causeless that shall not come.'

"Therefore, my dear Z——, whilst things continue in their present state, make James, if you are resolved he shall here fill the magisterial chair, give his days and nights to the study of Oriental languages, and, so far as it is accessible, of Oriental law as now administered. You will readily exonerate me from the charge of recommending an assiduous cultivation of Oriental literature on *general* grounds; on the contrary, I hold that the languages of the East contain *no* literature that will repay the student for the labour of their acquisition. But as every accountable being ought surely to direct his first and most assiduous pursuit to those subjects which will enable him to sustain with honour and rectitude the vocation which he has chosen, or to which he has been dedicated, —as the attractive is always to be sacrificed to

the useful,—I maintain that, in the present system of things, it is the high and imperative duty of a young man about to enter on a civil career in India, to accomplish himself in the study of Eastern languages. I know no being more contemptible than an Englishman dozing on the judicial seat, whilst suits of vital importance to whole families, and sometimes in their remoter effects to whole districts, are transacted by his native functionary, who exults at once in the wealth acquired by his plenitude of power, and in his imperceptible, but real, and, by *him* well-understood, superiority to the inane representative of the nation who are the masters of British India.

"You will observe that I have laid considerable stress on the reservation '*whilst things continue in their present state.*' You will not now for the first time meet with the opinion, that the greatest reform capable of being made in Indian courts of justice, would be the rendering of the English language the medium by which all legal business is transacted. Such an innovation would be hailed by the native as

the dawning of a new era, replete with invaluable blessings to himself and his race. As we hold this country by the bond of *opinion* more than by the fetters of *power*, it is well for the continuance of our rule that, through all his adversities, amidst all the imperfections of our system, a Hindoo still has almost unlimited faith in the integrity of actions emanating immediately from Europeans. Unintelligible as our English alphabetical characters are to the majority, with what confidence will they receive any document written in those unknown hieroglyphics, relying on it as possessing talismanic virtues! I am persuaded, that the introduction of the English language as the medium of all law official business, would diffuse satisfaction amongst an overwhelming aggregate of this population. The best incentive would be found to direct the pursuits of the higher classes to the cultivation of English literature, and in time this would descend to the lower grades. The few places of education which the policy of government, or the charity of private societies has established in this enormous continent,

would be more numerously attended and with better effect. The study of our language must convey with it some insight into the principles of our sciences and our arts, our literature, our domestic polity, our ethics, and our religion. The change also would afford employment to numerous individuals of that almost nameless class of human beings, who are called indiscriminately half-castes, Eurasians, and Hindoo-Britons,—a class despised, *almost emulously*, by Europeans and natives. There are peculiarities annexed to the condition of their birth, which at once unite them with their brethren of either nation, and at the same time draw a strong separating line. This anomaly occasions an equal anomaly in the legislature as it affects them, subjecting them to the protections and penalties of the Mussulmaun law, whilst their feelings, and the religion they profess, are generally Christian. Political degradation is the invariable producer of moral debasement. This ought to be remembered in all our speculations on the condition of this class and their capabilities of improvement. Perhaps no sect in India

is more generally tainted with deep immorality, not to say depravity, which is reciprocally the cause and effect of the contempt that, as I have just stated, is bestowed on them by Europeans and Asiatics. The change in the language used in the legal courts, will afford them the means of respectable livelihood,—will remove many of their temptations to dishonesty,—and will, consequently, surely but gradually destroy the prejudices against them now existing to so considerable a degree. The most influential of the class have attained so much of the spirit of the times, as to bestir themselves by means of meetings, and to manufacture petitions and representations of their grievances, for the consideration of the authorities at home. But in my opinion these petitions ask too largely. The requisitionists require the removal of those disabilities which affect their employment in the very highest branches of both services. Now, as I have remarked, we hold this country

* This is an Indian colloquialism, intended to describe the two classes of covenanted servants in this country—*civil* and *military*.

partly by opinion; and believe me, many years of progressive improvement must elevate the Hindoo-Britons in the estimation of an Indian population, before considerations of public advantage will render it expedient to entrust them with prominent and influential situations. The memorials addressed to Parliament aim chiefly at exhibiting the great hardship this whole class sustains in not being entrusted with eminent posts, or at least with the positions of gentlemen. They never touch on exclusion from manufacturing, trading, or agricultural pursuits; they desire to be a *class* of gentlemen,—an anomaly in every country where there is no aristocracy. And the petitioners seem entirely to overlook the fact, that, in all civilized nations, civil disabilities are naturally attendant on the peculiar circumstances of their birth, —indeed are *necessarily* attendant, unless all property, all right, is to be thrown into one common mass of inextricable confusion— 'What,' triumphantly asks one of the memorialists, in a published correspondence,—'what ought the children of gentlemen to be, *but* gen-

tlemen?' I will tell him plainly, that *no* illegitimate child steps into the exact place of his father in any nation where there exists a civilized social compact. Nor can I conceive that the intermixture of Asiatic blood, admitting that it confers no additional shame, can sanctify such a misfortune, or give it privileges beyond those of individuals dissimilarly situated.—'Shall not the son of a king *be* a king?'—is a question that at once illustrates the absurdity of this argument. Doubtless he shall—and the son of the peer shall also wear his father's ermined robe and jewelled coronet. But it shall be a son whose birth is sanctioned by the law—not the conventional law of man's convenience only, but the grand elementary law, without the observance of which the base of every political federation must crumble into dust and ashes. In this respect the most merciful man must allow it is right and fitting that 'the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children.'

"To return—James, if he enters on the civil career in this country, will find it a certain

avenue to wealth, should he be able to resist the temptations which await him at the outset. He must necessarily, at the commencement of his service, occupy a comparatively undignified position, as the underling of some senior officer. This superior may probably be a man whose allowances are more than sufficient to pay a whole regiment. Encompassed by every luxury that wealth can procure,—reduced by indolence to be the actual dependent on the crowd of fawning and obsequious natives, who call him lord, and invoke his favour as 'their father, their mother, their god,'—craving for the excitement which his palled and languid mind can find in no worthy pursuit,—he may probably be found by his élève very accessible, and a '*fine generous spirit*,' enervated a little perhaps by the severity of the tropical suns. What a vast temptation to expense is thus opened to the tyro! He becomes possibly the inmate of a dwelling where luxury is accumulated on luxury, until each indulgence becomes essential to existence. Emulous of the example before him, he squanders money

with a thoughtlessness exceeding that of the prodigal. Gaming awakes the torpid spirit from its languor, and therefore this excitement is sought with an ardour proportionate to the relief it affords. Entertainments, too, are to heighten its zest. Costly viands and rich wines are to tempt the satiated appetite, and the expensive nautch is to lend its attractions to the exhibition. The comparatively small income of the youthful votary of oriental dissipation cannot answer the demands on it;—his native assistant, ever on the watch, is adroit to discover the precise moment when the offer of his assistance will be most eagerly received. That offer is made, and the aid which attends it becomes at length the habitual resource of the unhappy profligate, who early in his career looked with contempt on others who had plunged into such an abyss!—'What?—so well warned?—and yet fall into the snare of a villainous native servant?' And in the words of Hazael he asks, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?'—And yet Hazael

wrought on, to the fulfilment of all those scorned predictions!

"*These* are the men who can best bear *retrenchment*, and on them it would produce the greatest possible quantity of good. The temptation to extravagance, ruinous to almost every young officer, whether civil or military, who is drawn within their vortex, would be removed, —the commission of an immense quantity of moral evil would be prevented; and demands of economy might be honourably attended to, without curtailing the few comforts left to the '*soldier-officer*'—as the élégantes of this accomplished society are accustomed to designate officers with their regiments, in contradistinction to those employed on the staff,—and the experiment might be infinitely less hazardous. A malcontent army has effected greater things than a change in the form of a colonial government. The voice of its indignation generally speaks in thunder loud enough to shake the firmest thrones to their foundation. Hitherto safety has been found in the differences of

feeling and opinion which have tended to separate the interests of the armies of the three Presidencies. But this disunion is gradually thawing beneath the sense of injustice and injury common to all. It would be idle to deny that there *is* a spirit of disaffection walking amongst the ranks of the Indian army. Let him who doubts it, enter as one amongst them, and of them, as *I* have done; and then let him pronounce, in justice and impartiality, whether this fact be so or not. The military servant compares his penury with the civil servant's superfluity, and he scorns the prejudice or the ignorance of the Government that thus invests his not more useful brother with wealth and privileges to which he must be for years a stranger. Look even at the *published* opinions of many military men, and then ask, whether there is not danger abroad? Whether public journals are the usual vehicles of the sentiments of individuals, or of bodies of men?—Discontent is more than 'an *airy* nothing' when it assumes a form so tangible: people rarely *record* opinions which have not previously been

disseminated by other means. And I repeat it, that this army *is* discontented,—that their discontent originates in a great measure from their limited pay being thrown into such strong shadow by the splendid remuneration afforded to civilians—a body of men who, respectable as they may be, might find their places well supplied at half the expense by officers capable of occupying any judicial or diplomatic position in this country. Compare the career of a Munro or a Malcolm with that of the most distinguished civil servants, and ask, wherein is the military man's inferiority? —And believe that the energies of many a Munro and many a Malcolm, are to be found amongst their fellow-soldiers, were circumstances such as to call them to action.

"You ask, what have we done for India since it came into our hands? In truth, *little* compared with our power, and the facilities afforded us; but still somewhat, still enough to show that more may be done,—that ways and means abound, and that many avenues of improvement are accessible. Sensibly alive to

the superior security to persons and property afforded by British rule, where is the subject of a native prince who does not envy the happier vassal of the Company? Still, against the very cry of the people, from some miserable policy or financial expedient, we suffer the shadow of the Nizam's territory to blacken over the very centre of our dominions, and have now added to the blessings enjoyed under native rule, by giving independence to his respectable Highness of Berar, that the hill of Seetabuldee may again be inundated with British blood! *Such* native princes are the very Neroes of modern times,—to whom the appetite of blood seems the only one that knows no satiety. Ask of the horrors perpetrated in that nest of Arab incendiaries,—that Indian Tophet,—Hyderabad! See there, how murder and rapine stalk hand in hand, in the nineteenth century,—in a territory absolutely defended by British troops. Inquire into the enormities perpetrated by the petty Rajahs of the hills. Ask of officers on detachment, what has fallen under their immediate cognizance.

Will you inquire of *me* and hear *my* solitary anecdote?

"I commanded, in default of a captain, a detachment of two companies sent to the hills to defend the district. A nightly guard was furnished to the Rajah of the small territory for the protection of his palace. Shortly I began to receive reports from every native officer on this tour of duty, of cries heard during the night,—of shrieks and groans as of a person in agony. Inquiries had been made by sepoys, and the attendants at the palace had cautiously whispered of cruelties perpetrated on the lawful wife of the Rajah, for the amusement and gratification of the nautch-girls and other dissolute women, who formed his nightly band of associates. *Lighted cheroots* were applied, as a jest of excellent piquancy, to the tenderest parts of the poor victim's person; and other methods of torture were resorted to, from which an European imagination shrinks with disgust. Having ascertained, as far as I was able, the accuracy of these harrowing details, I awaited in great anxiety the arrival of the

very influential personage whose province it was to administer justice through a wide extent of territory,—the mere expression of whose disapprobation would have been a sufficient check on this eastern barbarian. And what was his memorable reply? I have never forgotten him as he stood looking down on my comparatively pigmy stature;—his eyes half closed, and his mouth curled in a cruel derision, that, I confess, chafed my soldier's blood until my commission became valueless in my eyes, if it were to be retained only on condition that I brooked this insulting glance. 'Sir,' said he with much deliberation,—'one of the ties by which we hold this country, is the wise policy which refrains from interfering with the prejudices of the natives. Sir, these things which you mention, are usual amongst them. Such is their custom—it is part of their manner,—with which you and I have nothing to do. Sir, the British Government cannot interfere with the domestic conduct of the princes with whom it is in alliance, or to whom it affords protection. And, Sir, the British Go-

vernment forbids any interference on the part of its servants; and *their* business, Sir, let me admonish you, is not to judge or to discuss, but *to obey*. Sir, the three points of a soldier's duty are—first, obedience—second, obedience—third, obedience. Sir, I wish you a very good morning.'

"And he bowed me out; and what redress had I?—Alas, I could but seek consolation in the admonition penned by the wisest of men,—'If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for He that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they.'

"Closely indeed is the assertion I have just recorded, as pronounced by Sir —— ——, observed and brought into action by the servants of Government. '*One of the ties by which we hold this country, is the wise policy which refrains from interfering with the prejudices of the natives.*' Our error, I fancy, has a tendency to the other extreme, and that so far from *opposing*, we actually *support* and *en-*

courage. Witness the Temple at Jagghernaut, a portion of the revenues of which actually passes into the hands of the Company, under whose patronage its abominable idolatries continue. Hither are lured, by the reputed sanctity of the place, hundreds of poor half-starved Hindoos, whose scanty means have been carefully laid in store to carry them within the sacred recesses of this shrine. In the most unfavourable season of the year the avenues of the temple are thronged with pilgrims, some of whom having traversed hundreds of miles, arrive with exhausted resources and almost at the last gasp of existence. Still the door is closed to their ardent expectation. Of what avail are their previous hardships,—their present sickness and privations,—in the eyes of the priestly hypocrite, whose outstretched palm feels not the pressure of their gold, which 'has taken unto itself wings, and flown away?' To them the gate opens not, and in despair and disappointment — houseless, — without food,— without shelter from the heavy rains that are inundating the earth,—far from the face of a

friend,—a prey to the rapid and fierce diseases of the season,—they die with the haven of their hope in view; and the hypocritical Brahmin turns on them an eye colder than that of the Levite, receives the rich offering of the wealthy, and having transmitted part of the price of the blood of human souls to the Honourable Company, rolls himself in the garb of his sensual indulgences, deriding equally the superstition of his brethren, and the imbecility of the Government beneath whose fostering influence his unrighteousness prospers.

"This system of encouraging the religious prejudices of the natives, seems to pervade all classes of official men in this country, from him who governs a province, to the commandant of a single regiment. As the universe is composed of atoms, and the smallest figure swells the amount of the aggregate, I shall not hesitate to afford you a minor instance of the operation of this feeling which I myself witnessed. The regiment to which I belonged, at the epoch to which I allude, was under orders to march. Its route lay through a dreary de-

sert of jungle, but, as its progress would occupy the months of March and April, we apprehended nothing but heat, and had little to dread from the prevalence of disease. We had the misfortune then to be under the command of a just-promoted field-officer, on whom his new dignity did not, as yet, sit easily. He was one of those who some thirty years since got into this army, everybody wonders *how;* whose vocation assuredly lay not for things military. He was one of the most vain-glorious little men I ever happened to meet; but beneath all the bustle of his vanity, his shrinking consciousness of inferiority was palpable to the commonest penetration. There was the perpetual assertion of his claims to consideration,—a continual calling of people's attention to the position of field-officers,—an anecdote of himself adapted to every possible conjuncture to which in the course of conversation one could refer, tending to elucidate the mysteries of *his* superiority by the attention other well-known individuals had bestowed on him. Then his *platitudes* were

methodized in the most extraordinary manner;—there was the thesis,—the major's importance;—the preamble,—the reasons, first, second, third, *ad infinitum;*—the peroration. Oh! it was a rich exhibition of the expedients to which a man is driven, who desires to escape from the galling oppression of conscious littleness. Imagine his excitement when the order for marching arrived! He evidently deemed that the movements of the 117th, under the command of Major Patrick Flannaghan, for such was his cognomen, not only would form events in the chronicles of the year, but actually in the annals of the century. At length, after demurs and difficulties which nearly unsettled the brain of the Adjutant, and made the Quartermaster a skeleton, this fine body of men, as the phrase goes, was put in motion. The journey commenced, by order, precisely at half an hour after sun-rise, when we had paraded much longer than we liked, our most accurate commandant keeping his eye fixed on the minute-hand of his watch, that we might not move a moment before or after the appointed

time. Three hours spent beneath a sun gradually advancing to scorching power, brought us to the end of our daily journey, when we devoured our breakfast, with what appetite we might, cursed the slowness of Indian marching, abused the cook, fined the butler, retired to our separate tents, and fell asleep. But these were the halcyon days of that memorable march. In fact, we had afterwards to pass through a regular campaign against the weather. The jungle, as we advanced, became more dense; lofty hills environed us, covered with forests the abode of predatory animals, and that mightiest of serpents, the boa-constrictor. But how the terror of *such* foes faded beneath the dread of the pestilential vapours which were exhaling around us! Yes, unseasonable as it was, contrary to all the calculations of ordinary experience,—heavy rains deluged the earth, and threatened us with destruction. Morning after morning, our fearful eyes saw the heads of the encircling hills veiled in thick black vapour, that was shortly to descend, and assail us as a pestilence. We were

encompassed with the rankest vegetation. Our encamping ground was frequently a square of cleared plain, barely sufficient to afford space for our tents, and picquets for our cattle. Tall trees, or lofty forest-covered mountains, bounded our limited horizon, and seemed to shut in upon us the malaria abounding in the damp vegetation. Our anxious desire was naturally to hasten, by forced marches, out of the reach of danger. Sickness had crept in amongst us, and we had daily to witness the sufferings and danger of those nearest and dearest to us. Oh! in what close brotherhood the tie of common danger binds man to man! What an amiable set of beings each deemed the little band of his comrades! We remembered no man's foibles;—we were even anxious to view with a charitable eye the follies of Major Patrick Flannaghan. But he would not allow it. In the plenitude of his military zeal, he insisted on observing '*the regulations of the service*,' to the very letter; the discretionary power which formed a branch of his prerogative, remained like a title in abeyance—nobody benefited by

it. We were to march eight or ten miles daily —no more—lest the men should be harassed! those very men who, left to the guidance of their own will, would proceed from twenty to thirty miles daily! Besides all this, we had frequent halts, that '*the men*' and their families might recruit,—which we translated into something nearer the truth, by calling it, Major Patrick Flannaghan's tender consideration for Mrs. Flannaghan, and all the little Flannaghans. But our patience had yet to be put to a sorer trial. We reached the bank of the river, which in its windings several times intercepted our path. A burst of enthusiasm hailed, as we thought, the first view of it; but we very soon discovered that the rapture arose from our approach to a Pagoda celebrated for the extent of its revenue, and the number of Brahmins supported there. And here, in obedience to that 'wise policy which refrains from interfering with the religious prejudices of the natives,'—our gallant Major thought it expedient, malgré the danger of the season, the surrounding sickness, the hazards of delay, to halt

two days, that 'the men' might have an opportunity of paying their devotions and making their offerings at this exalted shrine. Priestly craft soon disburthened the pitiable victims of this the most abject superstition that ever enthralled the spirit of man, not of their superfluous rupees only, but of those absolutely necessary for the exigencies of the march. Consequently, during the remainder of our wearisome journey, we heard only bitter complaints of poverty, and witnessed daily scenes of want and privation which a *slight* disregard of 'the prejudices of the natives' might, in this instance, have averted. However, the thing was all *according to rule;* and I submit to your consideration, whether this is the best possible state of things in a country absolutely under British rule? If we are not to trample on their religious institutions, does it follow, therefore, that we are to testify extraordinary veneration for them? If we are not to *force* the consciences of men, are we to foster their superstition, whilst we cautiously abstain from lending any *official* sanction to efforts tending

to awaken them to a knowledge of 'a more excellent way?' This excessive caution conspires exceedingly with the bigotry and the indolence of the Hindoo to prevent any improvement either in his moral or his physical wants. It appears, under the present system, that the procuring of a certain revenue is the primary object before which every other consideration sinks into nothingness. Look at the country so long a part of the British territory. Where are the roads? Where are the bridges? Where are the agricultural improvements? Where are the exhibitions of the effects of mechanical power employed in aiding the fertility of the soil? In vain you will look for these things. Over a great portion of the Company's territory, you will find no traces of a road; everywhere you will witness the processes of agriculture and manufacture, amongst the natives, carried on by means of the very same implements as those used by their forefathers a thousand ages since. It is hardly credible how scanty are the improvements which have been introduced amongst the Hin-

doos during our long intercourse with them. And look at the miserable economy with which we dole out to them the means of education. On the advantages of opening their minds to the reception of knowledge it would be idle to argue;—all mankind seem in this age agreed in the expediency of enlightening the darkness of the ignorant. Civilized Europe abounds with the means of knowledge, and its resources are gradually extending, and penetrating regions hitherto least accessible to the progress of civilization. Britain, foremost in the great race, is liberal to profusion in her benefactions to mankind. Her subjects—her *European* subjects—find instruction attainable on all sides. On them she casts benefits with a generosity that seems boundless. Why has she no heart to sympathize with—no hand of assistance to extend—to her brethren—her subjects, in the 'populous east?'

"To bring this interminable letter to a conclusion. You ask me when I shall revisit England, and assure me it is time I meditated a return, to familiarise myself with the more

civilized relations of your western world. I agree with you; and, believe me, my inclination lends additional weight to your arguments. Moreover, I am a constant sufferer from affection of the liver, and our medical officer recommends my trying the effect of my native air. What then withholds me? I will tell you a very substantive reason. True, our noble fund will afford me such an addition to the pay of lieutenant which I should receive from my masters in England, as would enable me to exist with some regard to the bare decencies of life. Those said masters would defray the expense of my passage homewards, and the fund would furnish me an equal sum for the return. Good! But has it escaped *you*, as it appears to have escaped *them*, that a sick man requires medical aid; that in England such aid is often beyond the limits of the poor man's means, and that they, in their worshipful consideration for the comfort of their servants, have provided no medical attendance for them, when sick, poor, and perhaps disabled in their course of service, they

seek again the shores they once unfortunately quitted? Remonstrance and complaint are unavailing,—until patience is exhausted and complaint assumes the attitude of demand,—which day is not yet arrived. Therefore, my dear Z——, I war with the uncongenial climate, as best I may; for why should I hasten to the country of my love, only to expire with the very elixir at my lips, but beyond my reach? Rather let me perish far away from all that is dearest; such a consummation will leave me at least the chance of believing that I quit nothing in this world worth regretting.

"Con over this undigested mass of facts at your leisure, and *after deliberation*, send your boys to this 'orient land' if you choose.

"Your's sincerely."

SKETCHES AND HINTS,

SELECTED FROM MY CORRESPONDENCE.

I DARE say you have forgotten, in the comfort of your own house and establishment, all the little mortifications and annoyances of your march to ——. Travelling in any part of the world is a sore lightener of the purse. Apropos! —I yesterday saw a caricature entitled *Phlebotomists;*—a stage-coachman, guard, bowing waiter, courtesying chambermaid, and scraping "*Boots,*" with a porter and one or two others of the same stamp, representing the merciless operators on an unfortunate traveller. But, alas! what are these musquitoes to the leeches of an Indian march?—with all *these* unceasing demands, a journey of two hundred and fifty

miles might be easily accomplished for six or seven guineas; whereas ten times that sum would not cover the expenses of your march, commencing with your butler's demands for ropes, gunnies, packing-cases, &c.; — your cook's for store of provender;—advance to servants, bullock-men, coolies, bearers, lascars, &c.;—impositions of ditto, with which the poor traveller is compelled to comply, at the hazard of being left in the lurch by a general desertion. This is indeed enough to produce a hæmorrhage. However, I hope, as you seem comfortably settled, some time will elapse before you are again exposed to this species of bleeding.

The longer you remain in India, and the more you see of Anglo-Asiatics, the more just will you find one of your early observations to me, that "the people seem to be acting set parts." Men of education must be scarce amongst those whose lives, from fifteen years of age, have been spent in this country. Men of sense are also rare, because, in *obeying orders*, there is no room left for the exercise of the rea-

son or judgment, and a soldier is a mere passive machine. Men of elegant and refined manners are still more rare, because these can be acquired only by associating with elegant and refined people; and in the first class of society in India such are not to be found, since the highest situations are open, by progressive promotion, to persons of whatever birth, education, or intellect. And as to men of fashion or *ton!*—Yet each of these classes of character finds *would-be* representatives in abundance, and men of a little tact contrive to pass for what they would seem, among people not very conversant with the matter of exhibition. One of the most atrocious bunglers at this would-be system, is our Colonel Commandant, for of all assumptions that the spirit of imitation could have put into his head, that of dignity, consequence, or gentility, by such an underbred, uneducated being, is the most ridiculous. He still *talks* of going home, but, unless driven by ill health, I am confident he never will, for he must have a most especial dread of the *levelling* nature and effects of English society, in which a laced coat and peons, and chobe,dars, would

hardly sustain him in what he might consider his proper grade, but where, divested of these, he must sink at once to the very humble place which I would assign him. With all his failings, I should scarcely like to risk a change. In these days so much encouragement is given to the vilest underhand reports of commanding officers, that one's appointment or even commission is liable to be put in jeopardy by the mere *ipse dixit* of one of them. In this respect —— is a safe man; for though he will not scruple at obtaining information by the most despicable means, he seems to seek it only for his own private gratification; I have never known an instance of his making any injurious secret statement to head-quarters, or indeed of his taking any unfair advantage to get people into trouble. The ——tee mode of procedure in this way is the most disgraceful I ever heard of;—but to every honourable feeling and every upright principle, the officer at the head of the Force is so notoriously a stranger, that all comment on his baseness would be but an echo of every body's opinions. Indeed, the whole system of army-discipline is becoming

daily more and more galling to every honest and independent mind.

———

The excitement caused by our preparations for that threatened march to the Capital, has long since subsided, and we have *as* long relapsed into our wonted state of quiet and comfort, which had for some days been scared away from our abode by the aforesaid "note of preparation." Since then, we have had the visitings and visitations of the new arrivals, whose debût promises to leave us, on the whole, no occasion to regret the change. The 91st Regiment have brought us two *sable fair* ones—one of them of a pleasing and rather sensible cast of countenance, but her mind can have had little culture; the other has never been in the habit of *doing* lady, and prefers spending her time in chewing betel, and lounging about her house *déchaussée*, to enduring the infliction of visits which would impose a most awkward degree of restraint on her manner, no less than on her feet, accustomed as they are to *unhosed* freedom. The Commandant is superior to the

class in general; he is not a *Tartar*, neither is he supine, nor careless. It is a difficult matter to meet with a good commanding officer *now-a-days*, as has been my observation for the last twenty-two years; and it always will be a matter of rare occurrence, because the situation requires a greater combination of natural good qualities, than we, from the habit of seeing it filled by very inferior persons, are at first sight disposed to admit. I regret to learn that you have so much annoyance on this score; but, alas! a military life, is a life of annoyance—of submission—of the constant sacrifice of our own will, to the orders of those whom chance may constitute our masters for the time being. Thank God, thought remains free amidst this thraldom of words and actions; but these must be submitted to the bridle, how much soever we may chafe and fume at the tyranny of our riders.

My crime, I suspect, in the eyes of my corps, is not matrimony, as you conjecture, but my return to active service after two visits to England for health. This is the "head and

front of my offending" with the young gentlemen of the 71st; I beseech you, therefore, mortify all unknown inquiries by assurances of my most substantial health, and most inviolable determination to stick to the Service until I am a Lieutenant-colonel, the point at which I shall cease to have any immediate influence on their promotion.

I should indeed be grieved if I conceived any thing likely to occur, that would render such a determination really necessary. My hope is, to be able to retire as soon as my period of service expires; but I would on no account allow those step-hunting gentry to know that they have the remotest chance of the attainment of their desires. Time, who appears "to gallop withal" with reference to weeks and months, seems not to advance the future with corresponding rapidity. Of the cause of this anomaly, I am well aware, as I cannot but be sensible that I have put myself in the situation of a person whose occupation is to watch the progress of the minute-hand of the clock;—A. D. 1835, being the expiration of *a day*,

every tick of which I count with the most mortifying accuracy. This is very foolish, I know, and I fight against it, but in vain. "My thoughts by day, my dreams by night," are occupied by this one absorbing subject,—the means and the period of my return to England. Have you seen the scheme circulated, by authority of Government, in the Bengal army, for forming a RETIRING FUND? There are many very objectionable points in it, but I should be glad to see something of the kind set on foot amongst us. The principle of the Bengal scheme is, to have two classes of Annuitants; the one for officers of twenty-two years' service, with an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in addition to the retiring pay of their rank: the other for officers of twenty-six years' service, with an addition of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; the number of Annuitants to be eight of one class—seven of the other. The *evils* of this will be evident to you; however, as it would bring so many pensioners on the Company at home, I put no faith in their assenting to

it. Among the many alterations projected and rumoured, this one of the Retiring Fund is the only one that wears even a *possibly* promising aspect. Every other aims at reduction, either in numbers or income.

I am indeed sorry to hear that the climate is already beginning to affect your energies; marvel not, therefore, that my poor addle-pate is reduced to a state of Bœotian stupidity. I never passed so unprofitable a month in my life as the last. No regular reading, but flying from book to book, and lounging and sauntering about the house, my best employment during the fifteen hours of daylight being a romp with the children, and the heat renders even that almost a painful exertion both to them and me. A steady, strong, and blazing hot land-wind, that would raise the thermometer twenty degrees above this year's average in exposed situations, would not be half so oppressive as the close, coast-like weather of this season. My fear is, that our monsoon may be a little late, as, notwithstanding frequent thun-

by these essential restraints,. he would not equally offend?

To fill up my sheet, shall I send you a portrait of a true Indian officer of twenty years' standing,—a perfect specimen of the class having lately joined our society?—Captain M. is a very stout, or in less courtly terms, a monstrously fat, good-tempered man. At this season he seems oppressed and depressed by the heat, from which he suffers severely, and his large *Atlantic* countenance has the relaxed appearance of one gasping for life. His manner is cheerful and agreeable; his conversation rather matter of fact than speculative,—the fault of all Indian conversation. He likes books, but I fear his fondness is confined to the ephemera of the day, or, at best, a striking novel of the higher order. He has outlived his *penchant* for military occupation, if he ever had it; and I think the most annoying circumstance of his life is the necessity of attending a drill or parade. His wife is natural in thought and manner,—quite free from all affectation,—cheerful, *conversable*, and clever. Their dispositions,

moreover, are decidedly sociable; and this, like the hospitality of India, being a much rarer virtue than of yore, is of course valued the more highly.

With regard to the reception, and its *sequences*, which you experienced from "the upright and learned judge" of your Zillah, I can only say, that even allowing for the diminution, just alluded to, of the once far-famed Indian hospitality, *this* breach of it "outherods Herod." You had arrived after a long and dangerous march,—were compelled to take refuge during the hottest season in a house which nothing but the direst necessity could have induced an European to inhabit for a day,—were naturally without the usual comforts belonging to a settled residence,—were "sick even unto death,"—two days' march from your regiment and your friends;—and this man—this *married* man—stood entirely aloof—without vouchsafing so much as one inquiry whether you yet existed!—*This* is a CIVILIAN of the present day,—to whom his military brother is as an alien and a foreigner!

However, I have done—Allow me only one growl at the authorities at home, with whom rests the root of the matter. *Why* will they not open their eyes to the fact, that this country is in the power of their military servants, and that let the tug of war come, their whole posse of judges, collectors, and magistrates, will be but as dust in the balance!

CAPTAIN MAPLE'S MISFORTUNES.

"THE Maples are a very ancient family, as all the county of Kent can testify. They have lived in one spot for many generations, deviating in nothing from the quiet maxims of their ancestors, preserving the same essential characteristics amidst all the various changes of the signs of the outward man and woman, from ruffs and brocades,—slashed coats and doublets,—to bare necks and flimsy *batistes*,—Wellington trowsers and frock-coats. Still the Maples of Mapleton Hall *were* the Maples of Mapleton Hall, lords of the manor, esquires of the village, and lay-impropriators of the Rectory thereof, as is abundantly testified by the fact that, since the days of the Reformation, the

incumbent has always been a 'Reverend Matthew Maple.' But it was the fortune, good or bad, of my father, to deviate so far from the established practice of his progenitors, as to become the head of a very numerous progeny. Of these I was the cadet,—I mean no pun,—simply the cadet of the family. Now it was manifest that the positions of 'Thomas Maple, Esquire, of Mapleton Hall,' and 'the Reverend Matthew Maple,' could be occupied by only two out of the seven goodly sons at present flourishing as olive branches about the table of the Hall. The family dignity was to be preserved, but then the family *means!* The third son was fixed on as the physician *in posse*, since with the Maple connexion, my mother said, he *must* find ample practice;—the fourth was destined for the bar, where that said flourishing connexion was still to scatter the roses of success along his path. Yet there remained three unfortunate superfluities, in whose veins flowed that blood which, it was contested, would be polluted by the vile adulteration of trade, the apothecary's shop, or the lawyer's office. So

by means of the oft-insisted-on connexion of the Maples, my brother Stephen was sent to India in the civil service,—lucky dog!—Hal in the engineer's department,—and I—I—Peter Maple, was told to be very thankful for an infantry cadetship.

"So I blessed my stars, and I *was* thankful. And when the shako and feather were exhibited, —and the scarlet and gold,—and the epaulette and sword,—I was thankful exceedingly.

"The service has not in the whole line a more contented officer than I am. It seems to be the peculiar happiness of my temper to be thankful for all that befalls me. No light grievance would have opened my eyes to unpleasant prospects, or have driven me to the expedient of recording my misfortunes. I was eighteen years a subaltern, was thankful for the brevet when it came to my turn, and more thankful still for my company when I got it. After this happy occurrence, in an evil hour I took unto myself a wife, after the manner of the sons of men, that is, by asking and having. Not that I mean to insinuate anything dis-

courteous regarding Mrs. Captain Maple, whom I am bound to support and protect at the peril of life and limb. Nevertheless, for I hold myself bound to write the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, it does occasionally occur to my imagination, that things might possibly have worn a more comfortable aspect, if there had been no Mrs. Captain Maple at all.

"My wife was a great manager and a capital economist. Therefore, from morning to night she was wrangling with the butler for annas and pice, — converting her boudoir, as she christened the verandah fitted up for her sitting room, into a bar of litigation, where she accused one servant and received the depositions of others for and against, to my everlasting annoyance. The consequence was, my establishment was always fluctuating, and amongst the figures which occasionally flitted for a short space before our eyes in the character of attendants, it is scarcely to be supposed that all were honest men: silver spoons and forks began gradually to disappear; and *who* conveyed them away? Alas!

discovery in such a case was nearly as hopeless as recovery in India. So I mourned over my losses with a gentle grief, which, however, my contented temper permitted not to be of long duration. And when, by the particular excellence of my wife's careful surveillance of our *ménage*, I found debts accumulating whilst my pay disappeared as soon as it was received,—I resigned myself to the grievance by taking to my heart the consoling conviction that, as I enjoyed good health in this country, it mattered little whether I passed the remnant of my days here or in a more westerly direction. I confess I have *lived out* many of my early feelings; to me, after an absence of five-and-twenty years, my brethren must be strangers, and every familiar thing of my own home has doubtless disappeared beneath the encroachments of newer fashions and modern improvements.

"When Mrs. Captain Maple was made aware of the actual extent of our debts by the correspondence of certain shopkeepers, who are always civil enough to remove any doubts of this kind in which you may fondly indulge, she

vented the usual abuse of their impertinence, audacity, and presumption, and then finally suggested as an advisable expedient, that I should apply without delay to my brother—the civilian.

"Sooth to say, I am a man not much given to correspondence. If my friends visit me, I am glad to see them; if they write to me, I am glad to hear from them; but to be compelled to answer every letter with which the idlers of one's acquaintance may be pleased to favour one, I hold as a tax on a man's time and patience, which I, for one, always decline paying.

"Stephen and I, therefore, had exchanged letters once in three or four years. I saw occasionally by the newspapers that he had passed through successive steps to the position of circuit judge, and I knew consequently that his receipts were assuredly not less than three thousand rupees monthly. Nevertheless, I had never asked any favour at his hands; and notwithstanding our consanguinity, I am inclined to think he was almost the last man on earth to whom I should have applied for pecuniary

assistance, if the importunities and harangues of Mrs. Captain Maple had been but one tithe part less than they were. Like the unjust judge of the parable, I complied, because 'she wearied me,' and of the two evils I chose the least.

"My brother's answer arrived,—pithy and laconic. I have preserved it as a future warning, for the excellence of the advice it contains. Here it is.—

'DEAR PETER,

'I RECEIVED yours of the 7th, just as I was preparing for my circuit. Consequently it came in a very unlucky hour,—first, because I am almost too busy to answer it, and secondly, because I want every cash* I can raise in the world. How upon earth can you have managed to get into debt?—You have had captain's pay these six or seven years, and have had little expense. You military men are, to say the truth, very imprudent,—the most thoughtless set of people extant. However, it will not do for me to follow your example; I hate a

* A very small coin.

creditor, and therefore never mean to be in debt. It is useless your applying to me; I am a family man, and have demands quite equal to my income. If your tradespeople dun you, burn their letters; and if they become impertinent, threaten them with the Insolvent Act. At all events I recommend you to clear yourself as soon as you can.

'Offer our kind regards to Mrs. Maple. We hope to meet you some of these days.

'Yours sincerely,

STEPHEN MAPLE.'

"I put the letter quietly into the hands of Mrs. Maple, who raved at the hard-heartedness, avarice, and unbrotherly meanness of my brother, until she had fairly exhausted the whole nomenclature of invective. In vain I asked her, what was the advantage of a passion which injured nobody in the world but her own excellent constitution? All the thanks I received for my affectionate representations were reproaches for the meanness of my milk-and-watery spirit, which inclined me to submit to so

much insolence. I have generally found imperturbable silence to be the best shield against an arrow-flight of these conjugal sugar-plums,—to which therefore I betook myself, and in process of time, the storm, violent as it was, blew over.

"It pleased Mrs. Captain Maple at length, however, to take it into her head that my promotion was proceeding at a remarkably slow pace, and she forthwith began to give her days and nights to the Army List.

"Captain Simkins, the senior of my captains, was in Europe on sick-certificate;—Captains Barnes and Payne, the two next in succession, were, like me, doing regimental duty at our head-quarters.

"Suddenly, to my unbounded surprise, for it was very contrary to her wont, Mrs. Captain Maple began to testify a most uncommon degree of satisfaction in their society. I am, I confess, glad to see my friends occasionally, but I like sometimes, and for the most part, a quiet dinner in a family fashion; therefore I did not deem the frequent presence of Payne

and Barnes remarkably pleasant; but remonstrance with Mrs. Captain Maple on such a point was, I knew, a thing not to be ventured, and I was fain to put up with the nuisance.

"Magnificent were the repasts which at these times loaded our board. Mrs. Captain Maple, amongst other accomplishments, was well skilled in Ude, and *mêts* of the most piquant and spicy flavour tempted the appetite. But they did more; they excited thirst, which, my propensities not being in any manner bibulous, was less injurious to me than to most. Moreover, I am addicted to ginger-beer; but Payne and Barnes were unflinching votaries of Hodson, and they consumed bottle after bottle with a rapidity that helped greatly to swell the amount of my mess-bill, without any adequate benefit to themselves. Then, when Mrs. Maple retired from the table, lest we should wax dull or sober, she was careful to provide us with a supply of devilled turkey and biscuits,—grilled salted herrings,—sardinies,—and other such stimulating provocatives, which

tempted my guests to a sederunt stretching far into the night,—for I ought to state that these dinners always took place between seven and eight P.M.

"In vain I remonstrated; I prayed to be allowed to go quietly to bed at nine o'clock, at least six nights out of the seven. Mrs. Maple's orders were imperative on this head. And when I humbly asked what good was to result, and whether our debts must not awfully accumulate from such proceedings, I was told to consider myself a compound of stupidity and ingratitude, utterly unworthy of the blessing Heaven had bestowed on me, in providing me with a guardian-angel who was so anxious for my best interests, and whose single object was my advancement.

"What could I say in answer to such declarations?—Though a soldier, I am a man of peace, and inclined to take everything as quietly as may be; though indeed, sometimes I felt a perturbation which I had great difficulty in allaying, without being guilty of

an access of passion very injurious in a climate in which there exist reasons manifold, but best to be nameless, why none of us can take things *coolly*.

"Mrs. Keith, our adjutant's wife, absolutely rushed from her palankeen into our hall one morning, breathless, evidently with some overwhelming intelligence. I was terribly afraid poor Keith had met with some accident, for I knew he had been at guard-mounting in the morning as adjutant of the day; and I expected he had, as usual, gained the honours of the field, with less than his usual impunity. But my fears on this head were soon relieved.

"'Oh, my dear,' our visitor began, addressing Mrs. Maple as soon as she recovered the power of speech, 'have you heard the news from Europe?'

"'Not a word!—not a word!—what is it? I am dying to hear!' said Mrs. Maple with extraordinary eagerness.

"'Such a step for the corps!' returned Mrs.

Keith. 'And really it is so *very* unfortunate! Poor Simkins! I knew him well—a kind-hearted good creature! However, he has fortunately left no wife or family; and as it *has* happened, you know, my dear Mrs. Maple, it is of no use grieving over what is in fact a positive good to one's-self. Keith is now next for his company.'

"'Poor Simkins!' said my wife, in a most dolorous tone of sympathy. 'He was really a most excellent man! I do not know a person for whom I had a higher regard. Now, do you know, this is a loss which I feel sensibly; I really am scarcely alive to our brightening prospects. What an ornament he was to the service! Now he was, *indeed*, an officer and a gentleman. Poor dear Captain Simkins! I think the very least the regiment can do, will be to put on mourning. Black is amazingly expensive here; otherwise I am sure *I* should think it a proper mark of respect from myself even. Well, Maple, you are now *third*, you know; and has it never struck you, my dear Mrs. Keith, that poor Captain Payne has

looked very ill lately, remarkably flushed, and apoplectic?'

"'Well, really, yes, now you mention it, I *do* think I have observed something of the kind,' returned Mrs. Keith. 'He has a very short neck too, and is so thick-set, that I only wonder he has lasted so well in this climate. Poor man! we respect him very much. His step would give Keith his company.'

"'Very true; have you heard the report that the Major is likely to be superseded, if nothing worse occurs, on account of that affair of Laul Mahommed's, the Subidar major, you know?' and Mrs. Maple's voice softened to an absolute whine. 'Poor dear man! I am sure it would break his heart! And he is the best of creatures—quite a prince of a commanding-officer, so anxious for the comforts of the married men! I shall really be truly grieved if they take a severe view of the case at the Adjutant-general's office. Certainly, strange views of things are taken there, and examples must occasionally be made; I only hope it will not fall on the poor Major, who, by the

way, I am sorry to hear, has lost all his interest at head-quarters lately. He will never survive supersession; he has always made himself so sure of the command. What a step that would be for Captain Barnes! Apropos! do you not think Barnes looks quite healthy just now?'

"'There I cannot agree with you, my dear,' said Mrs. Keith, making precisely the answer which I well knew Mrs. Maple must have anticipated. 'I think poor Captain Barnes is the most cadaverous-looking personage in the whole corps; really he is an absolute skeleton,—a walking death! And such a prodigious gourmand! It is really quite surprising how very thin a man gets by eating himself into constant surfeits!'

"And Mrs. Keith departed to spread the intelligence of the important step through the cantonment, with the supplement, I knew, of course, 'that really Captain Maple looked so bilious, there was *little* prospect of *his* living to attain the majority.'

"My wife was so profuse in her expressions

of grief for the death of Simkins, that I saw plainly enough the whole population began to understand and relish the joke. The youngsters made more frequent morning-calls than ever, and by dexterously turning the conversation into the requisite channel, they never failed to extract the amusement they desired from Mrs. Captain Maple's mourning-peal. At length my annoyance obliged me to venture a dutiful remonstrance, and to state that '*poor Simkins*' was actually becoming a catch-word at every mess in the place. Mrs. Maple boldly questioned the authenticity of the fact, desired me to plod along my own dull way, and not to attempt to check her less timid progress. I was indignant enough; but having some respect for my comfort, which is indissolubly connected with quiet, I held my peace, and she went on after the devices of her own heart, and prospered.

"But the catalogue of my misfortunes is far from complete. I bought a horse, a fine noble-looking animal, from a lot of Arabs; with great pride I mounted him, but prudently

tried him, on my first essay of his qualities, by walking him gently through a quiet retired by-road, almost like an English lane. He answered admirably, and I, as it was the monsoon, allowed him, during some weeks, to repose idly in the stable. The Arab-dealer had left the place very soon after the purchase was concluded, and I thought no more of him until my syce brought me frequent notice, that if the animal encountered a tree, a bandy, a palankeen, or vehicle of any description, he not only *shied*, but actually plunged and reared, so that he could with difficulty be held down. I remembered the price I had paid for him, and was sufficiently sorrowful; moreover, I did not like the anticipation of Mrs. Maple's reproaches. Consequently, I was the more grateful for her forbearance when I discovered, to my surprise, that she said nothing about the matter.

"Captain Payne was a daring rider, and he had been greatly captivated by the exterior of the horse; and certainly a creature more finely limbed, or with a more beautiful head, never attracted the purchaser. Payne had intimated

to me his desire of trying his paces; but I refused, on the plea that the animal was not safe. Mrs. Maple ridiculed my timidity, and suggested that that might be a very hazardous experiment for *me*, which Captain Payne might venture with impunity. Payne was well-pleased with a compliment to that equestrian skill on which he piqued himself, and pressed for the loan of the horse. However, I was glad that he went away, and whether from forgetfulness, or that he changed his mind, he never sent to me for him.

"I recollect it was early in the morning in May, when I was sitting with my hookah in the outer verandah, enjoying the only cool moment that was to impart energy to endure the next twelve torrid hours, when my attention was excited by an appearance of great bustle in the street of the cantonment. Naturally anxious, as every resident in India is, to know what occurrence could occasion it, I called a serdar and sent him to inquire. He returned with an answer which I shall never forget. Being translated, it ran thus:—

"'Payne saïb rode out this morning on master's horse. That horse took too much fear at a carriage in the general's lines;—Payne saïb fell off, then the horse kicked and ran away, and the syce fetched the doctor saïb, and they put Payne saïb in the palankeen, and then they took him home.'

"I trembled with horror;—I felt deadly sick, and a cold perspiration burst from every pore. I rose and went hastily to Mrs. Maple's apartment, and asked her if she had lent *the* horse to Captain Payne that morning?

"'And what if I did?' was her reply in irate accents.

"'Why, if you *did*, Mrs. Maple,' said I, for I waxed warm, and indeed was absolutely in a passion,—'if you *did*, the horse has thrown Payne, and he is badly hurt,—perhaps a fractured limb,—perhaps *dead*,—and *that's* what it is, *if you did*, Mrs. Maple,—and if he *should* die, you will, and ought, in your conscience, to know that *you* have killed him, Mrs. Maple!' —And I wiped my face in an agony.

"'Lay down my pocket-handkerchief, Cap-

tain Maple, Sir;—how dare you insult *me*, your lawful wife, with such vile insinuations? —Sir, I despise and trample on both them and *you!*—*Did I* tell the horse to throw Captain Payne;—did *I* ask Captain Payne to mount him?—*You* told him enough of the brute's violence; and if his vanity led him—But it is idle to waste words on *you*. If he *is* dead, I am clear of the business, that's all,—and it is another step, and that's *more*,—and don't come here troubling me again, Sir!'

"Poor Payne *did* die; and night after night I dreamed of Mrs. Maple's forcing him upon the horse, all unsaddled and unbridled; and methought I saw her irritating the animal, by the aid of sharp steel, to plunge and rear, until the unfortunate horseman was thrown, and I saw his pallid face, and mangled body. And then I awoke in horror; and frequently I found my wife in happy slumber, wrapt in blissful dreams, and I could hear gliding from her lips in tones that were complacent even in sleep, "*Major Maple,—Major Maple!*'

"My misfortunes seemed to have reached

their climax. I fancied, whenever poor Payne's death was discussed, that every eye turned with suspicion on me. Many a gibe and joke occurred on the occasion from the youngsters, such as—'Lucky horse that of yours, Maple!' —'Well, Maple, that horse of yours will take you to the winning-post one of these days!'— 'I say, Maple, what is the price of your horse?—Promotion in our corps is at a dead stand, and our major is looking out for a horse!—Yours is just the animal to suit *us!*' —and many such like innuendoes, which pained me exceedingly, from a certain unpleasant consciousness, of which I could not, for the life of me, divest myself.

"As to Mrs. Maple, since this event occurred, she has given invitations to Barnes, the survivor, more frequently than ever. Often when I have recommended claret to him in preference to brandy, have I suffered martyrdom from the sharp application of her foot under the table to mine, which unluckily is afflicted with three or four bad corns!—Nay, to my surprise, she purchased a four dozen case of

prime cogniac from the captain of a French vessel, whose ship put into the neighbourhood for repairs, although brandy-pawnee is a beverage which I utterly abominate. With what terror did I see it conveyed from my own house, accompanied with a nicely written chit from herself!—'It is a present to poor Barnes,' said she;—'he is really such a good kind of man that I wish to show him a little attention!'

"However, Barnes, cadaverous as he looks, has a constitution of excellent stamina, and has hitherto been proof against all Mrs. Maple's *little attentions!*—He accepts the brandy, indeed, and I have reason to think that he drinks it,—but it is, by some happy adaptation of his nature to alcohol, a source of harmless exhilaration only,—in fact a medicine.—I have done with remonstrances, which only tend to exhibitions of strife—which I hate,—and they are utterly useless. I have found some relief in putting to paper this catalogue of my misfortunes, the severity of which will be perfectly understood by every old officer who has

lived in India long enough to prefer ease and peace to every other earthly blessing, and who has a yoke-fellow so active, so enterprising, so vigilant an AGITATOR in his behalf, as Mrs. Captain Maple has demonstrated herself in *mine*."

A RECOLLECTION.

THE arrival of a ship from England fills every heart with anxiety and expectation, from the highest official anticipating documents of importance, to the petty dealer who looks for some addition to his means of barter. There are few so cold as not to desire *news from home*, and fewer still so indifferent to their own interests, as to be careless of the influence her despatches may probably have upon their destiny.

But there are times and occasions, in which the anticipated signal of arrival is looked for with more intense interest. And no circumstance perhaps was capable of exciting deeper feelings than that which had drawn Mordaunt from his sleepless couch, and brought him to

the beach ere yet the first red light of dawn lay upon the eastern wave.

With straining eye he gazed upon the waters, and much and earnestly he communed with himself. Over the anxiety indicated in his eye, there was superinduced an expression of regret, and of that self-dissatisfaction which is so betrayed by restless and unequal motion. Sometimes he paused, and whilst every sense appeared absorbed in contemplating the trackless expanse before him, his view was really turned so completely on himself, as to exclude all outward objects.

Five years ago *he* also had been a wanderer on that deep, and had first anchored on this sunny shore. And well he remembered how, at that moment when his foot pressed first the eastern world, the pang of regret smote his breast for the loss of the very object whose restoration he was now anticipating. And why bounded not his heart *now*, as lightly as it would *then* have bounded, at such restoration? Alas! man's hopes—nay, sadder still, man's affections—are as fleeting as time itself!

He had *then* attained a more advanced period of life than is usual with those entering the military career in India. He had been in the world long enough to have imbibed a passion, which, if not deep, was so vivid, that *he* at least believed it eternal. It was only within the last two short months he had begun to suspect in himself the *possibility* of change; and the season of doubt had arrived too late.

From his very earliest days, Helen Manners had been the object of his boyish attachment. When those years of boyhood had passed away, still she was the idol of his young heart; for a fairer creature, more rich in health, gaiety, all the loveliness of bloomy youth, never lighted on this earth. He loved her, therefore,—that is, as well as such a nature could love. He delighted in the treasure, for the possession of which many sighed.

But friends frowned on that youthful passion, and his destination in life was determined accordingly. Mordaunt, having been attached to some militia regiment in England, entered the

Company's military service as he verged on his twenty-fifth year. But Helen and he parted not before vows had been exchanged, solemn as vows can be that are not sanctioned by human institutions; and in *one* heart at least, the record never was effaced.

As years had waned, so successive changes had dimmed Helen's prospects, as those of her lover had brightened. One by one her relatives sank into the slumber of death; and amongst the few who remained, she dwelt on a scanty competence. With Mordaunt, the case had been reversed. He had made for himself many influential friends, who had essentially served him. His promotion in his regiment had been fortunately rapid, and he had been also appointed to one of those offices which sometimes render an Indian career delightful. To do him justice, his first desire was, that Helen should share his prosperity and his advancement. And if sometimes the consciousness that her beauty and sweetness would not, to say the least, mar the brightness of his course, mingled with the purer elements of his

feeling, let the earthiness of our nature be remembered, and this alloy forgiven.

To Helen, therefore, he wrote a passionate request that she would venture to this distant land for *his* sake, and find her reward in the devotedness of his love, the engrossing of his entire heart. Helen's few remaining friends still opposed the union, but *she* awakened from the torpid melancholy into which frequent sorrows had plunged her, bounded once more to hope and joy, and resolved on rejoining the lover of her youth.

And Mordaunt, — alas! he had recently awakened to the conviction that a higher prize was in his grasp if he extended his hand to receive it;—that he might ally himself above his most ambitious hopes;—become the envy of his rivals and the superior of his equals;—and—*Helen was at hand!*—was it possible this conviction could touch one chord of his bosom that vibrated with other than rapturous delight? Mordaunt indulged a secret sigh that the *possible* brightness of his fate had not earlier dawned on his mental view, and then resolutely

endeavoured to fix his thoughts on the truth, the tenderness, the loveliness, the vivacity, of his all but wedded Helen.

The ship arrived at length, but it was many days after his early walk on the beach to look out for her arrival, and he was some miles distant from the Presidency, when he received intelligence that Helen was safely lodged in the house of the friend who had volunteered to receive her. The business in which he was engaged, imperatively commanded his longer absence, and he spent the interval in endeavours to shake off the *now* certain disappointment of the ambitious plans he had for one moment indulged.

The compulsive absence, however, ended, and he hastened, with a heart trembling with a tumult of mingled and conflicting emotions, to the abode of his betrothed. "You will find Miss Manners in very delicate health," said his friend, "and your arrival has agitated her exceedingly. I almost fear that she is not likely to encounter the trials of this climate with impunity."

Mordaunt entered the apartment where Helen, in an anxiety that defies description, awaited his approach. He entered, and one glance rooted him to the spot. "Great Heaven, *how* you are altered!" were the only words of greeting that welcomed the woman who had forsaken home, friends, and country, for him.

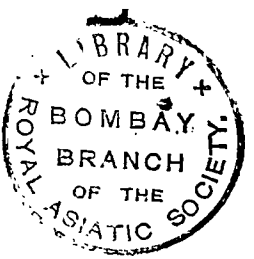
Helen sank again on the seat from which she had risen. The hand that was extended, *but not touched*, fell cold and powerless by her side. She read with one glance, in his dismayed eye, all of disappointment,—all of astonishment and —*displeasure*,—that actually struggled within him. That single sentence had sufficed to tell the story of the change of both,—*his* heart and *her* person. From that moment the fate of the unfortunate was decided.

It began soon to be rumoured at the Presidency, that matters were not altogether in train for Mordaunt's nuptials,—an event that had been anticipated during many weeks. There were floating reports abroad, that his conduct to his *fiançée* had been any thing but manly and honourable; and it was quite certain that

the lady who had received Miss Manners, no longer opened her door to him. Comments soon cease to be *whispered* in a society not likely to tolerate any action so manifestly base; and opinions were loudly and broadly expressed, that Mordaunt owed it to the community to explain the circumstances under which he was acting. Terrified at the probability that this untoward occurrence might ultimately blast his prospects, Mordaunt flew to the highest official authority, and pleaded his own cause skilfully. He declared that he had been willing and eager to fulfil his engagements with Miss Manners, and that from some inexplicable caprice, she had rejected him after undergoing all the fatigue and privation of so long a voyage for the avowed purpose of uniting herself with him. And so he won the ear of a man not much addicted to the practice of separating the false from the true, and never able to resist an appeal that flattered his own desire of superiority.

In a few weeeks Helen Manners lay quietly beneath the simple white monument on which her name was recorded. And very few months

had revolved, when Mordaunt became the triumphant husband of the woman whose alliance promised to realize his most ambitious dreams. Hitherto, his course has been prosperous, and *this* episode in his early life is *forgotten.*


LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

COLONEL SCOVELL.

PERHAPS in every army there exists some individual so peculiar that he is known in each regiment, and through all departments. Regimental messes indulge in animated discussions on his merits, and his "manner of life and conversation" furnish anecdotes and amusement to half-the societies of which the military form a component part.

The first inquiry a stranger makes as he rides through the cantonment of ——pore, on the evening of his arrival, concerns the name and occupation of an individual, who immediately attracts his eye by the meanness of his air and the shabbiness of his appointments: albeit the horse he rides is as gallant a charger

as ever carried knight to tournay, attention is absorbed by the equestrian himself. A plain hat of antediluvian form, the hue of which has long since degenerated into brown, put a little backwards on the head, surmounts a round, unmeaning face, unless the cunning twinkling of a pair of very small grey eyes may redeem it from that charge. The features are small, and Dutch; the hair grey, low on the temples, and thin; the cheeks somewhat wrinkled, but florid, and such as do not misbecome a lover of beer and claret; the ears are very large, dark-coloured, and protrude from beneath his hat, like two handles on the sides of a sneeker.* His neck is short, and his shoulders high; but whether he is corpulent or bony, the ample folds of his tarnished brigadier's coat, which hangs on him in little less than the amplitude of a toga, effectually conceal. His black stock is much too wide for him, and generally exhibiting such tokens of decay as are afforded by the sprouting out of a floss-silk fringe, and the invasions

* A large tea-cup.

of the horse-hair stiffeners, which stray beyond the boundaries prescribed by propriety, into the territories of the shirt-collar. The colour of his coat *variegates* between scarlet and purple, accordingly as the weather and other enemies have directed their points of attack. It is "in length magnificent," and its extremities deploy dexterously over his horse's tail. His trowsers shun contact with his short boots, the tops of which cannot be displayed from any vanity regarding their ornate appearance, seeing that, for the greater part, they are eaten by ants and other marauders into a form yet unknown to geometry. The heel-pieces are generally defunct, and the front quarters seem hastening to join their departed companions. Never by any chance, however, are his spurs forgotten; they are the only distinguishing characteristic of his rank as a field-officer on which he appears to value himself; and as they glitter bright and burnished in the sun, one is apt to wonder by what unimaginable combination of human events, so chivalrous an ornament was appended to a person of the most unmilitary

air that ever threw a shade over the warlike scarlet.

This is Colonel Scovell, commanding the whole brigade; and that collar and those cuffs, which the stranger, mistaking them for black, regards as the insignia of the medical department, were in their spring-tide of existence royal staff-blue; time and much service have given them this present sober "hue of eld."

One of those connexions which are marked in heraldry by the fatal *bar-sinister*, gave him claims on men in powerful situations, which were realized by his being fixed during a great portion of his years of service in one of those half-civil, half-trading sinecures, which render a man fit for anything rather than for a soldier. But years must bring additional rank, and *that* placed him above the pale of the necessary qualifications for his former appointment. There was a long debate amongst the influential part of the general staff relative to his ultimate disposal. At length it was determined to send him to ——pore, which being very remote, his errors and imbecility were the less

likely to be brought to the notice of superior authority. A sealed press and a strong party in the *ministry* were his securities; if the force he commanded were badly disciplined, the periodical movements of corps would afford them opportunity of recovery in other stations; if individuals suffered from his prejudices, which were notorious, who was to hear their appeal, when the channel by which it was to be made was *himself?* Open mutiny was the last thing on earth to be expected; and, in short, as Scovell *must* be provided for, every objection became light when weighed against this overpowering necessity.

And so he came to ——pore, and remains there,—a monument of the perversion of patronage, and a living record of the blindness, the folly, the culpable neglect of duty, in those who have permitted it.

But the imbecility of Colonel Scovell could never have produced his notoriety: it is more prominent characteristics which mark out a man from the crowd *famâ aut infamiâ;* and if they partake of his inherent littleness, they

may not be the less noxious in their effects. A small reptile may bear a sting the venom of which is mortal.

Much has been said in support of the secret-report system, and much has been said and written against it. "In the army," says a periodical writer, "it is a standing regulation, that an Inspecting-General, and indeed that every Lieutenant-Colonel commanding a regiment, shall make periodically, *confidential* communications upon the merits, the habits, the degree of proficiency in his profession, the manner (good or bad) of performing his duty, and so forth, of every officer under him; it being considered essential to the well-being of the service that the personal character and conduct of every officer should be conveyed to head-quarters, and there understood. Undoubtedly this system vests in officers commanding regiments and districts an enormous discretionary power, —namely, that of whispering away the reputation of men who have no means of defence against caprice or calumny, and who thus may be secretly ruined in the opinion of those on

whom their fortune depends, without their guessing at the hidden cause of their exclusion from every mark of favour. A heavy responsibility indeed rests upon the possessors of such tremendous means of mischief; and if detected in foul play, they will be ruined."

A man high in rank once said—"It requires a strong hand to pluck us; we are too well fledged." And so Colonel Scovell found it;—his missiles charged with secret destruction effected their aim,—in more than one instance with a success *fatal* to the victim driven to despair; but still Colonel Scovell lived, and prospered.

But all this was not sufficient to procure for him the extensive notoriety he enjoyed. There were indeed some who called these official loving-kindnesses by the ungentle name of guilt;—but these might have been committed by a man in the same position, who, in other respects, had the characteristics of an able officer, and he would never *therefore* have stood out from the mass, in the broad and marked attitude of Colonel Scovell. There required a

singular combination of mental traits to render an individual at once the terror, the abhorrence, and the profound contempt, of all within the sphere of his influence. The latter feeling was unmingled in the bosom of those only who were far beyond the reach of his tender mercies.

The lowest faculty of the imagination is the invention of certain fictions which have a tendency to dignify the relater, and procure for him the *wonder*, at least, of his audience. We call this power by various names; embellishment,—extravagance,—vanity in one of its phases;—according to Saint Paul, the Cretans were a proverb for their attainment of the accomplishment, and amongst modern instances we may quote two well-known to fame,—Baron Munchausen and Major Longbow.

Whether Colonel Scovell, by frequent repetition, had at length succeeded in forcing on his own mind a belief of the impossibilities with which he was accustomed to regale every audience he could collect around him, is a problem that has embarrassed many whom he has so favoured. Generally it was supposed that,

pleased originally with the offspring of his fancy, he had dwelt on its beauties until convinced of its real existence,—an undoubted symptom, according to metaphysicians, of hallucination or insanity, the characteristic of which is to confound realities with idealities. From this peculiar feature of his mind, however, if the graver officers regard it with disgust, the younger contrive to extract an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Every report that exceeds the bounds of probability is denominated "*a Scovell*," and "*Colonel Scovell's last*" furnishes the daily jest of the mess-table. Nor does his rank,—nor all the terrors of his system of *espionage*,—entirely place him beyond the reach of that braver species of satire or ridicule, which is aimed at a *present* object, not a *distant*.

Colonel Scovell is married, but, as his wife has the misfortune to be *half* English, he has been separated from her some years, and soothes the autumn of his days in the pure retirement of an Indian Zenanah. To this state of domestic existence, probably, may be

traced the *peculiar* tone of his conversation. That military skill is essential in an officer occupying a position so prominent as his, is a fact too obvious to be denied; but even the absence of that qualification is less to be regretted, than that his manners should be pre-eminent only in grossness as his morals in vileness. From his convivial parties the young officer retires in disgust, be he as little scrupulous as he may,—and the novice from England in indignation and abhorrence. Happily for Indian society, licence of conversation is now confined to an infinitely small proportion of the worn-out veterans of the army, and even *these* do not venture it in the presence of officers of a certain standing. But that the commander of a large force should stand out conspicuous amongst his inferiors chiefly by the unequalled atrocities of his language,—that his example should avail beyond all power of precept to lead astray the ignorant and inexperienced, is a fact no less appalling in itself, than reflective of shame on those superior authorities who connive at its existence. Colonel

Scovell possesses one grand source of power and influence. His extravagance is limited by the indulgences of the table;—beyond these his economy is as if dictated by a cadet's necessity;—consequently his wealth has accumulated beyond all ordinary calculations.

How far the influence of the golden shower extends, is recorded both "in tale and history." Therefore the purer the government, the more constantly will its vigilance be exerted to guard against the employment of any functionaries whose necessities may render them accessible to that corruption. The commanders-in-chief of the Indian armies are generally officers of His Majesty's service, whose competence may be unquestionable as far as distinction in their profession can confer it; but their lives having been spent in spheres widely unlike that in which they are to play so responsible a part, it follows that their knowledge of the distinguishing peculiarities of that army whose welfare is in their hands, must be gathered from the officials who surround them. If, therefore, one of these *should* be a

necessitous spendthrift, whose wants compel him to accept the aid proffered by the astute, who regard him as the machine to work their will,—if the profferer *should* be such a man as Colonel Scovell, whose chief mental pleasure is the gratification of private and personal malice, —*is* it miraculous that many honourable have been disgraced,—many upright ruined,—in a land too where none dares exclaim in the vehemence of his honest indignation—" A curse on these unclean!"

If a voice so weak as the feeble one which is now essaying to be heard in free and just England, could hope to reach those with whom alone lies the power of *redress for the future*,— even if *restitution for the past* be impossible,— its best energies should be spent in the prayer, —" *Purify the government offices! Remove the evil which there ventures to stalk abroad at noon-day!*"

To his other admirable qualities, Colonel Scovell adds an idolatrous veneration of the practices, the prejudices, the faith of the Hindoos. He thinks the abolition of Suttees an

offence heinous enough to hasten the approach of the tenth Avatar,—if the Brahmins do not err in expecting it. In all points at issue between a native and an European, in vain is evidence given, in vain are facts substantiated, —the case has been prejudged; colour has decided, and *sable* carries the day against the field. But, by some curious construction of mind, the partiality of Colonel Scovell, varying of course between greater and less degrees, *ascends* in proportion to the worthlessness of the object. Probably his axiom is the very benevolent one, that the greater the criminal, the greater his chance of punishment, and the greater, by natural consequence, the charity of rescuing him. Once, when compelled by orders emanating from a higher source, to sanction the execution of a convicted murderer, he vindicated his reluctance, by avowing that, "although undoubtedly the man *had* been proved guilty of the charge against him; his killing of the boy could scarcely be called *murder*, it being apparent that he intended him only as a *sacrifice to his God!*"

This partiality of Colonel Scovell's is so notorious as to be by no means conducive to "the preservation of good order and military discipline," as the Articles of War have it. Every sipahi is aware that he has a certain advantage over his European officer by his power of making such *secret* statements to the *General Saïb*, as may suit his own private convenience, or gratify his revenge. In defiance of all the regulations of the Service, it is to be deplored that Colonel Scovell permits constant reports to be made to him by native subordinates, of their immediate European superiors, and regards such reports as a ground of action. Falling instantly into the views of the artful Hindoo, who is acute at detecting the main-spring of his feelings, he hesitates not to set the whole of his *mining* apparatus in action against the object of the secret accuser's enmity. The private-report system *works well* in such cases, as many unfortunates have had reason to deplore. The accused neither called on to explain, nor permitted to defend, has the pleasure of finding himself the subject of

censure, and sometimes of punishment, before he suspects that he has been guilty of the shadow even of a breach of regularity. The accusing Hindoo, to whom the success of his secret complaint is well known, exults doubly at the humiliation of a *feringhee*, and his own officer; he spreads the tidings of his joy amongst his companions, and the effect of his example needs no description. Consequently, a regiment has no sooner entered another station, after four years at ———pore, than a series of courts-martial and punishments are found necessary, to subdue the spirit of mutiny which is roused by the first attempt at the enforcement of discipline. No words can express the annoyances and difficulties experienced by officers under such circumstances; and if the execrations, the scorn of hundreds, *could* have aroused one painful feeling in the unmanly breast of Colonel Scovell, that deep and protracted thunder would, long ere this, have caused him to retire from a service to which he is at once a scourge, and a disgrace.

A RAMBLING ESSAY.

READER, have you ever been in India?—No!—Then you have not the least idea what a jungle is. And truly, for the experimental part of the affair, I hold that "ignorance is bliss." How for miles, yea, hundreds of miles, the fair face of the earth may be covered with brake and thicket, undignified by one stately tree! Before, behind, around us, spreads the tract of desolation, exhibiting a world of bushes, not often exceeding the stature of a man, and redolent of gales that bring fever and pestilence on their wings. Sometimes there is an oasis in the desert,—a few acres of cleared and cultivated land lying around a congregation of twenty or thirty wretched huts, which, with a

rude shed, distinguished from the rest by a very humble apology for a crimson flag, being the little sanctuary of their superstition, constitute a village. There is a tope of tamarinds affording the shelter to the wayfarer so necessary in this climate; or perchance a more luxuriant one of mangoes, the sickly breath of whose blossoms you inhale with fear and trembling. And over and above all, you see the broad-spreading leaves of the plantains, which are adjacent to the dwelling of the potail,—the little magistrate of the place, from whom, on arriving at your tent, you probably find a tray of fruit awaiting your acceptance.

But what fertility is suffered here to remain dormant! What powers of production are permitted to exhaust their energies in the propagation of rank weeds and useless vegetation! How abundantly the produce of these patches of inhabited ground, repays the small toil expended on them! It will hardly be profane to say in this case—"the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few!"

We advance some miles, and there are no

traces of short brush-wood in the stately jungle around us. We have passed through a narrow avenue, bounded on either side by a forest of bamboos, like a cathedral aisle, with its thousand columns. The eye in vain seeks to penetrate the dark mass of forest through which our path lies; all is black and mysterious, an impersonation of death or eternity. The imagination revels in horrors beyond human seeming. It has bidden adieu to every-day life, and feels that it is touching upon the threshold of the tiger's lair, or haply encroaching on the covert of the serpent. Here are many concomitants of sublimity, the unknown, the gloomy, the terrible. And anon, what a picturesque contrast! Our tent is pitched on the bank of a wide river, part of whose stream indeed has been parched by the fierce suns, but the channel of whose deeper waters still flows clear, cool, and refreshing. How it sparkles in the intense light,—golden and glittering as hope itself! And there are the Hindoo girls laving their limbs in the stream, or, like the princesses of Homer, washing their garments

on its banks, lending animation to the picture! How gentle and delicious is the breeze that now fans the burning brow! What a repose the whole scene casts over the spirit! An Epicurean might luxuriate in such a phase of mind; and a Brahminical philosopher might antedate the intellectual abstraction which he believes will be the attitude of the soul, until it is finally absorbed in Infinite. It is my birthday, and how my thoughts are wandering back into the past, diving into the future! How strong is the propensity of the mind to shape out things yet to come! and amongst all the wonders of that wonderful animal, man, perhaps there is no greater than that he, having no security *beyond* the present, should yet live so little for it. The retrospect of one single year must teach us how the developements of time mock all our predictions and presentiments;—and *ten* years—ah! "ten years ago," I should have derided as the wildest of dreamers, him who had ventured to foretell that my foot should one day press the arid plains of India; that *I* also should visit the

scenes whence the Sultana Scheherazade gathered so much of the lore by which she earned her life,—and that *I* too should have sighed over the dissolving of the spell whose enchantments covered my youth with their glory. Alas! India is no longer the fairy realm, whose gorgeous splendours visited my youthful visions. It is a land of fervent heat, and real suffering, which brings one's mind into constant subjection to the ills of the body.

We are still buried in this mass of jungle, but it is not all unlovely. Ah, no!—Where is the spot of the Creator's world which furnishes not some tint of the beautiful, or some form of the grand, or some trait of the sublime and terrible?—

> The jungle girdles us, a mighty fence,
> Shutting our small encampment from the world,
> The stirring world, beyond. Cities and plains,
> The stretch of ocean, or the haunts of men,
> We do but think on as of pictures fair,
> Or glowing things that populate our dreams.
> It were a place, where the most world-tired man
> Might pitch his habitation. Once, perchance,
> Towards the wane of every fortieth moon,

A rude irruption of some warlike horde
Might teach him he had not unlearnt to hate;
That men still lived, and therefore, he had foes;—
They pass, a shadow gliding o'er his days,—
'Tis gone—and all is fair. Nor does there want
A volume of mysterious nature, spread
For his instruction and delight. Thousands
Of plants with venom or with healing fraught,
Of flowers dyed in the golden sunset,—tints
Emulous of his, the brightest Archangel's
That shook his plumes in Paradise. Here too
Abound insects innumerous; some i' the sun
Gambol in glorious armour green and gold,
And some by night shine out, the stars of earth.
How wondrous are the laws of this small people,
The thousand commonwealths that live so near,—
And live at peace! But not without discussion.
Methinks I hear in their so frequent buzz
The warm debates of each Saint Stephen's chapel,
An insect conclave.

Now we are encamped on the summit of a gentle acclivity, with a river running along one of our flanks, and a broad plain stretching around. About a mile in our rear there is a fortified town, and its gateways, with their Saxon-looking arches, and the fort with its bastions and parapet, are distinctly visible. The servants who visit the village, declare that

that fortress contains a guard of a hundred Arabs, but they carefully conceal themselves from the sight of Europeans, for they are in the pay of his Highness the Nizam, who would fain hold his neighbours of the Company's dominion in ignorance of the extent of his means of offence and defence. Our tent is under the shade of an immense banian tree, whose columnar branches are ranged so regularly that the eye regards them as the pillars of some vast hall. The sky is serenely bright above us; but on the verge of the horizon the hills are still "cloud-capt," threatening us with a repetition of the perils of "lightning and tempest" from which we have so recently been delivered. It is a fearful thing to the wayfarer in this land, to feel how various and multiplied are the poisons in which death may steep his arrows! How widely different are our views of things in sickness and in health! When the terror of death is upon us, when we look closely into the grave, whose brink our foot actually presses; when we watch the hour-glass, and think that the slow-oozing sand

drops all too quickly, since, ere it is exhausted, we too probably shall have passed away; when we would gladly lay hold on Time, and shudder and faint beneath the overwhelming idea that, despite our efforts, he will but advance another pace, and we are plunged into eternity!—ah! what *then* profits the gold and the gem? *Here* is the embroidered garment with its costly array, and *there* is the shroud; and we have no choice between, for a mightier than we has said, "*Take thou this!*" And again, when we linger days—weeks—months, and this terror is still upon us, for the danger is not passed, and we feel that the cord by which we cling to life becomes daily more attenuated—ah! *this* is the time, *this* is the place, when the hope of the Christian, precious as it is at *all* times and at *all* seasons, becomes dearer than all besides that is dearest! Then, indeed, we feel that "the peace of God" is of price "far above rubies," that HIS word is "better than gold, yea than much fine gold, sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb!" The bravest man cannot resist the influence of this protracted fear;

here, as in the grave, the spirits of the proud and the meek meet on equal ground. Here we feel that, measured against the omnipotence of God, the most vaunted strength of man is frailer than the reed, — feebler than the breath of the infant, — puny of stature and immature of growth, — affording no power of resistance, helpless and hopeless as age or imbecility!

How awful is the voice of the storm along this unsafe shore! The gushing rain, — the rolling thunder, — the booming waves, — the hoarse surf, — and the struggling wind, as if in passionate conflict with some restraining power, — that tremendous orchestra of the elements, whose awful music seems to warn us of the might of God and the impotence of man, shall these too speak to the soul in vain? Here, where the scythe of the destroyer mows down so many victims, where its edge is always newly-whetted and always blood-stained, is it here that man, in his reckless desperation, regards his Maker least? Is it true that *this* soil, so fertile of evil to the bodies of man, is precisely

the spot on earth where he least remembers that he *has* a soul, and that its worth is infinite? Is it here alone, where our grasp of time is least tenacious, that we are least anxious to prepare for eternity?

Religion, maid celestial, radiant guest,
Foredating Heaven within the human heart,
Why are thy visits in this land so rare?
Exiled from that fair Isle we still call *home*,
Where healthful gales bring healing on their wings,
Chain'd to a land whose rank fertility,
Teeming with means of life, brings certain death,
Are we *still* sleepers? Doth the voice within,
Whispering so often of remember'd ties,
The household charities,—the names we love,—
Parent and *brother*—father, mother, friend,
Forget to breathe one memory of HIM,
The *more* than parent and the *more* than friend?
Eternal Father,—everlasting home!
Doth no chord vibrate to such sounds as these?
Then let us tremble,—tremble at ourselves,
At all around,—at death,—at time,—at life,—
All breathes despair,—for life, how long soe'er,
Must end at last; the fiat hath gone forth
'That TIME shall be no more!' And thou, though young,
Healthy or happy, strong with giant's strength,
Sinews of brass or iron, yea, THOU must *die!*

Whence is it that these things, true and

obvious as they always are, press so heavily on my spirit *now?* Surely it is not matter of melancholy that eternity succeeds to time,—that this "mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible shall put on incorruption." Yea, it *is* matter of rejoicing, but "with trembling." The *world of spirits!*—the veil of the shrine is to be torn away, and the innermost secrets of the sanctuary to be disclosed!—the thoughts of the heart revealed!—that heart "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!" It *is* a revelation to be apprehended with awe.

Poor Aimsworth is gone! There is sickness in the camp, and he has been one of its earliest victims. He was the gayest, the kindest, the bravest spirit amongst us,—one around whom existence seemed to be throwing her brightest hopes,—who scarcely extended his hand but to gather a flower. He was the pride of many friends,—the delight of many hearts. And all this now is as nothing. HE smote, before whom the "strong man boweth himself," and before the youth had time to say, "God be

merciful to me a sinner!"—his sun was gone down "whilst it was yet day."

We halted yesterday, to deposit his remains in their final resting-place. I watched the funeral-party as they stood under the shade of the tope where they had dug his obscure grave, in all the pride of their military array. It was somewhat after day-break; but the grey morning was rising in sad and gloomy hues. There was mist on every hill, and the trees were dropping the heavy dews, and all looked forlorn and melancholy, even as the occasion seemed to demand. A pall of mourning concealed the brightness of nature, and the human hearts, yet instinct with life, trembled painfully amidst the solemnity of the scene.

The last military honours were paid to the pride of the regiment; the last look was given to his grave; and that day wore away heavily. There was no sound of mirth issuing from the tent where the officers held their mess, for the chair of the gay one was empty; and the first time we miss the accustomed face, and know that we shall look on it no more, hard as our

hearts may be, *then* we feel that part of us is gone! But, alas! the impression is hardly durable enough to be salutary! These contingencies are of so frequent occurrence in this land, that even now are heard the voices of those who loved him, saying, "Where death is so common, were we to grieve long, our life would pass away in mourning!" And the sun rose brightly this morning, and the band played cheerily, and all nature seemed redolent of joy, and the young men vaulted on their steeds, and rode proudly as of yore, and the name of Aimsworth ceased to be more than a memory amongst them!

We have arrived at a village, the inhabitants of which are chiefly Brahmins. We are encamped on a plain stretching downwards to a bright clear tank, rippling and sparkling in the breeze and sunshine. On the opposite bank lies the village, shielded by topes of trees, close under the shadow of a hill that stretches its summit far into the sky. The Pagoda, a large and radiantly white pile of buildings, stands on the summit; and now that

the sun is full upon it, the chunam is absolutely dazzling. Already our people are making pilgrimages to the shrine of the idol, and scores of Brahmins are hovering round the outskirts of the camp, with their bare heads—some completely shaved, some with a single lock of hair remaining on the crown, tied and knotted in a bow. How picturesque an air do they give to the landscape, clad in their snow-white garments, with their drapery of salmon-coloured scarfs,—thrown out in strong relief from the dark back-ground! And the day is so brilliant!—all nature seems decked for the celebration of some high festival. And how rich *her* decorations!—There is on my table a vase,—no, let me not give it so imposing a name; no *vase* forms a part of camp-equipage; —a large tumbler of water, on which lies the most glorious of flowers, the LOTUS. *This* is indeed a meet cradle in which the love-god may float down the brightest of streams. Its leaves, softer than velvet, of a pure cream-colour,—full, numerous, and large, stretching far beyond the circumference of the vessel;—

in its centre is a petal, like an inverted cone, of bright yellow, spotted, in regular *quincunx*, with shining amber spots, palpably distinguishable from the ground-work. Altogether it is the most magnificent flower that ever gladdened my eyes, for I dearly love flowers, and rich and varied are they in this orient land. Sight, however, is the only sense they delight, for the few that exhale any perfume, possess it too overpoweringly to be gratifying to an European. The wreaths of white flowers—mullee pooloo, or moogra ka phool—with which the natives deck their guests at the celebration of their religious festivals or marriage feasts, render the whole atmosphere most painfully oppressive. The rose only,—delicious everywhere,—the delight of every climate, from "Indus to the Pole,"—yields its breath of fragrance to the wind's wooing, in that pure sweetness which was the delight of my youth, and the *only* sweetness that made me forget that "the violets were gone!"

In this place, a very short time since, the rite of the Suttee was celebrated with a fre-

quency that rendered it particularly obnoxious to Europeans. But an enlightened Government has, by one vigorous measure, prevented the future perpetration of this enormity. I have inquired of many intelligent natives, whether they believe that the sacrifice is usually voluntary on the part of the victim; and, averse as they are to lift up the veil from their own superstition, which woos not—which cannot accept proselytes, still their evasions are more than sufficiently explanatory. I have heard also from officers who have been present on these occasions, that the cries of the woman, at the last dread moment, when, bound down to the pile, she first begins to feel the pain of the scorching flames, were frequently audible far above the crashing of the native band which thundered on the ears, or the yells of the devotees that were prostrate around. Indeed, instances of resistance have been known, vain and hopeless as the attempt must be, when so many relatives were interested in preventing an escape that must cover *them* with infamy, and deprive the poor sufferer of all those ties and

"appliances of life," which make existence desirable. The dread of this horrible death, however, has occasionally been so intense as to overcome all other fears.

——Hark!—the widow's wail!—
Ill-boding sound, frightening the sunny air,
How most unmeet for worlds so fair as this!—
That were a shriek beseeming Satan's halls,
The choral hymn of demons!—Sons and daughters,
Hear it, and weep not!—Sisters—brothers—friends—
The whole collected charities of life,
Have garlanded the victim, and surround
The pyre with festal music and with *prayer*;
The priesthood, with a pomp of holy show,
With signs mysterious, and with blessings loud,
Hallow the sacrifice; and the mad crowd
Yell forth their frantic joy. Her hour is come,
And her dark eye is bent upon the bier,
The couch of flames prepared for deep repose.
Glazed is that eye, and fix'd, and cold as death,
But not like death, so deeply calm. Her cheek
Pales, and her brow is cover'd with the dew
Of fear,—of deathful anguish, mortal pain.
Through every nerve,—over her quivering flesh,—
Th' expected horror creeps;—one last wild look,
Above,—around:—strength gathers from despair;
Shame,—hatred,—ties dissolved,—the loss of love,—
The brand of outcast,—poverty's deep curse,—
All sink to nothingness; the present death
Absorbs all other sense; she bounds,—she flies,—

Breathless but swift she flies,—she flies for life!—
The blood-hounds are upon her!—Priest and child,
Kinsman and friend, all rush upon her track,
And with the speed of superstitious fear
Outstrip the panting victim. On the earth
She falls, and with her palm she grasps its bosom,
As the babe clings to the fond mother's breast
When some dark shadow scares it. He—her son,
Her first-born,—her best loved,—of whose young life
Scarce fifteen years have waned,—with cruel force
Uplifts her. On his face she looks to read
If aught of human still is lingering there.
Ah, no!—stern superstition hath transform'd
The boy into the youthful pelican.
Hope there is none!—That glance hath almost kill'd;—
She bows her head, and in that trance of woe
The sacrifice is finish'd!—Loud and long
Cymbal and trump shriek forth triumphant sounds,
And horrid joy closes the accursed rite.

It is surprising that, in the nineteenth century, there are Englishmen to be found who condemn the enactment which abolishes this terrific rite, on the plea of *non-interference with religious prejudices.* They contend that the sacrifice is always voluntary, whilst they do not state the fact, that the refusal of the victim is attended by penalties which render existence a curse. She loses her rank;—de-

prived of her husband's inheritance, she is dependent on those who consider her life a shame and disgrace on them;—she is deprived of her accustomed ornaments, those marks of splendour and distinction so valued by every Hindoo; for she must never more appear in jewelled array;—she is compelled to perform servile offices:—the whole tenor of her life, in short, is changed; even her food is restricted; and there are few who would purchase permission to exist at such a price.

We have now fortunately got into the tract of the tappal, and our long arrear of letters, and of those "refuges for the destitute"—newspapers, is at hand.—How very little incident marks the progress of human life, as we consider it in detail; and yet, contemplating the whole of its course, what striking events has it evolved!—How distinct also is man's existence as an individual, from his social condition as one of a people!—With what distant interest we contemplate those gigantic occurrences which affect the fate of empires, and agitate nations! Their shadow scarcely

darkens for an instant the sanctuary of our domestic hearth.—It is a great sacrifice of selfishness to be a true patriot,—an upright servant of the commonwealth. The difference between private and public life is as that between a pleasant ramble on the green bank of a placid and gently-flowing river, and a voyage on a stormy and boundless ocean, whose tempestuous waves and agitated swell, seem every instant to threaten shipwreck and destruction.

How welcome are letters from home!—Yet what a soul-sickness prevents one from immediately reading their contents! They may bring intelligence of sorrowful import,—such perhaps as our enfeebled minds and bodies are all too weak to encounter. Who are gone—who are left, in that distant hemisphere, from which so large an interval both of time and space divides us?—What a deep thankfulness when the important sheet is read, and we find all we have to lament is our own protracted absence from those whose wishes are so fondly breathed for our return! Every letter proves the mistaken notions which the generality of

well-educated people continue to entertain relative to the splendours of India. Pearls and jewels still glitter in their imaginations, despite of all that has been said or written.—And therefore parents are still anxious that their boys shall realize the bright vision, and appointments to India are still assiduously sought.

So, forth he sends his child beloved, and breathes
A father's blessing on his youthful head.
Tears sanctify the parting, and a sigh
Of fond reluctance mourns the sacrifice.
But this is smother'd,—those are dried,—full soon.
Through the bright vista of ten fleeting years
He looks with eye of hope, and smiles to think,
Ere time o'er that small space hath wing'd his flight,
He shall embrace his boy, enrich'd with wealth,
To gild his noon of life with comforts,—ease,—
Some luxuries, perchance, to gratify
His oriental appetite for show
And love of vain display. The father hence
Extracts full consolation, and imparts
To the regretting boy, who forms, but speaks not,
Some almost unintelligible wish,
Not to be sever'd from his mother's side.
Shame checks his tongue;—his father's eye,
Pregnant with hope, is on him, and he leaps
The vessel's stately side; on the broad deck

He paces with firm step, and looks around
Upon the crested ocean's wide expanse,
Sparkling with sunshine. Quickly the broad sail fills,—
The last embrace is given,—the last word said;—
The little boat hath floated from his ken;—
He knows himself *alone!*—He hath pass'd thus,
The first step on to—desolation!—

It is pleasant indeed to feel one's-self at the end of a long and toilsome journey. Fatigue and danger seem to heighten the enjoyment of present ease and security. Accommodations, truly, there are few, for in this little garrison the dwelling-houses are not sufficient for the small number of officials whose duty compels their residence here. The Zemindar of the district, however, has a small bungalow, a mile distant from the town, which he has lent to us for immediate shelter. And indeed this is all it affords. It stands in the midst of an immense inclosure, which elsewhere would be termed partly wilderness, partly forest, and partly garden: in India, however, it is distinguished entirely by the latter appellation. There are vast topes of mangoes, — thickets of plantains, — long straight avenues bordered by orange, citron,

lime, and pumple nose trees; with here and there a grove of cocoa-nuts and palmira-trees. In one part are vines trained over a lattice-work of bamboos, supported by pillars; and oleanders, jessamines, Persian roses, Indian-shot, and the common flowers of the country, diversify the scene. Of these, few exceed in richness the pomegranate blossom, of a glowing scarlet. In the evening, the air is rich with the fragrance of jessamine, myrtles, and orange-leaves;—but with all this, the place has a wild, strange appearance. It is so different from all one remembers of the lovely gardens of England, fragrant with mignonette, and carnation, and rose. Here are no lilies-of-the-valley,—no violets—those sweetest flowers, which teach humility so attractively. No "meadows trim with daisies pied," invite the visits of the stroller. Round about lies a thick jungle, uninviting to any but the herdsman and his flocks, who pick up a scanty subsistence from the stunted herbage. There is a road cleared out for communication between our unaccustomed residence and the nearest European-dwellings, which are

distant more than a mile, and which the red sand of the soil in the dry season renders, if not impassable, at least so disagreeable, as to tempt us to very rare migrations from our nest.

There are beauties, however, about the neighbourhood, although we are not so fortunate as to be within sight of them. The magnificent Godavery passes beneath the brow of the hill on which the fort is situated, flowing through its broad pathway to the sea. Beyond it, there are ranges of hills of the most fantastic forms; and topes and jungle give a sylvan character to the whole. I am afraid, however, that suffering warps the mind sadly. The really picturesque features of the view are shrouded by imaginings of all the horrors to which such redundant vegetation must be continually contributing. Every gale seems pregnant with miasma, and every breath consequently is drawn with fear and trembling. The *fatalism* of the Hindoos enables them to regard all these dangers with inconceivable apathy. The extent of the influence this doctrine of necessity exercises over all their actions, is asto-

nishing. To all your arguments of expediency or inexpediency they invariably reply,—"Of what use? That which is to be, will be." I pointed out to an intelligent native, who reported the fact of a band of robbers being in the neighbourhood, and the probability of their making an inroad into the town, the impolicy of his keeping a large sum of money in his house, which, as usual, had not the security of a single lock. He shook his head with an expression half grave, half indifferent, and said, "He never *had* been robbed; he always had large sums of money in his possession. If the appointed hour were come, how could he avoid it? If he were to lose the money, what mattered the removing of it? He should not lose it less because he had deposited it elsewhere. How could he guard against that which *must be?*" They oppose these opinions to every advice you may offer that runs counter to their prejudices. The Brahmin *caste* will rarely in extremity voluntarily seek the aid of an English surgeon, and they will never submit to bleeding or amputation except on compulsion. If

told that the adoption of certain remedies would assuredly relieve them, they betake themselves to their usual refuge,—*necessity*,—and quietly meet death in the faith of that doctrine.

If spoken to on the subject of his idolatry, an intelligent Hindoo will tell you, that he worships in reality but *One God*, and that his images are but so many means of realizing the Supreme Being to the mind, an aid which is necessary to it from its difficulty in grasping abstract ideas,—that he does not prostrate himself before the image *as an image*, but because it is a medium by which he *apprehends* the invisible God. Similar arguments are urged by the Roman Catholics in extenuation of *their* image-worship; and such must be resorted to by every rational agent who admits this primary violation of the decalogue.

After all, resignation is our duty everywhere; and if a Christian need more arguments than are furnished by his own divine volume, to induce him to content and activity, I well remember the instructions of Saadi the Persian.——

At the command of God, over the earth
His minister, the south wind, hath outspread
An emerald carpet deck'd with various flowers,
Whose infancy is cradled in her bosom.
Upon the stately trees his hand benign
A drapery of verdant foliage hangs;—
And, when the season calls, a sprightly show
Of white or bloomy buds. A luscious juice
His providence infuses in the cane;
And from the buried seed uprises slow
The palm majestic. Clouds,—the winds,—the sky,—
The sun,—the moon,—fulfil their destined tasks
To give thee bread, O man!—Be grateful then,
And as thy ministers perform *their* work,
Fulfil thou *thine*, as justly HE requires.

PINDARRIE ANECDOTE.

AT the time when the flying bands of the Pindarries hovered over the Indian empire, spreading desolation and terror wherever they appeared,—when none could be secure that their next ravages would not scatter ruin around him,—it is surprising that many districts yet preserved a sense of security; or rather perhaps that apathy to all evil that is not immediate, which so strongly characterizes the Hindoo people, led them to prefer the enjoyment of their usual habits and habitations, to the trouble of taking those precautionary measures by which, in many cases, some lives at least might have been saved.

The little fort of Shahpore stands in the midst of a wide plain, over which the eye ranges

until a chain of distant hills limits the horizon. Over the surface occasional topes of stately palmira trees, or of the broad-spreading cocoa-nut, are sprinkled;—the bed of a small rivulet also winds across its extent, the channel of which is dry except in the rainy season. At other times it forms a ravine, which is used as a pathway more frequently than the bandy * road, because it saves some ground, and every native prefers the shorter path, even if its ruggedness cost him threefold the time necessary to accomplish his journey by the longer.

The natives dwell in a small pettah situated some hundred yards from the fort. In the opposite direction are the lines of the sipahis, a battalion, of whom is always stationed here. The houses of the officers generally stand on the glacis;—the two or three exceptions consist of the commandant's house and some public buildings within the walls.

At the period to which this little anecdote refers, rumours were abroad that a Pindarrie band was hanging about the neighbourhood;

* A two-wheeled cart.

consequently guards were doubled, and some of the more fearful or more prudent of the inhabitants removed themselves and their families from the pettah to the protection of the fort. Still there were many who held aloof, and indeed so long an interval elapsed unmarked by any occurrence out of the ordinary routine, that the former reports began to be considered even by the European officers as "idle tales."

It was one evening towards the full moon; the night had set in stormily, and the wind blew in those terrific gusts which generally attend the commencement of the monsoon. The day had been one of comparative excitement, for a wayfarer from a neighbouring village had arrived in piteous plight, and told his story of robbery by two or three Pindarries, from whom he had escaped with life, only because they were occupied with contending about the division of the booty. The man sought refuge in the fort, for he asserted that the Pindarries were at hand; but his example had not many followers, and his assertions were considered as the exaggerations of fear. The adjutant, in-

deed, directed a guard to be picketed on the flank of the pettah, and recommended them to keep a sharp look-out. When this guard had taken their post, the rest of the garrison not on duty turned in, and slept fearlessly.

Slight as this measure of precaution was, its result added much to the adjutant's reputation for vigilance, sagacity, and all those qualifications that proved his competency to the post he held. A little before midnight, a messenger from this advanced guard came to his quarters, and rousing him, instantly reported that a large band of Pindarries were surely approaching, for though they could not yet be discerned, "the havildar had put his ear to the ground, and had distinguished the far-off tramp of many horses."

It happened that this havildar was a Hindoo, whose acute sense of hearing had served the army on previous occasions, and indeed had paved the way for his promotion. The adjutant knew, therefore, that his authority on this matter was unquestionable, and he directed that the inhabitants of the pettah should be immedi-

ately directed to shelter themselves in the fort, whilst he went direct to the commandant to report the existing state of things, and receive instructions accordingly.

The storm had ceased, and the full-orbed moon shone out brightly and clearly over every object. The white clouds undulating through the heavens, reflected her brilliant light, and the adjutant was acute enough to know that the Pindarries, if indeed they *were* approaching, were deprived of that sheltering obscurity in the expectation of which probably their plans had been matured. As he went along, he roused the officers from their slumber; and nearly the whole of the dignitaries of the regiment were in seemly array, at his side, when he reached the dwelling of the colonel.

The whole party, with the commandant at their head, ascended the ramparts, and from the highest summit looked out to see if there were any appearance of the approaching danger. As if the whole credit of this night's events were to fall to the share of the adjutant, he

was the first to discern a multitude of tiny figures, not larger than the puppets of the fantoccini at the distant point from which they were discernible. Guarded by his observation, the whole party were not slow in corroborating the fact by the evidence of their own senses; and a council of war being convened on the instant, it was carried unanimously that the whole military force, as well as the inhabitants, should enter the fort, lock the gates, man the walls, and "do great things at an advantage."

The drum beat "to arms," and the sipahis, already roused, speedily obeyed the call. They came in rapidly by tens and twenties, and proceeded to their various posts. The peaceable part of the inhabitants were quickly hastening to the fort, and the sentries at the gate were ready to close its heavy leaves when the last lingerer should have passed. And there was little time for tardiness, or for reluctant looking back to the homes that were quitted; for the figures that had appeared at first so small, were now visible in their proper dimensions,

and every man on the walls could see, that the party was well-mounted, well-armed, and numerous.

Already the colonel had directed his adjutant to give the necessary signal for the closing of the gate, when the attention of the latter was arrested by the sight of a female figure, carrying an infant in her arms, hastening forward with all the rapidity her burden permitted. The signal therefore was delayed, for there was much interest in the scene, painful but exciting. The Pindarries were evidently gaining ground, and the girl's steps were tottering, as if she fainted beneath the exertion; and the heart of every spectator beat with fear for the result.

But there was *one* on whose brow large drops of agony were standing, for he knew that those two who were in such extreme jeopardy, were they around whom every affection of his soul would have thrown the mantle of his protection. "It is Ummiah and her child!" said a voice near the adjutant; and he saw the sipahi who had uttered the words,

dart from his post. There was no time to recall him, even if there had been the inclination;—but the adjutant suspected the truth, and the next moment the appearance of the man rushing from the gate, and bounding forward into the plain, confirmed that suspicion.

The adjutant's whole soul now became interested in the matter. He saw plainly enough that the individual was Appiah, who for his good conduct was already marked for promotion, on the very first vacancy after the supernumeraries *should be absorbed.* The man flew along with a speed that almost dazzled the eye; and he reached the objects of his anxiety just in time to catch his child from the arms of the fainting mother. With one hand he clasped it to his bosom, and with the other arm encircling his wife's waist, he retreated with all the speed such a burden would permit.

The Pindarries neared the fort. In vain the commandant ordered the adjutant to give the signal, and declared that the lives of two must be sacrificed to preserve the lives of

many. The adjutant, if hard of nerve, was not hard of heart; and if he did not *refuse* obedience, he delayed it. Meanwhile Appiah toiled on and onwards, and he heard the heavier trampling of the horses' hoofs, and he thought he felt their breath upon his neck. Gathering up his strength for the last desperate effort, for already the gate seemed turning on its hinges ready to shut out him and all he loved from hope and life,—panting,—breathless,—his starting veins swelling almost to bursting,—every object dancing before his eyes,—he bounded once—twice—as a courser just commencing a race,—and the third time he had passed the gate!

An instant more and it had rolled heavily on its creaking hinges, and the unwieldy machinery of its fastenings was adjusted—and the baffled spoilers who had been drawn nearer to the fort than prudence warranted, in their eager hope of outstripping the so hardly rescued, fell thickly beneath the shots from the ramparts. They were too exposed to the

heavy fire to venture on the commission of those devastations which formed the principal feature of their predatory warfare; and very soon they were seen scattered in all directions, and flying across the plain, until finally they disappeared.

Meanwhile Appiah had relinquished his precious burden to the care of the many hands stretched out to aid him The child, all unconscious of its danger or escape, moaned in the midst of the strange faces and stranger noises around it. Ummiah, the young mother, looked on the boy,—then on Appiah, who had fallen prostrate in a state of utter exhaustion. They brought water, and she, flinging herself by his side, put it to his lips, but, parted as they were, they received it not. She bathed his brow, and she looked into his open eyes, but they were fixed, and gave no sign of recognition. She felt his heart—its pulse had ceased;—his limbs fell powerless from her touch. Motionless he lay there, and some said it was a deep swoon. And they brought the

aid of the skilful, and Ummiah looked in his face as he attempted to draw her husband's blood, and she saw that it was hopeless!

The widow's wail,—the frantic cry of her agony,—proclaimed to the bystanders, that Appiah had purchased the safety of his wife and his son *with his life.*

LE PETIT NEZ RETROUSSÉ.

"WELL, what news have you this morning?" said I to my dubash, as he was preparing my *dejeuner* with a countenance evidently expectant of this query.

"Ship come from England, Sar," said he.

"A ship!" said I, brightening at the thought of letters from home. "When did she anchor?"

"Three o'clock morning time, Sar, I hear. My brother dubashee too, Sar, same way like me. My brother go to that ship, speak to gentlemen, Sar, to take him sarvice, Sar; got very good character, my brother, Sar,—very good man."

"Yes, I dare say,—all good men, Shaik. So your brother has got service, has he?"

"Yes, Sar; got, Sar. Very fine gentleman gone to Governor Saïb;—very fine gentleman!"

"Yes, Shaik, very fine gentleman. Suppose he goes to Governor Burra Saïb, bahadur! Very fine gentleman that makes, Shaik!"

"But this too much good gentleman, Sar. All same like one lord. Not call that gentleman like all sirdars. Ship people tell same way like one Khan."

"Plenty of passengers?" asked I, not able exactly to comprehend how the debarkation of 'one lord' could be accomplished with so little éclat.

"Plenty gentleman, Sar;—got some ladies too, Sar. Not like the lord saïb;—my brother tell me call that gentleman Sar Charlées Hamiltöne, saïb."

I had no thought to inquire how, in so inconceivably short a space, his brother had contrived to absent himself from his new master, and communicate this important fact to my

bustling, clever, little rascal of a dubashee. I was so delightfully surprised by the possibility that this individual, 'all the same like one Khan,' might be my best, my dearest friend, Sir Charles Hamilton.

"Surely it cannot be!" exclaimed I, pursuing my thoughts aloud. "What on earth could bring *him*, a wealthy baronet, to India?"

"Sar Charlées Hamiltöne, saïb, come command regiment, Sar,—Majesty's regiment.—Cölönel, Sar, that gentleman;—old Cölönel dead more one year, Sar. Sar Charlées Hamiltöne, saïb, come for new Colonel."

This solved the problem. It *could* be no other than *my* Sir Charles; and to make assurance doubly sure, I dispatched a chit forthwith.

With inconceivable satisfaction I contemplated the characters of my own name traced on the envelope of the reply; for every line—every curve—bore decided testimony to the penmanship of my friend. I opened and read:—

"I have been very few hours in the 'golden orient,' but long enough to have thought of you, and to have made inquiries after you. I find an idle gentleman, on a visit of curiosity, so unaccustomed a guest in this world of the antipodes, that every body I have seen,—pretty many for the time,—is able to give me a mite of information. Pray come to me immediately; my people are bringing in my traps, but in an hour's time we shall be 'quiet and confidential' in my own suite.

"Your's as ever,

"CHARLES HAMILTON."

"CHARLES HAMILTON!" The honey of Hyblæa never was more welcome to parched lips, than these magic words to my soul. I was hungering and thirsting for sympathy and confidence, and here was the promise of both in the richest abundance.

Within the hour I found my hand warmly clasped in that of my friend. And when greetings had been interchanged, and many

questions answered, not very "germain to the matter" I have to communicate, he explained his motives to *such* a voyage.

"I need not recount all my sufferings relative to Jane Markham,—I beg her pardon, the Duchess of Down; you know all that affair; but imagine, in short, all the desolation a man *can* feel, and judge how eagerly one like me, not much troubled with nerves, would accept such a pretext for seeking new scenes and strong excitement, as was afforded by the offered command of my own old dragoons. No,—do not look commiseratingly; I am not an object of pity, *now*; I told you I came out to be cured,—and the remedy."

But *passe pour cela*. For the love of the dear sex, for whom all disappointed swains ought, at the least, to die of tender melancholy, I shall not disclose more of my friend's *tête-à-tête* at this present moment.

I had an engagement to an evening dinner at the house of Mrs. Burkhill, the wife of one of the Members of Council. I believe I ought

to have said, at "the house of the honourable *Mr.* Burkhill," but, as nobody *does* say so, I am contented to err with the multitude.

I paid greater attention than usual to the adornment of my outward man, for the party was to consist of the very *élite* of the Presidency, and many of the new arrivals. It is not etiquette for the Governor to dine with any less dignified personage;—the *King* may thus honour a subject, but a *Governor of Madras* is a widely different person. Consequently, Sir Charles Hamilton was obliged to devote the first evening to his distinguished host, and Mrs. Burkhill's party was a star minus.

There is one trait of civilization that deserves all the commemoration my pen can bestow on it; after the ladies retire from table, at the majority of Indian dinners, the sederunt of the other sex is of short duration.

I had scarcely seated myself in the drawing-room after the repast, on a couch placed in a remote situation, such as I hoped would secure me from being the object of the observations I meditated on others, when the persevering

eye of Mrs. Burkhill penetrated the shade of my retirement, and she forthwith followed the direction of the optical ray.

"Now what *do* you think of her?" she began in a breathless anxiety of agitation. "Ah! I see you are perfectly horror-struck? Is it not really pitiable?"

"My dear Madam, excuse my stupidity, but I must be indebted to your explanation."

"You sat next her at table! My niece Sarah,—Sarah Evans,—the tall brunette at your left. Is she not perfectly horrid?"

"*Horrid!*—Love forbid that ever I should be graceless enough to apply that *horrid* term to any of your bewitching sex. And the lady in question—"

"Ah, you are *so* kind! But what on earth *shall* I do with that *petit nez retroussé*? Then her complexion? I do not like English or even Spanish brunettes in this country; stupid people *will* take them for half-castes! And Sarah's carnation-colour, which is pretty enough now, will soon fade *here*, you know. And her eyes—large black eyes are *so* common! One's

butler—one's ayah, every wretch on the establishment has eyes ten-fold darker and brighter."

"But the expression—the intellectual—" I began.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "There has been quite a committee of survey on her this morning, and we all agree that there is a character of pertness,— a— indeed the Ormonds are really positive that she is terribly bad *ton;* and in fact, I am ashamed to trouble you with *such* a discussion, but you are so much *l'ami de la maison,* and we all have so high an opinion of you, that I do not hesitate to call your attention to Sarah's manners,—her flippancy to our excellent friend Mr. Willoughby this morning has, to say the truth, almost broken my heart! For poor dear Willoughby, you know——"

"Is the happy bridegroom you have selected for your niece," said I, supplying the pause which her half-embarrassment occasioned.

"Between ourselves, exactly so. I should not like it to go farther; but everybody is so confident of your discretion! And Willoughby

is so well off,—four thousand rupees a month, at the least; and he was so anxious for the alliance, that I am almost tempted to believe he would have overlooked the horrible *nez retroussé;* but her *manners!*—so glaringly offensive! would you believe, she absolutely *laughed* at him, and he so truly respectable!"

"But after all, there was nothing very criminal in a laugh. Mr. Willoughby might find in his heart to forgive it, especially as I observed the young lady exhibited a very pretty dimple on those occasions," said I, extenuatingly.

"But, my dear Sir, it was a most particularly impertinent laugh; and as poor Willoughby, there is no denying the fact, is certainly a plain, bilious-looking, hepatic patient, it made the thing very pointed, and he looked actually fierce, I assure you."

"Perhaps *she* might, after all, have started objections to Mr. Willoughby."

"What *can* you be dreaming of? Why he has four thousand a month now,—a place at the council shortly—and with his immense

influence and interest at home, there is every probability of his succeeding our present excellent friend, as Governor !"

"But, my dear Madam, young ladies are apt to view these things less discreetly, and to dream of youth, and love in a cottage."

"You are jesting ! What has a girl to do with love, who comes out to India ? Common sense must tell her that she is here to improve her condition, which will be best effected by securing the most advantageous *parti* that falls in her way."

There was no resisting an inference so purely logical. I had nothing to do but to bow assent.

"Do you see that very pretty girl opposite ?" continued my hostess. "Miss Cleveland, come out to her sister Mrs. Brooke. Willoughby seemed quite enchanted with her at dinner to-day, and really it would be *too* provoking after all my anticipations, to see Mrs. Brooke's sister, *Mrs. Willoughby !*—I should expire with vexation ! Who besides

Sarah ever could have done so unadvised a thing as to bring a *nez retroussé* to India?"

All my recollections of Chesterfield were insufficient to check the action of my risible muscles. "Excuse me," said I, "man is a laughing animal."

"I forgive you; nevertheless I am distressed. That young man talking now to Burkhill; his name is Montresor, a young civilian, a ship-mate of Sarah's; I overheard him giving *such* an account of her conduct on board! so haughty, so disagreeable, so sarcastic. Colonel Sir Charles Hamilton, of the ——— Dragoons, came out with them, and Montresor says, that for the last fortnight, he avoided any but the most distant intercourse with the perverse girl, so much was he disgusted with her manners. Women ought never to be satirical; it is our wisest plan to attract your sex, and a witty woman is, of all animals, the most repellent.—But the whole room are wondering at our *tête-à-tête;* let me introduce you to Sarah, and *do* see what you can make of her."

I obeyed, and crossed the room to a couch on which the unfortunate proprietor of the *nez retroussé* was sitting in solitude, evidently in the full enjoyment of that delightful sensation,—feeling alone in a crowd.

She almost started as my hostess mentioned my name and her own. She received my introduction with a negligent, but not ungraceful acknowledgment, and Mrs. Burkhill, with a sigh and a shrug, retreated.

I shall not record my first conversation with Sarah Evans; I shall make use of my notes from that point where I find the approach of Miss Cleveland added a third to our party, from which moment my *rôle* was chiefly that of listener.

"What a delightful party, is it not?" the pretty little lady began. "I do *so* like India! Are not you happy to be here, *now*?"

The *now* was emphatic, as if some former regret of England had been expressed.

"I dare say you like it; it must be like *a visiting party in the holidays* to you just from school," replied Sarah, good temper-

edly. "But I never was at school, you know."

"That is *so* odd! I thought all girls went to school, or had governesses, or something."

"Yes, I *had* something," said Sarah, and *then* I saw the 'laughing devil in her eye,' which had disconcerted poor Mr. Willoughby. "I had an uncle, and a spelling-book, and a primer, *and things*."

"Well, but really, can you not play, or draw?"

"Do you not remember that I have told you I have no ear? But, perhaps, you are interested in making assurance doubly sure.—I assure you, you may ask me to play with the greatest safety, for I actually do not know the gamut; and, as I never tried to paint a flower in my life, you can request a sight of my portfolio with just as much impunity. Landscapes and huge heads in crayons are not in fashion *here*, I imagine, so that I am altogether the person in the world to act foil to your brilliant."

"How *very* odd!—*mais vous parlez le Français?*"

"I understand your question, but I have never been in France, and have a bad accent, therefore I never speak it."

"*We* used, at school, to speak it every day in the week but one;—so I *ought* to speak it very well. Do you know, Mr. Willoughby says, he thinks it quite essential to a lady to speak French well? He is a very nice man that Mr. Willoughby, though he is *rather* plain. But then my sister tells me he has four thousand rupees a month, and he is *so* agreeable, you can't think!"

"Indeed I can. A man *must* be very delightful with four thousand rupees a month!—Why, if he were a *gentleman with a pig's face*, it would invest him with all the qualities that *could* captivate woman."

The little beauty looked puzzled.

"Well, as Montresor used to say on board, there is no such thing as understanding you?"

"With *his* understanding he meant, I presume?"

"But he is a very nice young man, only a little talkative and conceited—"

"And impertinent and overbearing, whenever he dares."

"But he is *certainly* good-looking. Ah, you have not forgiven his telling Sir Charles Hamilton, that you said you 'did not value him for his rank, and that you judged him as you would a subaltern—no, a *demi-solde*, it was.' I do not think Sir Charles much liked it."

"But do you imagine Sir Charles would be flattered by believing that all the attention he received was paid to his rank? Now, you know, he was quite sure that *my* civility was a tribute to his personal qualities."

"But he is not handsome!"

"I did not mean that exactly," replied Sarah, and she blushed so becomingly, that I felt her *petit nez retroussé* to be the most pardonable deformity in the world.

"I remember what trouble Sir Charles had to make you talk to him at first. You were always in your cabin!"

Sarah blushed again, and was silent.

"Then afterwards you became friends," resumed the talkative little personage; "and two or three times you walked with him on deck in the evening. And I remember one beautiful moon-light night, you were leaning together over the tafferel, and the steward came twice to tell you he wanted to put the lights out—".

"Yes, yes, I remember," and Sarah blushed an intense glowing blush, like the setting beam of an autumnal sun. "You are quite a chronicle."

"Because it was so extremely odd that you never once walked with Sir Charles after that evening; and you used to *colour* so, when he asked you to take wine at table, that I am sure you had quarrelled. Do you know, I think it was *very* kind of him to ask you to take wine at all, afterwards! Montresor never did.—Scarcely any body used but the Captain and Sir Charles, now I think of it."

"True; and, if you recollect, my heart was quite breaking about it!"

"Ah, well! you should have taken my ad-

vice, and have chatted with them all. You seemed to think of nothing but England. As you like it so much, why did you leave it?"

"My dear Miss Cleveland,—I blush to tell you,—like 'obedient Yamen,' I did as I was bid."

"Ah, there is Mr. Willoughby walking by himself!—He looks quite melancholy—I will go and amuse him."

"Very benevolent of you, my dear. Always feed the hungry. And let me whisper to you, —I sincerely recommend your taking Mr. Willoughby without any fear of my heart's breaking."

The lady looked to see if there lurked any mischief in the speaking eye of her counsellor; apparently she was satisfied with the survey, for she gave a nod of approbation, and immediately joined the fortunate possessor of charms so resistless as four thousand rupees a month.

The next time I saw Sarah Evans, was at a ball given by the Governor. I had made two or three morning-calls in the interval, but as

Mrs. Burkhill was not visible, of course her *protegée* was not. And I fancy that the "*policizing*" lady was anxious that the first *public* appearance of the *petit nez retroussé* should not take place on an occasion less splendid.

I had scarcely paid "honour where honour was due," and exchanged a whisper with Sir Charles, when Mrs. Burkhill seized my arm, and led me a little apart from the crowd that was looking fashionably dense in the centre.

"I have left Sarah to Mr. Burkhill," she began. "I am really ashamed!—Believe me I have spared no persuasion, no entreaty, to induce her to make an appearance rather more befitting the occasion. *Do* look at her, and then turn an eye to the beautiful dress and lovely ornaments Miss Cleveland wears!—I have offered her a choice of new gowns,—the best of my own jewels,—but she is inflexible. You see, nothing but her ear-rings are of any value,—diamond, but dreadfully unfashionable in their form;—and to that slender chain she wears a hair-preserver suspended, set in brilliants of the finest water; *who* was the donor, and *whose*

is the hair, is a mystery.—But you see, she will not even show *that*. And then she is so sarcastic!—She told me she was jewel enough in herself, if the people had the sense to find it out, and she made a point never to exhibit an escutcheon of prètence!—To tell you the truth, before her arrival, it had been absolutely settled between us and Willoughby that he should marry her. But she has quizzed him so unmercifully, that he told me this morning explicitly, she was quite too much for *his* management, and that his promise was of course conditional,—that the lady should be such as other ladies, and not a non-descript of this kind. Two hours after, I had a note from Mrs. Brooke informing me, *as her most intimate friend*, of the approaching marriage of her sister and Mr. Willoughby!—*There!*"

Poor Mrs. Burkhill's breath failed her at this climax. She fanned herself violently, and the thermometer in her vicinity must have risen considerably.

"After all, what *am* I to do with this *petit nez retroussé?*" she asked plaintively. "I can

scarcely believe that even a subaltern will venture on her, for somebody has found out that she reads politics, and is, in fact, as blue as Madame de Stael. There are such lots of girls coming out now-a-days!—See—they have formed quadrilles, and not a soul has asked her to dance!—A dowdy in a muslin frock and a satin slip!—That is Sir Charles Hamilton,—the fine-looking man with the Governor—they tell me. He has called, but I could not receive him, and like the rest, he is disgusted with Sarah; he has not even exchanged a bow with her, for I have been watching him all night.—There is Miss Cleveland with Willoughby. What attention everybody pays her!—They have an eye to his future parties!—See,—she is absolutely leading off the quadrille! And Mrs. Brooke is looking so hideously delighted! —Oh, I am just ready to expire with vexation! —A plain muslin gown indeed!"

I do not know how long the lady would have carried on this monologue, if her attention had not been attracted by the movements of the Governor and Sir Charles who were walking

towards the place occupied by the *nez retroussé*. Now as the said *nez retroussé* was quite alone, Mr. Burkhill having quitted her side for an instant, it was obvious that their intention could be nothing but to address the forlorn Sarah.

Mrs. Burkhill herself did not watch the proceedings of the group with greater interest than I did. My attention was however principally directed to Sarah; and I saw the colour heighten, and the eye become darker and brighter, as they advanced. They—the dignitaries—stood before her some minutes, and, as the conversation proceeded, her embarrassment diminished. At last she rose, and her arm was drawn through Sir Charles's with an air of great *empressement*. The Governor smiled and retreated, and the pair approached me and my companion, who was absolutely panting with pleasurable emotion.

After the usual chit-chat which succeeds an introduction,—that ceremony was performed awkwardly enough by Sarah, by the way,—Sir Charles said, somewhat abruptly I thought,

"Miss Evans is tired of India, already, Mrs. Burkhill."

"Oh, she will like it better in time, Sir Charles. *I* regretted *home* at first."

"Well but *I* am tired too, Mrs. Burkhill.—And in short, with your permission, we wish to go back again together."

But why proceed?—In a month from that evening of Mrs. Burkhill's triumph, I was present at the wedding breakfast of Sir Charles, and henceforward the *petit nez retroussé* belonged to Lady Hamilton.

Sir Charles had found complete cure of old love in a *new*. The object of his voyage had been perfectly attained, and India to him therefore was only a place of exile. On the 22nd of last January, Sir Charles and Lady Hamilton departed, on the deck of H. M. frigate the Thetis, for those happier shores to which the heart of the exile so longingly follows them.

A YOUNG LADY'S LETTER HOME.

"At length, my dearest Lucy, you will actually hear from your still faithful and affectionate friend, that she has reached India in safety, and has been two months in this scene of gaiety, and indeed carried about in a whirligig of pleasure. If I had you with me to share my feelings and my conquests,—for I assure you even *these* are not wanting—you who so well understand me, I should not have a wish ungratified. This is certainly the most delightful place in the whole world, though the old residents tell me I shall suffer more from the heat next season, as new arrivals bring a stock of strength which enables them to resist it the first year. To be sure, I must say, the

women are sad frights, very yellow, and mostly *so* lean! However there is nothing like use, for I find this leanness quite the *ton*. If there were here 'a holder of the girdle of fine forms,' he, if he had been twenty years in India, would assign the palm of beauty to her whose waist approached most nearly to the size of the centre of an hour-glass. Between ourselves, my dear Loo, it is not precisely the *supreme* bon-ton that regulates people here,—though I should not like to whisper this in society, for all one's little remarks are, I find, repeated and exaggerated a thousand ways, so that I have already learned to be very cautious.

"I cannot pretend to give you any regular account of my feelings on landing; so much hurry, confusion, and excitement marked every moment. The bare idea that I was actually

> 'In that land which far away
> Into the golden orient lies,'

awakened all my romance, and all my remembrances of Lalla Rookh. You know, however, I am not given to be poetical, and more common-place realities very soon gained entire

possession of my mind. *No*, they were not common-place realities; the whole world seemed to have put on a different garb; the earth itself was no longer the same, but looked quite as foreign as the natives. The houses—the gardens—all partook of novelty, and nothing recalled England to me from similarity, until I found myself welcomed by my kind and fashionable aunt.

"There are hosts of servants, but, *entre nous*, they seem to be very much in each other's way; not that one could manage with a less number; but there are so few offices which a single domestic can, from his caste or some other absurdity, perform, that none have a tithe of occupation sufficient for the day. They loiter about the verandahs, and when they are wanted, the person requiring them calls, '*boy!*' or 'quihi!'—a great annoyance to me at first, whose voice, you know, is not quite that of Stentor, and I longed exceedingly for the silver call with which, in days of chivalry, the lady summoned her maidens. The summons is generally obeyed by two or three popping in their heads through as many different doors, and the service

demanded is probably performed in about quadruple the time which I, as a novice, thought reasonable. However, when complaint is useless, patience is a preferable alternative to *worrying*, and where all the class commit exactly the same enormities, 'What is the use,' inquires my sensible aunt, 'of changing?'

"I have an Ayah, intended as a substitute for one's own maid *at home*, and such a substitute! She is well enough for washing and cleaning the hair, but as for dressing it; Heaven keep my auburn locks from her remorseless hands! As to arranging one's finery, it is deposited in drawers or the almirah certainly, but unless one's blonds, and chantillies, and ruffles, and furbelows, and, *above all*, the sleeves are to be *crumpled* beyond all possibility of restoration, it would be better to keep them out of her dusky touch. In short, my dear, 'up to this present time of writing,' an Ayah is very well as a kind of housemaid, but for any thing in the shape of *lady's-maidism*, I find her utterly useless, and if you ever set foot on these eastern shores, profit by the

knowledge which I have acquired from dire experience.

"Do you know I find *punkahs*, although indispensable in this climate, one of the minor miseries of human life. Beneath their influence, not a single curl remains in its place, but is wafted about by every gale in the most disagreeable manner you can conceive. This, you will allow, is an evil; but pronounce it not one of the first magnitude, until you have taken into consideration all the circumstances attendant on a dinner-party at the Presidency. The first thing that amazes you is, the hecatombs with which the table is covered. He must, indeed, be 'a man given to appetite,' who retains the least inclination to devour, after the display made on the uncovering of the dishes. Soup—fish—sirloins and rounds of beef—saddles of mutton,—ham and turkey, the everlasting delight of Indian epicures,—fowls of all kinds,—stews,—curries,—all steam at once under one's nostrils, until human nature is reduced to the last gasp. Imagine the barbarism of no division of courses,—no 'well-

graduated succession softening the transition between soup and sweet-meats,' as our friend —— would say ;—' from eggs to apples, what a flight !' Imagine in addition to the steaming-table, that each guest has one or two personal servants attending him, so that the table is actually defended as if by a double line of fleshly substances, from the approach of any ' gale from heaven,' if, perchance, such should be abroad. Altogether, I must confess, the first trial of this nature to which I was exposed, was too much for me. Whether my *olfactories* are particularly sensitive,—or whether it was some memory of the sufferings of a passage through the Bay of Biscay, that recalled to my imagination all the horrors of sea-sickness, I know not. I began, however, to feel a loathing and heaving of the stomach,—a dizziness in the head,—a buzzing and whizzing in the ears, until even the awful sounds—' SHALL I SEND YOU A GLASS OF BEER ?'—ceased to reach my senses,—and down I was, conscious of sinking—down—down—but nothing more do I remember. My aunt told me afterwards that nothing

could have told better than this little *improviso*, as she called it. The ladies present, indeed, had *ex*claimed and *de*claimed on—'fine lady-airs!'—'showing-off Europe graces!'—'vastly delicate, indeed!'—'really be afraid to invite Miss Warren!'—'pity the climate should be found so utterly insupportable at the commencement of her Indian career!' But the male part of the assembly commented on the demonstrative proof which had been afforded, that I was at least guiltless of wearing rouge, a topic which, it appears, had afforded matter for much discussion. My aunt predicted great success to me from this event, and indeed, vanity apart, I have no reason to accuse her of uttering false predictions.

"The drama—oh, the drama!—It is truly delightful. Not for the scenery—'the dresses and decorations,' as the play-bills say,—not for any professional excellencies, exactly,—but because here the actors are all amateurs,—people whom one is accustomed to meet every day, and on whose private feelings one can guess pretty accurately what effect every sentence

they pronounce, produces. Besides, it is no slight pleasure, let me tell your inexperience, Lucy, to hear some flaming declaration of love made by a very fine fellow in the course of his representation, whilst a lightning-look, perceptible perhaps to you alone, brings it home to your heart that *you* are the *real* heroine to whom it is addressed. However, in the regular course of things, I am not quite come to that part of my letter yet;—so '*revenons à nos moutons.*'

"As the sixth month since our sad, sad parting has commenced, I hope you have not forgotten to despatch the stipulated supply of new fashions. You have no idea how very important a matter a new dress is in *the* circles here. I cannot enumerate how frequently the loan of every article of my beautiful French finery has been solicited by my kind aunt's very dear friends. Of course, I did not hesitate to confer this little obligation, for I thought it a matter of course that my aunt would not only approve, but applaud, my showing to her own friends

any slight attention of this nature. I was, therefore, very much surprised when she manifested great displeasure at my taking such a step without consulting her. 'I could have told you exactly,' she said, 'who could *not* be denied, and who could. You see you have lost the opportunity of obliging those whom it was worth your while to oblige, for who will thank you, do you imagine, for being clad in precisely the same costume as Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. and fifty other nobodies are exhibiting? My dear child, you know nothing about these things, and you will find half the people making such perfect caricatures of your dresses, that you will never again choose to appear in them, and their sight to me will be detestable. Never lend a dress to those who are likely to look as well in it as yourself, for that is to create rivals; —and *never* lend one to those who look ill in *everything*, for that is to force upon the minds of your admirers disagreeable associations whenever they look on you. No,—no;—in this country hold it as an invariable rule, *never* to

lend a single garment which you think worthy your own wear, unless you know your *parti* thoroughly.'

"I was very much mortified, I confess, and I received my aunt's reproof and advice in silence. To be sure, Lucy, on reconsidering the subject, I rather incline to consider her in the right, and I wish I had sought her advice before I committed the folly. However, *à l'avenir.*

"You know very well, my dear Loo, that women are libelled all over the world as scandal-mongers. Some impertinents of the other sex have pronounced it to be completely a female occupation. I wish such accusers would visit this eastern world, and hear who are the purveyors to this appetite. Why, my Lucy, every man-creature that approaches you, endeavours to ingratiate himself by relating some anecdote to the disadvantage of the person with whom you shared the yesterday's dinner, or ball, or more probably who was the hostess on the occasion. It is really terrible to hear how pitilessly characters are talked away, just as if they were good for nothing. Now to tell you

my secret feelings, which I have not, I assure you, laid open to my aunt, for she, kind and good as she is, can never be to me the friend that you are, my dearest Lucy,—to tell you, then, my real feelings, I am absolutely afraid of furnishing in my turn matter for their satirical animadversions. Is it not certain, that if they judge it acceptable to Miss Warren, to be told of Miss Beaumont's *gaucheries*, they will think it quite as acceptable to Miss Beaumont to be horrified by an account of Miss Warren's flirtations? In short, from idleness, and the limited range of topics this society affords to people who *cannot* think, it seems as if all the world looked at each other for the express purpose of talking over their blemishes on some future occasion.

"However, my dear Loo, as my packet has already increased to a most alarming magnitude, it is time I resumed the subject of *the drama*, relative to which I have hinted to you somewhere in the course of this lengthy letter, that I had tc communicate a—— Cannot you, Lucy, who were always so good at guessing,

divine what I have to tell? Yes, very well; I see you have guessed right, and to come quickly to the matter-of-fact, the hero 'of the sock and buskin,'—the darling of *both* Muses,—the cynosure of all eyes is, in sooth, Lucy, *my* hero too. Ah, my dear! in India, as elsewhere, 'the course of true love never did run smooth!' I *do* think Captain Plantagenet—is it not a name for a hero?—is a man whose person would satisfy even your fastidious taste. I need not tell you the colour either of his eyes or his hair, especially as you know we always disagree on this point. But the *tout ensemble* is really irresistible! And then the graces of his style and manner! Oh, my dear, if ever I am reconciled to the thought of the thousands of miles that separate us, it is when I feel that you would infallibly love him as well as I, and how could he, with his exquisite sensibility to what is best and most beautiful, avoid giving *you* a preference which even I must acknowledge to be due to you, although in this instance it would break my heart?

"Well, my dearest Lucy, you are to under-

stand that Plantagenet *is* Captain Plantagenet and nothing in the world besides; that is, he has no fortune, and, as my aunt urges, no interest. But then my aunt,—or rather my uncle,—*has*, which would be quite the same, that is, if a certain event *should* take place. Indeed I must own that I represented as much when my aunt continued to press these objections on me; but she was ready with a reply. She said that no interest could much avail an officer of the known *violent* principles of Captain Plantagenet, who had rendered himself so particularly obnoxious to all those men in office whose influence must be exerted in his behalf; that, in a word, my uncle had no expectation or inclination that I should marry a military man, and that the sooner I dismissed Captain Plantagenet from my thoughts the better.

"Of course this declaration very materially assisted in confirming my sentiments in his favour, if they had previously been wavering. Moreover my aunt's allusion to Plantagenet's principles was particularly unfortunate to *her*

cause, for I most admire him for the manly freedom of thought, which disdains to shackle itself in the fetters imposed by the tacit, but implied, despotism of this most arbitrary colony. The affair stands thus. An event occurred which occasioned much discussion in every circle, because it affected the interests of a well-known individual. Plantagenet, who is very *literary*, was desirous of inserting a letter in the public journals, which was suppressed by the censor of the press. Of course his English spirit was very indignant, and he wrote an immense deal of angry blank verse. I have inserted several specimens in my album, which I am in an ecstasy at being able to transcribe for you, as they will show you something of his character. You must understand that they are *only* fragments.

'Land of the slave! where all mankind are slaves!
Where he who fain would thrive, must learn to crouch,
And wear the smooth soft air of Asia's sons!
Land of the slave! where Justice is not free,
The radiant goddess of the awful brow
And eye divine; where she, even she,
Must bow her head majestic, and become

From independent, base,—from pure, corrupt,—
Have her robes soil'd by the polluted touch
Of courtly favourites, who wear her mask
And violate her holiest sanctions, when
Their master bids. And these are they who fill
The highest seats, and meet the public gaze
With eye almost undaunted, front serene;
Checking the murmurs of the thinking few,
By the coercion of superior power.

* * * * * *

Evils these are, no doubt, but not the worst:
Let poverty attack with all her ills,
Let tyranny oppress with all his rage,
These might be borne,—if bearing did not bring
The plague-spot on the soul. It learns to crouch,—
To call that good which it must needs endure,
Pronounce its fetter-clank harmonious,
And kiss the smiter's hand!—The leprosy
Of servile fear cleaves to man thence for aye!
Born free, he learns at length to be a slave,
Fears much to breathe a whisper of dislike
Of any public man, deems all his deeds
To censure not amenable, and thinks
Reverse of right not wrong; so licks the dust
Beneath the oppressor's feet; receives his scorn
With smiles of thankfulness, and cries, 'ALL'S WELL!'

* * * * *

Panders to superstition! and to foul
Idolatry, not bloodless! Ye who sell
Indulgences for crime, and therewith feed
Your appetite insatiable of gold!
Ye righteous rulers of ten myriad souls!

Ye who to right prefer expedient,
And deem it better that this eastern clime
Should be the prison of the bigot-thrall,
Than that by quaffing at the heavenly fount
Of knowledge, they should learn that they are men,
Men as immortal, but not free, as ye,
Slaves in their mother-land from whose rich veins
Ye drain a golden draught! Thankless ingrates,
Who draw so largely and will nothing give!
Ye who have wealth meet for the sons of men,
Arts—science—the appliances of life,—
Give these—a richer boon than gems or gold,—
And build your empire up within their hearts,
Or dare to lose it nobly; better lost
Than basely kept,—a tribute-gatherer's prey!
Palter not on the plea that, 'from your sons
Their richest birth-right thus will be despoil'd;—
The future claims your foresight, and to give
Uninjured to your heirs, what ye received,
Is a main duty.' Do ye that ye owe
The age in which ye live. This hath existence,
Hath form and substance; hath an awful voice,
And its requirements are most absolute.
Cater not for a future thousand years,
One century of which may never be!
To possible postpone not certain. Hear
The cry that hath gone forth to uttermost earth,
'Teach us to be what ye are, men erect
In mind as body; blest with arts like yours,
And knowledge, the best dignities of life!'

* * * * *

But ye assail even a Briton's right,
The right inherited with his first breath,
To think as man,—thus thinking, so to act,—
To fix the stigma of the public voice
Upon oppression, whether it be dealt
By your immediate, and most puissant selves,
Or the great little, your executives!—

* * * * *

"Do not imagine for an instant, my dear Loo, that these effusions of indignation ever issued from the press of this Presidency. I assure you no such exertion of free-will would be permitted. But copies were given to friends, and the manuscript was circulated, and poor Plantagenet became a *marked man*, as my aunt *says* and as *I feel*; for, to confess the truth, I like him ten thousand times the better on this account.

"But, however, there is another pebble thrown into the waters, which ruffles the course of *my* 'stream of love.' There is an odious 'honourable Mr. Denison,' a Member of Council, and of course a very old civilian, who has thought proper to bow before the *beaux yeux* of your friend. Oh, my dear, the man is *such* an animal! such a ponderous unwieldy man-

ner of saying the merest trifles—making love like an elephant whirling through a waltz! If I were otherwise to forswear matrimony for ever, I would never have this man, were his estate to contain all the diamond-mines of India! And he looks at poor Plantagenet with an eye sparkling with all the benevolent emotions of 'envy, hatred, and malice;' and, between ourselves, I have a shrewd suspicion that *he* and my aunt, who is his close ally, are manœuvring together to get Plantagenet ordered from the Presidency, before the expiration of his leave. You, in the bliss of English ignorance, may lift up your eyes and doubt the possibility of such a proceeding, but I assure you, 'such things are,' and Plantagenet has related to me twenty occurrences of a similar nature. However, they had better not drive me to extremity; for if they do, they will find me perfectly aware of my right to freedom of action, and, which is more, absolutely resolved never to be the Honourable Mrs. Denison, with all the appurtenances of that enviable position, precedence, equipage, dress, house, and

furniture, the grand delights of Indian existence.

"How I do wish I could have your advice, my dearest Lucy! You always understood me so well, and would so completely enter into my feelings. That *you* would pronounce Plantagenet a man every way worthy of the heart of woman, I am well convinced; and knowing this, it is almost useless to put the question, '*what* do you advise?' And then the immeasurable time that must elapse before I could receive the welcome assurance of your approbation, might bring so many unforeseen things to pass, as would increase my aunt's means of enforcing our separation. *You* will not believe that I have any doubts of my lover's constancy, or of the endurance of my own attachment; nor will you think it probable, that a protracted residence here will change my tastes from English to Indian. However, my dearest friend, it is better not to subject ourselves to any hazard, sand Plantagenet is quite of my opinion. Therefore, my darling Lucy, I must tell you, as indeed it is

the chief object of my letter to do, that I have fixed on this day-week as our wedding-day, and am positively resolved on declaring my intention to my aunt to-morrow. My determination will soon silence her opposition, and therefore, my darling Lucy, this is the last time you will have a letter signed by

"Your most attached, most sincere,
and most affectionate
"EMMA WARREN."

"P. S. Plantagenet desires me to offer you his kindest regards; he is quite prepared to love the 'belle amie' of his Emma.

THE THREE MOONS.

THE palace of the Rana of Odeypoor, the head of the Rajpoot tribes,—the Maharana,—revelled in the sunshine of prosperity, and in the expectation of festivities, that cordial to the soul of a Hindoo. Light steps were bounding, and young hearts beating, within the zenanah, under the excitement of anticipated novelty. There was music and perfume in the air, and the hurrying to and fro of those busy in preparation. In every apartment of the zenanah the richest silks lay in careless profusion, embroidered with glittering gold and sparkling jewels. Shawls of cashmeer were piled in heaps, as presents to the expected guests. Gold and silver muslins, to be

wreathed into turbans at the fancy of the wearer, increased the gay variety; and not one sombre cloud in the whole horizon served to remind mortal man that the sadness of human life ascends even to the thrones of princes.

In a small apartment, at the very extremity of the zenanah, reclined Kishen Kower, the sole child of the Maharana. The curtains, of rose-coloured silk of Persia, were a little withdrawn from the lattice, and she lay on her cushion with her eyes fixed on the clear blue sky, glowing like a sapphire and unsullied by a cloud. On the other side sat Ulsee, her favorite maiden, and at her feet stood Heera Bhaee, her nurse and foster-mother, looking upon her with a countenance in which love and grief struggled for the ascendancy.

Throughout Rajpootana,—nay from Tibet to Cape Comorin,—no woman possessed such radiant beauty as the princess of Odeypoor. Her deep black eyes were like those of the gazelle in their star-like lustre, but they were informed by a spirit pure and tender as ever animated the breast of woman. Though living

in the retirement beseeming her rank and caste, the fame of the beauty of Kishen Kower was spread throughout the land. It was the theme of every minstrel's song;—it was the dream of every visionary's heart. The alliance of the Maharana, highly desirable as it was on political grounds, was ten-fold more keenly sought for the sake of so much beauty. Contending princes had striven for the prize; but the two Rajahs whose pretensions caused some hesitation in the decision of the Maharana, were Maun Singh, the sovereign of Joudpoor, and Juggut Singh, the sovereign of Jeypoor. Indeed the contest had been pursued so fiercely, that the rivals had at length resorted to the decision of arms, and war had been declared, when the Maharana thought to prevent the contest by deciding in favour of Juggut Singh.

But it was not so prevented. Maun Singh did not tamely brook the defeat of his own hopes, and still less the triumph of his rival. Each prince, therefore, led forth his battle array, and, though no decisive action had

occurred, frequent engagements, the results of which were dubious, had weakened both armies.

In one of those intervals of tacit truce which each felt to be necessary for the recruiting of his energies, Bheem Singh, the Maharana, believed that the probable means of bringing them to peace would be by expediting the nuptials. Consequently, Juggut Singh was summoned to celebrate his bridal festivities at the palace of Odeypoor.

But the prince—albeit anxious to possess the coveted charms of Kishen Kower—was too much of a warrior to strike his tents without reluctance. He desired vengeance on his rival, at least as keenly as the possession of his bride;—and therefore he replied to the instances of the Maharana, that his glory required him to achieve *some* advantage yet ungained, before he should deserve to become his son. Consequently the nuptials were long delayed. But now, at length, success had lent a lustre to the cause of the bridegroom, and believing that he had effectually deterred his

rival from future efforts, he turned his face towards Odeypoor, and despatched a message to the Maharana, desiring that preparations should be made forthwith for the marriage festivities; and *therefore* the palace echoed with voices of gladness, and all around wore an air beseeming the point of some high festival.

The fair brow of Kishen Kower was clouded, and pensiveness had chased from her lovely face the buoyant graces natural to it. But it was not, as the maidens of other regions might deem, that she was about to become the bride of an unseen bridegroom. By a Rajpoot princess such a destiny is so surely anticipated from the very earliest years, that its fulfilment excites no other emotion than the natural regret of leaving familiar scenes. But Kishen Kower had wherewithal to alleviate this regret, for tales of the noble youth and nobler manhood of Juggut Singh had been diligently carried to her ears by Heera Bhaee, and she had so much of the Lion's nature, as to share a warrior's pride in his prowess. Moreover a

portrait of Juggut Singh had been conveyed to her, and his were features on which a female eye rarely looks without admiration. Ulsee's eager tongue never wearied in dilating on the happiness of her who was destined to become the ranee of one so captivating; and the heart of Kishen Kower confessed, that his form was worthy of the daring spirit it enshrined.

Still was the lady sad; and much and vainly did Ulsee ponder over the cause, for she dearly loved the princess beneath whose gentle sway her days glided away unmarked by one sorrow or one complaint. To *her* the destiny of Kishen Kower presented one long vista of all that can charm the heart of woman, gratify her vanity, or fulfil the aspirings of her ambition. In vain therefore she searched through the small limit that circumscribed *her* thoughts; —*she* could discern but one bright day of sunshine, and she looked for, but found not, the cloud which dimmed the fair horizon in the keener eye of her young mistress.

There was a long silence, of which Ulsee was heartily tired. She looked from the em-

broidered scarf which her busy fingers were twisting into innumerable fantastic forms, to the princess, and an expression of peevishness trembled on her lips as she gazed on the lady's listless form, half raised from the silken cushion, whilst her head rested on her small and exquisitely shaped hand, and her eye still remained fixed on the blue sky visible through the lattice.

Ulsee looked then at the face of Heera Bhaee, but she saw no hope there. Taking courage, therefore, from the well-known partiality of the princess, she ventured to breathe the name of Juggut Singh.

The experiment was successful in attracting the attention of Kishen Kower. She looked on her youthful attendant with an eye which, if sad, was kind. "And what would Ulsee say of the princely Juggut Singh?"—she asked, for *that* never was an ungrateful theme.

"Nay,—'twas but a word to disperse the sadness of the princess!" said Ulsee, happy that the tedious silence had yielded to her charm.—"True it is that the Jeypoor Rajah

deserves praise, until the tongue of the speaker is red,—and all the women of the zenanah protest that his picture is fairer than Vishnoo when he won the love of mortal woman! Yet, lady, now this paragon of men approaches, and all things tell of love and joy, and still thou art sad as if—pardon me, dear lady,—as if thou wert about to hie thee to the arms of hideous age.—I *do* misdoubt thee much, Heera Bhaee," turning to the nurse whom she loved but little, for the manner of the aged woman was somewhat soured by suffering,—" and I wrong thee greatly if thou, with thy ill-omened wail of never-ceasing woes, be not the cause why there is perpetual night in the mind of the pearl of pearls,—Kishen Kower,—the fairest princess of a thousand lands!"

" Peace, vain trifler!" said Heera Bhaee, with even more than her usual sternness.—" Is this a time for thy light spirit to mingle its mirth with the darker notes breathed by the voice of destiny?—Knowest thou not,—or has thy folly forgotten,—that as yet the house of the Maharana has offered no propitiatory sa-

crifice to the goddess? Or dost thou think that the powers who endure from the first Yug until all power shall be overthrown, will fail to claim the honours man has refused? Or dreamest thou that they will be satisfied that man deems *their* rites may be neglected, when his interest interferes with the performance?—Once more, peace,—for the hour is solemn."

"It is an hour of as bright sunshine as ever gladdened mortal eyes!" returned the indignant Ulsee, whose spirit was patient beneath no other rebuke than that so rarely and so gently expressed by the princess. "But it is ever thus!—Marriage-feast or pious rite, all bear the ban of thy ill-omened voice; and I would the Maharana himself heard thee with thy funeral croak so meet for this bright hour!"

"*It is meet!*" said Heera Bhaee, and even Ulsee felt the influence of her deep prophetic voice, which thrilled to the very heart of Kishen Kower—and she stood with folded hands, and her eye turned upwards, as if fixed on an object invisible to a less gifted vision.

"Now woe is me!" said Kishen Kower wringing her small hands in agony; for, like all of her tribe, her eagle spirit cowered beneath the terrible bodings prompted by superstition. "If thou knowest aught of evil about to befall my father's house, Heera Bhaee, speak it out, and boldly. It shall work thee no ill, and keep not silence in a matter where she whom thou hast nursed at thy bosom, is so deeply concerned."

"Happier, perchance, if thou hadst not been so nurtured!" murmured the nurse, the words rather escaping her, than voluntarily addressed to her anxious auditor. "I call Seeva to witness, that thou art dearer to me than any one of the children of my own youth. I loved them, but not like thee—not like thee, bright Kishen Kower!—light of my soul, as thou always wert, the Maharana's first and only born! There *is* ill threatening thee, fair flower of this princely house, but the shape of it is hidden from mine eyes. The sound of revel is in mine ears, and on every side faces of mirth and pleasure greet my aged eyes, but my heart

cannot share them, for clouds and darkness surround them all, and a voice of wailing drowns their joyous laugh; and perchance the bridegroom *they* expect is coming, for dimly in the distance I see him, but who is he?—I know not, for he comes *wrapped in his shadow!*"

Kishen Kower bent her eyes to the earth When she raised them, the sadness of their expression had assumed a loftier character.

"Let the evil that *must* be, *be*," she said in a low firm voice. "The descendant of the princes of Odeypoor, and the betrothed of Juggut Singh, must not shrink from her destiny!"

The princess sank into earnest contemplation. Heera Bhaee still preserved her attitude of sad affection, and Ulsee forgave the silence for which there now seemed to her an intelligible reason.

The moon had waned, and another moon was approaching the end of her second quarter, and again Kishen Kower sat sadly in her bower, and Heera Bhaee and her favourite

handmaid were again the companions of her retirement.

But there were now no sounds of revel in the palace. The voice of the timbrels and the songs of the minstrel had ceased, and the footsteps which had bounded so lightly and so freely, now crept stealthily along, as if fearful of awakening the echo. The array of glorious apparel had disappeared; there was no sign of approaching festival. But the change was not the natural transition from rejoicings that have occupied the appointed hour, to the ordinary modes of existence. There was a deeper gloom in the air than that which results from the listlessness of satiety; it was the gloom of disappointment.

"Did I not tell thee," said Heera Bhaee with her deep and mournful voice,—"did I not tell thee, that I saw not the face of the bridegroom, albeit the bridegroom *was* approaching? Yea, and he doth still approach, but even yet I know him not! But rouse thee, princess, and let not the daughter of the Maharana bewail her solitariness, as if the world contain-

ed not ten thousand worthier than Juggut Singh!"

"And dost thou think, Heera Bhaee," demanded the princess, her dark eye flashing with all the fire of her race, "dost thou think the daughter of Bheem the Lion bestows one thought of regret on the wretched traitor, who has dared thus to bring dishonour on the head of his tribe? Thinkest thou that the Prince of Jeypoor is more to me than the dust on which I tread? Knowest thou not, that Kishen Kower would bow herself down to be the handmaid of him who should humble the audacious traitor? Not for *him* I mourn, but that Kishen Kower hath lived to bring shame upon the name of her father!"

"It is the vengeance of Bhowanee!" said Heera Bhaee solemnly. "Oh! would that the Maharana would add yet costlier gifts than those already offered, if perchance the last dread sacrifice might be averted. Alas! alas! was the victim withholden only that it might be claimed at length, when its costliness was so fearfully increased?"

"And might we not well deem, Heera Bhaee, that the penalty had been exacted and rendered to the uttermost?" inquired Kishen Kower mournfully. "Hath not the alliance of the Maharana been disdainfully spurned? Hath not shame unutterable been heaped on the head of his only—his most unhappy child? Have we not blushed to hear, that he who was so shortly to become the son of our house, after suffering most inglorious defeat, hath purchased yet more inglorious peace at the price of broken troth and violated faith? Doth he not, even now, share the bridal wreath with the daughter of his haughty rival—doth he not give his sister to that rival's arms—whilst Kishen Kower, doubly deserted and betrayed, sits within her inner chamber, humbled to feel, that she lives a dishonour and a shame to the noblest of the Rajpoot race? Now, what would Bhowanee more?"

"Peace, peace, my child!—Oh, provoke not her yet farther wrath, for she is fierce, and inexorable, and slow—very slow—to pardon!" said Heera Bhaee deprecatingly. "Her voice

crieth aloud for the offering of blood; and how her curse pursueth the victim that hath been withholden, mine aged eyes, O princess, yet weep to see, and thou yet livest to feel!"

"Alas! alas! Heera Bhaee," said Kishen Kower, yet more despondingly, "would that thou hadst not yielded to the fond pleadings of my mother for her first-born! Thou who knewest so well what direful sorrows the wrath of the offended goddess entails on those who dare to despise her mandates, and most on the victim that hath been denied, how couldst *thou* nourish at thy bosom—how couldst thou lavish all thy dearest love on one, for whom thou must know all the honey-drops of life would be turned to poison, who would hear the far-off sound of marriage-festival, and pronounce her bridegroom's name, but hail him never,—for whose dishonour her princely father was to shed tears a hundred-fold more bitter than the mourning for the dead,—who was to be widow and no wife? Alas! doth not even now the whole kingdom of Odeypoor bewail the shame that hath stained the line of their sovereign?

Will not the remotest of our tribes lament the cloud that hath fallen upon the head of their chief! and will not all these voices echo the curse of Bhowanee, that curse which should fall on thee,—on *thee*, Heera Bhaee, who disobeyed, not on *me* who lived but at thy will! Alas! what was *my* offence in escaping a fate of which I was all-unconscious? My feeble understanding knew not what the goddess required,—my feeble limbs could not perform the act of self-immolation!—Alas! thine was cruel kindness!"

"Thou sayest sooth," returned Heera Bhaee; "it *was* cruel, but it was willed by a higher than either thy mother or thy nurse. Reproach me not, princess, for the work which destiny hath done, and clear thou thy brow. Perchance the cloud that darkens us may pass away, and Bhowanee may be appeased with a less costly sacrifice than the first. Still, still, when thy planet last night shone in its splendour,—still I saw the coming bridegroom, and again at midnight will I watch, if, perchance, I may discern his face. Meanwhile, I will to

the Temple of the Goddess and cheer thee, sweetest Kishen Kower! It cannot be that even Bhowanee will refuse to pity thee in this thine hour of extreme desolation!"

Again the moon waned, and the second moon was in her third quarter, gradually diminishing preparatory to her final disappearance. It was midnight, and Kishen Kower was again in her inner chamber, reclining beneath the open lattice. All around was still as death, except when the silence was broken by the solitary tramp of the sentinel. The eyes of the princess were fixed on the midnight heavens, as if she sought to read the language of the stars. But to *her* their mysterious symbols presented no more intelligible meaning than that which their loveliness always conveys to the heart of the young and the sorrowful, when those characters, between which nature seems to have placed an impassable gulf of separation, are by some of the wondrous and inexplicable mechanism of this world, united.

Deeply humbled as Kishen Kower deemed

herself,—for to one of her rank and caste the defection of her betrothed brings the sense of deep dishonour and inexpiable shame,—even to her whose pride of lineage was thus trampled in the dust, the calm serenity of the hour imparted some of its own tranquillity. She felt, also, that fortitude which is the attendant of despair. She knew that her enemy was mightier than any of the mightiest children of human birth, and that to that supernal enemy her own existence was a perpetual offence. She knew that she breathed only by the commission of a crime deemed in the highest degree sacrilegious,—that Bhowanee had been defrauded of the first-born,—and that she was thus bringing her fearful vengeance on the heads of the victim marked with her ban, and of all to whom that victim was most dear. Hope of escape she felt there was none, for how could human strength strive against her who, in her invisible might, could hurl the children of men to destruction by the whirlwind or the earthquake? The Maharana and his whole household had thrice performed propitiatory rites, and thrice had the scowling sky answered

with its dread array of fierce thunder and red lightning; and as the magnificent gifts were laid before the shrine of the goddess, and the smoke of countless sacrifices ascended to heaven, no heart gathered hope that vengeance was at length satisfied, but the gloom which attends consciousness that something far more fearful remains to be done, darkened over all.

Kishen Kower's spirit, therefore, was now stilled with that preternatural calm which enables the sufferer to contemplate unshrinkingly the doom that cannot be averted. She had ceased to struggle against the powerful destiny that directed her path;—she bent her eye fixedly on the one sole termination which could, she believed, avert the ruin of the Lion's dynasty, and without one strong emotion she awaited the pre-ordained moment of its arrival.

Calmly, therefore, she reclined on her silken couch, and her thought seemed ice-bound. To *her* clouded mind there was no stirring spell in the word *eternity*. She deemed of other modes of existence, indeed, and of other forms to be passed through even in this world, but the

darkness of the dread future was unillumined, or illumined only by some unsteady meteor. She felt herself to be one awfully set apart from the human race, and the first initiatory rites having been performed, as if only the consummation were needed for the perfecting of the sacrifice.

Light but measured steps now caught her wakeful ear. She recognized well those stately paces, and her heart sank from its unnatural elevation, and throbbed with some female terrors, as she felt in every fibre the approach of the proud sister of the Maharana, Chand Bhaee.

The princess rose as she approached;—no greeting passed the lip of either. Kishen Kower bowed her lovely head with filial respect, but the mind of her haughty kinswoman was too much occupied to observe the quiet homage. They stood in silence, and at length eye met eye, and it was as if the spirit of the one spoke thus to the spirit of the other. Chand Bhaee clasped the hand of the princess, and both sank on the silken couch.

"The vengeance of Bhowanee continues insatiable," said Chand Bhaee. "Thou seest,

Kishen Kower, how shame hath dimmed the glory of thy father's house! Thou *feelest* that his only child hath been put to open dishonour by the affianced spouse who hath shrunk from her espousals. But were this the worst, even *this* might be endured until the indignant heart of every Rajpoot burst with its own bitterness. But thou knowest not what farther evils menace thy father's throne. Not content with the shame he has wrought out for us, Juggut Singh hath concurred with his new father-in-law, to entreat the Maharana to seek none other alliance for his daughter, as our whole tribes can afford no fitting successor to occupy the relation for which they led forth their armies. The resources of thy father, as thou knowest well, afford no more hopeful means of coping with two such enemies, than if the flock of kids should array themselves against the tiger. The Maharana cannot—dares not—provoke their hostility. Then look thou upon the alternative! Thou, Kishen Kower, even thou fairer than any among the daughters of thy people,—from being the pride of thy lineage, must

become its shame,—must bring the foulest stain upon its glory. Thou—the daughter not only of a Rajpoot, but of the head of all the Rajpoot tribes,—*thou* must waste thy useless life in unwedded solitude,—and the years of existence must be passed in bewailing thy virginity. *Or*—"

Chand Bhaee paused, and her lofty eye looked full on the face of her young kinswoman.

"Or Kishen Kower must die!"—said the young princess, supplying the meaning which Chand Bhaee had left unspoken, and for an instant a shuddering chillness crept through her whole frame.

"Thou hast spoken wisely," replied Chand Bhaee. "It is fitting she should die!"

There was silence, and now that the dread moment was come, the heart of Kishen Kower trembled.

"But when?—but where?"—she wildly asked. "Not now—not here! I would bid my father farewell,—I would see once more the pleasant sun;—I would look yet again upon what I leave.—Some hours hence, and then——"

"Not so," said Chand Bhaee, firmly. "Listen to my words, Kishen Kower. Even on the morrow the messenger of the Rajahs departs, and for the safety of the Maharana, it were well he should bear the tidings that that which *must* be done, *is* done! Thy father too hath a heart weaker than the heart of the weakest woman. In vain his ministers counsel,—in vain he acknowledges that there is but this one way by which to escape dishonour or ruin,—the feebleness of human affection unnerves him; the Rajpoot forgets the dignity of his caste; the Maharana hazards the security of his kingdom; he feels only that he is thy father!"

Kishen Kower wrung her hands in agony, and she wept with convulsive bitterness.

"It remains for thee therefore, in sacrificing life, to sacrifice also all the solace with which thou mightest wish to surround its parting moments!" continued Chand Bhaee. "For himself, in his all-absorbing love of thee, thy father cannot think,—think, therefore, for him! Save the kingdom of the Maharana. Save also thy family from dishonour, and surround thy name

with glory for ever;—or if thou *wilt* live,—see if thou canst brook the shame that must track thy future existence!"

Kishen Kower arose, and her young form seemed to dilate beneath the strong emotion of her spirit. "Nay, but *I* am a Rajpoot in heart and mind even as *thou* art, my kinswoman," she said. "True that my evil destiny depresses my house; true that I hold my life only to bring on it perpetual trials;—from my birth, was not the hand of Bhowanee upon me? Let fear and woe, therefore, cease henceforth for ever. Propitious be the death which shall bring honour to my father and glory to his people!"

The princess paused, and thrice Chand Bhaee clapped her hands. In instant obedience to the signal, Heera Bhaee appeared. She bore a vase of a single beryl in her hand, and with a countenance which was as firm as it was melancholy, she tendered the cup to Kishen Kower.

The princess received it. "It had been kinder, Heera Bhaee, if the sacrifice had been

made ere the victim had learned to love life," she said. "But the last words of thy nursling shall not be reproaches, and she receives this draught from thee as thankfully as ever she quaffed the cooling beverage thy hands were wont to prepare in the burning summer. Thou seest the bridegroom comes not; but I go to him *whose face is wrapt in his own shadow!* Say to my father that his daughter died not unworthy of her name! Comfort all who love me. And now, Bhowanee, the expiatory sacrifice is complete!"

She raised the chalice to her pale lips, and quaffed it to the very dregs.

So perished Kishen Kower!

THE SICK CERTIFICATE.

It was towards the close of day in August, and the sun was going down dimly and gloomily. The sea was white, pale, and death-like, as it lay quietly under the heavy clouds that girdled the horizon, forming the sea-bank, portentous of storm and wind. The air was damp and heavy, and the eye turning landwards was still impressed by sad images,—by bare and rocky hills, whose summits were half-hidden in the curling mist,—by masses of trees, mangoes, cocoas, palmiras, plantains, whose pleasant green gloomed through that dim and twilight atmosphere like melancholy grey. No rain had fallen during the day. It was one of those breaks in the monsoon when

the sufferer actually seems to inhale steam, and when every breathing of the invalid appears a gasp for life. Not a breeze to pass over the throbbing temples, or to wave the lightest leaf that ever hung on tree or shrub! It seemed to the drooping energies of the pale beings who were gazing on the scene, as if the pulse of creation had stopped.

There were two persons looking out alternately upon the land and the sea with feelings of the most painful interest,—a husband and wife. The former was evidently suffering from some severe malady; the cheek of the latter was as pallid as his own, and her eye, if its glance were somewhat less leaden, was still shaded by an anxiety which words never express. His hand was clasped in her's, and his head rested against her bosom as she stood with her arm encircling his neck; and they seemed, sufferers as they were, not to be wholly without comfort, as they clung together thus lovingly.

Their silence had continued some time, for their hearts were filled with thoughts to which

neither cared to give utterance. At length Captain Darnley, for so was he called, drawing the beloved form on which he leaned still more closely to him, asked her, "And you do not think I improve much then,—do you, Anne, dearest?"

"A little, dear, a *little*, I hope and trust," replied the wife soothingly, willing to impart the comfort she required, and had not! "You know your appearance never changes *very* much, and—"

"Oh, Anne, Anne, but it *does* change, my darling girl. Look at this vest! it is not so long since it fitted me closely,—and the sleeves —and—alas, am I *not* changed?"

"Oh, thinner, Darnley, thinner, to be sure. You know in this country how soon one is pulled down! And then recovery is always so slow! One can scarcely see any improvement; though, in fact, one *is* improving, dear. Now *do* be cheered, my own dear husband! Let us think how happy we shall be in sweet, beautiful, beloved England; how soon we

hope to be there. Is it not quite delightful, Darnley ?"

" Oh, yes, yes, it *is* delightful, if we were but *sure!* Tell me again what Thompson said ?"

" He said, ' India will not do for Darnley ; he must go home.' And then he asked *me* if I should like it ; and need I tell you, dear, how frankly and cordially, and rapturously I answered ' Yes, yes, yes,' a hundred times. And his words were, ' We must send him then.' I could only exclaim, ' Without delay ! without delay !' And off he went, promising to come again this evening."

" It is getting late ; I wish he would come. Why does he not give me the certificate at once ?"

" Oh, but after what he has said there cannot be the shadow of a doubt on the matter, you know, dear George. An officer's word is *so* sacred,—and a professional man too,—of that profession moreover which so imperiously requires from its practitioners the greatest recti-

tude and honour, and good feeling! Oh, I cannot for an instant think that he will fail us. It is impossible!"

"Heaven bless you for that hope, my dearest; and I might feel it too if——" The appearance of the person to whom he was referring interrupted the sentence.

Doctor Thompson was the medical officer of Darnley's regiment. In the East every professional man is called "Doctor" by courtesy; or rather *was*, for in our days the influence of "the schoolmaster" is, in some unimportant details, reaching to this *ultima Thule* of civilization.

Mr. Assistant Surgeon Thompson, for such was his *bonâ-fide* style and title, was a short, thick, bluff-looking personage, about thirty years old, with a pair of prominent lack-lustre red eyes, sleek black hair, hanging straight, lanky, and damp, over his forehead, and leaving on the collar of his jacket evident indications of its too great lengthiness. Over his burly-looking face an expression of great meekness and loving-kindness was superinduced, and

it was not until after two or three interviews that you detected in the oblique, lateral glances of his eyes, a sentiment which could be translated only into a looking-out keenly after his own interest. He had the character of being a very inoffensive man. He was civil to every body, and almost *too* attentive to his patients. He had such a conviction of the infallibility of the commanding-officer for the time being, as befitted a person of his humble temper, which did not permit him to place his own judgment in competition with that of his superiors. He was fortunate in quickly discovering the good qualities of any officer who happened to have influential connexions, and commendably prudent in eschewing the society of such refractory youths as ventured to canvass the doings of their betters,—conducting himself altogether with laudable discretion amongst the promiscuous society of the mess-table, avoiding any intermeddling with the opinions and assertions commonly ventured there.

Captain Darnley was *only* a gentleman by birth, education, and by *principle*. He had

nothing beyond his pay, and those clinging relics of youthful folly—his debts. Moreover, he had a young and accomplished wife; but as *home* was his object, he economized to the utmost, and, to Mr. Assistant-Surgeon Thompson's gently expressed surprise, saw little society, and "gave no feeds." He had no interest in India,—no expectations from patronage. His relations, aristocratic as they were, could do nothing for him; they had no Indian influence. Captain Darley was, to add to his other misfortunes, a popular man with his corps generally, and as Lieutenant-Colonel Bore, at that time commanding, was very much the reverse, it follows of course, that Darnley was no favourite at head-quarters, and, as another necessary consequence, none with Doctor Thompson, save and except a slight saving clause on the score of prospective contingencies.

To return to the hall of Captain Darnley's house.

"Bless my soul, Darnley!" said the professional gentleman, endeavouring to light up

his face to an explosion of delight. "Why, you 're quite another man! I declare I should scarcely have known you, you look so amazingly better!"

"Then my looks sorely belie my feelings," said Darnley coldly, and as quietly as he could. "I am *very* ill to-night, Thompson, and I wish you would give me something composing."

"To be sure, my dear Sir, to be sure," returned Thompson with great warmth of manner; "we shall be able to manage that easily, that is, if we find from the symptoms, you know —But I beg your pardon, Mrs. Darnley; upon my word I was so engrossed by Darnley's evident improvement, that I really did not see you. How do you find yourself this evening? You look but poorly."

"Oh, but I feel much better," returned Mrs. Darnley. "You know the progress of my disorder is greatly affected by the state of my mind, and since you declared your intention of sending Captain Darnley home, I am beginning to feel quite strong in the hope of seeing dear England shortly."

"True, true, to be sure; that is, if he requires it, you know; for of course I should be unwilling to send him away, except in a case of absolute necessity, for his own sake," said Doctor Thompson smoothly. "It adds so much to an officer's term of slavery! And really, if Darnley goes on improving at this rate, I hope and believe it will be needless."

"Really now, doctor, you must excuse my disagreeing with you," said Mrs. Darnley, who saw with a trembling heart the shadow that was settling on her husband's brow. "It is not many hours since you saw Captain Darnley, and how the improvement has occurred, or wherein it consists, I confess myself at a loss to discover. In short, my dear Doctor Thompson, I think the certificate quite as necessary now as it was this morning; and I think moreover, and I assure you I am a deeply interested observer, that it is probable it will not be less necessary a month hence, if you intend keeping us here so long."

"I intend? My dear Madam, I have no *intention* in the matter but that of doing my

duty, and that duty requires me to assure you, that *you* at least ought not to remain in India another day, if it could be avoided."

"Go without my husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Darnley, in a tone and with a gesture of horror. "Never, if death be the alternative."

"Nevertheless, you *must* go, my dear Anne," said her husband calmly. "And as for me, we will talk about that another time."

"No, we will talk about it now, George," returned Mrs. Darnley, collecting herself,— "we will talk about it *now*, as is most fitting and proper, where interests so dear to both of us are at stake. And I will assure Doctor Thompson that he, as an unmarried man, may perhaps be excused for imagining such treason against woman's heart, as to believe the wife capable of leaving the sick husband in a clime so hostile. But *you*, Darnley, ought to deem better of me. However, doctor, let me tell you frankly, if you think it inconsistent with your duty to send Captain Darnley away, be it so;—do nothing against such convictions.— Our alternative must be to procure leave to

visit the Presidency, and see whether the medical gentlemen there disagree with you,—whence we shall call on you for a statement of Darnley's case, and your mode of treatment."

"You take up my words too hastily, Mrs. Darnley," said Doctor Thompson, whose naturally red face glowed purple beneath the searching eye of the anxious wife. "I did not say that a sick-certificate for Darnley would be absolutely unnecessary;—but we must take time—and think about it—And, in short, I dare say we shall be able to arrange matters very well,—but do not let us be too hasty—nothing like deliberation, you know—hey, Captain Darnley!—Oh, we shall do very well!"

Darnley turned from him with ill-concealed disgust. But his wife had greater self-command, and she once more repeated calmly the assurance, that if, on the morrow, Darnley showed no change of symptoms, either Doctor Thompson must give the necessary certificate, or Darnley would forward an application to army head-quarters for leave to visit the Presidency forthwith.

"I trust Darnley *will* be better in the morning," was Doctor Thompson's parting wish. "At any rate, if he is not, it will be time enough then to decide on sending him away. So good night, Darnley;—keep yourself up;—good night, Mrs. Darnley;—take care of yourself, and be *good-spirited,—you* must go home at least." And so he left them, hastening away to prevent Mrs. Darnley's accurately anticipated reply.

The husband and wife turned their eyes on the countenance of each other, and read feelings and indignation too deep for words. They stood in sad silence for a few minutes, interrupted at length by Captain Darnley's continuing the train of his thoughts, and saying—"Well, Anne, was I deceived?—Did not I tell you yonder man was *never* to be relied on if permitted to escape for a moment from your own immediate observation."

"He is a base and time-serving wretch," exclaimed Mrs. Darnley with unusual warmth, in words wrung from her by the bitterness of the suffering to which she knew full well they

were exposed. "But do not droop, dearest George;—believe me we *will* go home and—"

"At least *you* must, Anne;—even this idiot can see the necessity of *your* remaining no longer in a climate like this."

"Do not talk of parting, Darnley," said his wife earnestly and in a manner almost solemn. "I will *never* leave you;—thy home shall be my home,—and where thou liest there will I also be buried."—And she burst into a passion of tears, and long they wept in each other's arms.

When they looked up from that sad embrace, the dimness of the closing day had passed away. The full moon had risen, and was shining, as it never shines beyond the tropics, with a splendour that brought out every object in strong relief. The sea lay beneath its rays, one broad sheet of silver, and the outlines of the hills were traced in marked distinctness. The sweet fragrance of that shrub known familiarly in India as 'the Burmese creeper,' which threw its fairy boughs, hung with bells varying through all shades from white to crimson, over

an arched trelliswork, streamed into the hall through the open venetians, inviting the invalid to approach and enjoy the balmy breeze which its perfume enriched.

Arm-in-arm Darnley and his wife passed into the garden. They walked some time in silence unbroken by any other communion than that occasional pressure of the hand which told whither their thoughts were turning. Darnley at length seemed fatigued, and threw himself on the bench beneath the Burmese creeper.

"Is this safe, dear?" said the anxious wife, inhaling the air more freely, as if thus she wished to ascertain whether any vapours there could injure the frail frame of the being who was the whole world to her.

"There is not a particle of moisture abroad, my dearest," said he. "The sea-breeze has sprung up, and it is *so* refreshing after this dismal day!—Go and get your shawl, Anne;—the breeze is almost cold;—come back to me quickly."

She left him, and Darnley restless and uneasy rose to walk. He paced to the ex-

tremity of the avenue, and he paused to look down on the sea, as the surf, beating more violently every moment, broke upon the rocks. Every wave was crested, and his heart throbbed strongly, as if to welcome the freshening breeze. He panted for his home. His very spirit was sickening as he saw the wife of his bosom fading under the influence of the tropical sun,—drooping, notwithstanding her efforts to collect her energies. And he knew that to achieve this end there was but one visible means; and whether that was to be within his grasp or not, depended on the fiat of a man whom, in his deepest soul, he despised with absolute loathing.

Louder than the dashing of the ocean the voice of his thoughts rose within him. But what sound can drown the faintest whisper of the human being who is the object of strong passion—whether of love or hate?

Above the roaring of the surge,—above his own tumultuous feelings, Darnley at that instant caught the voice of Thompson.

With no consciousness of the moral bearing

of the action, panting and breathless with strong emotion, he stood leaning against one of a group of murgosas. And as he listened he heard words like these.

"But, my dear Captain Ashton," expostulated Doctor Thompson,—"if you could but have witnessed the violence of Mrs. —— mention no names,—safe plan, you know,—you would have been positively shocked. I assure you, upon my honour as a medical man, her threats absolutely terrified me,—and, really—upon the whole, I think the best thing we can do will be to send them off instanter."

"Ruin—ruin—my good fellow," returned his companion, whom Darnley would instantly have recognized, if the address of Doctor Thompson had not already pointed him out. "To let Darnley once quit these shores without first getting fairly out of my way, will be actual destruction to my prospects. And then consider, Thompson, how much the corps will be benefited by such a step. It is not my interests only that are concerned. Look at the lieutenants, nay ensigns of seven years' stand-

ing!—How are they looking out for Darnley, think you?—No, no—Thompson, you owe it to us to keep him here until he is fairly sickened. In another month he will be glad to go away on any terms. Let him *have* the certificate, in Heaven's name, *conditionally*. And what matters it to him whether he invalids or not? His expecting ever to arrive at the majority is absurd. He keeps others back without any earthly benefit to himself. Really, I think we are positively his best friends, in forcing him to do that which every rational being must see well enough that he ought to have done long since."

"Well, of course you know best," returned Doctor Thompson. "I wish to do everything I can to please the regiment. And you know, Captain Ashton, the Zillah of Bopore will shortly be vacant, and a word from you at the Adjutant-General's office ——"

"Will surely not be wanting," added Captain Ashton; and more he might have said, but Darnley's frenzy was no longer to be kept within bounds. Animated by the unnatural

strength of passion, he cleared the hedge at one bound, and confronted the astonished pair.—"Scoundrels and cowards!"—he gasped, and farther utterance was suspended by ungovernable emotion.

In a moment Captain Ashton saw his advantage, and regained his usual coolness. Perhaps he had not been thrown off his equilibrium three times in the course of his life. He was proverbially cool;—calm beneath looks of contempt which did all but speak daggers;—calm beneath the general disgust that caused his presence to be shunned almost as a contagion; calm beneath whispered taunts and innuendoes that would have maddened a sensitive man, and have nerved to manual repulse any arm but that of a coward.

And at this moment he felt he had the lion in the toils. He saw with the eye of the practised huntsman who watches the tiger he has just chafed,—with such an eye Captain Ashton marked the pale quivering lip,—the distended nostril,—the foam each breathing drew forth from Darnley,—and he knew well

that he was utterly beyond self-command. The presence of Thompson was his own safe guard, and also, for the cool soldier was collected enough to extend a very prospective view into the future, his best evidence in the crisis to which the maddened Darnley was surely hastening.

Therefore, addressing himself to his victim, he enquired deliberately, with the air of a man all-unconscious of aught base or wrong, to what he was indebted for the honour of Captain Darnley's presence at so unexpected a moment, and in a manner so utterly unprecedented?

Such an address was to throw fuel on the flame. The rage of Darnley became every instant more violent, and his body shook strongly beneath the force of his tremendous passion.

"Ashton," said he, with a voice hoarse but subdued into an unnatural and frightful calmness of tone, "I have ever deemed you a cold, calculating, selfish knave, who, beyond the sphere of your own vile interests, cared for nothing, loved nothing; and I have avoided

you accordingly, as all honest men avoid you. I know that for your own miserable advancement, you would be content to sacrifice the lives—the hopes of tens of thousands."

"Sir," interrupted Captain Ashton, "you may spare yourself the trouble of an harangue, and of the vain expenditure of an eloquence which cannot but prove injurious to your constitution in its present enfeebled state. I request you to leave my premises, where you are an intruder—equally unwelcome and undesired."

"Now, mark me, Ashton," said Darnley in a louder voice, "if I live until this arm is once more nerved, I will call you to such account for this as shall try the strength of your crafty soul. I know you, Sir, now; I have overheard your projects, and I trust the Almighty God will not allow prosperity to your foul villainy. You pursue your snake-like course, hidden beneath the shadow of others, but leaving your filthy slime on all you touch; but for once I have tracked your windings! And for your worthy coadjutor, I shall find a day for him

too; albeit the stake of one honest man's life is all too much to set against the polluted existence of two such wretched cowards and villains. Yes, Captain Ashton, note it well—mark it well; I tell you to your teeth you are liar, coward, and scoundrel," and Darnley, still nerved by his frenzy, left the compound as he had entered it.

The excitement lasted until Darnley had reached his couch. Then, when the moment of reaction came, faint, breathless, cold dews bursting from every pore, he lay in a state of infantine weakness, or of utter unconsciousness. There needed no busy messenger to tell his wife what had occurred. When she returned to seek Darnley, she heard his voice in altercation with Captain Ashton; and the very sight of his companion explained to her that he must have been the auditor of some irritating communication, and that his impetuosity had urged him instantly to seek their presence and tell them so.

It was a night of terrible anxiety to that devoted wife. The husband of her choice, the

beloved of her youth, lay on his couch languid, exhausted, unconscious of her care, insensible to her voice. Far from bringing them nearer to the longed-for period of their quitting India, this event, admitting it to have only the happiest results, must retard their departure. And she felt that, of Darnley's ultimate recovery, an immediate change to the blessed air of his native shore, afforded the *single* hope. He had experienced no improvement even when all around was tranquillity; and how would he now endure the excitement necessarily attendant on the consequences of that action, which she well knew would be construed into a military offence?

But when she contemplated those consequences, her spirit did not fail: she almost wondered at the calmness and fortitude with which she regarded that which might probably entail on them utter ruin. She knew enough of the regulations of the service to be aware that, admitting the case to be proved, there was but one sentence to be pronounced by a Court-martial animated by the most favourable feel-

ings—Dismissal. And then, what would become of them, destitute as they were of resources? The very circumstance under which they would in that case return to their native country, would wear an appearance of disgrace, which might afford some plea of justification to the coldness of friends, too willing, alas! to be cold when their friendship is most needed! Such a prospect was dreary enough, but, as she afterwards confessed, her heart was at that trying season strongly, *strangely* supported.

Long before the anticipated visit of the Adjutant, Darnley had recovered consciousness and even composure. His wife had heard from his own lips the conversation between Ashton and Thompson, of which he had been an auditor, and her hopes gathered strength as she listened. Darnley did not for a moment attempt to conceal from her his conviction that the harshest proceedings would immediately be instituted, and he was satisfied when she knew the whole, and her fortitude shrank not. He was more—he found comfort in *her* comfort.

"Always make me aware of the real nature

of our position," she was accustomed to say. "God gave me to you as your friend and helpmate, and how can I be useful to you in either character, if half that I ought to know is, from mistaken consideration, concealed from me? I might as well attempt to lead a person through a dangerous road blindfolded."

The Adjutant entered the hall with a most reluctant step. Darnley was lying on a couch, and Mrs. Darnley rose to receive their visitor. She hastened to relieve him from his embarrassment by assuring him of a welcome. "We have expected you," she said; "you must do your duty, Mr. Percy; you are come for Darnley's sword."

"Such is the painful office that has fallen to me in this unfortunate business," replied Mr. Percy. "Darnley, my good fellow, the whole regiment sympathises with you, though we hav heard nothing but what that disgusting Thompson has thought fit to insinuate. We are quite satisfied that you have had great provocation."

Darnley and his wife together explained the whole matter. "Precious pair!" said Mr.

Percy, who had listened attentively. "Do not be discouraged, Darnley; I don't apprehend any *ultimate* evil to yourself, whatever the immediate result may be. To tell you the truth, old Bore is perfectly delighted that he has been able to lay his hand on you. He and Ashton have been closeted ever since parade this morning, and the doctor was sent for previously to the breaking up of the conference. They have framed the charges together, of course, and cleverly framed they are!"

There was the preamble, as usual, for "conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman," exhibited in three instances; first, in Darnley's having unwarrantably forced himself on the presence of Captain Ashton, by overleaping a fence which separated their respective compounds, and remained there contrary to the express desire of Captain Ashton; secondly, in having, at the same time and place, without any provocation, threatened Captain Ashton with a challenge to fight a duel; and, thirdly, in having applied to him the terms "liar and coward," with other violent and abusive lan-

guage—the whole being in breach of the articles of war.

Such is an outline of the charges, which Darnley read over with a smile of pure, unmixed contempt. Not that he was blind to the fact of the necessary sentence that must follow their being proved; but he disdained, with the deepest scorn, the malignant bitterness that had so striven for his ruin, and shrunk from encountering him where—bad and lamentable as the fact is—a soldier believes all *his* personal grievances ought to meet redress.

It would be idle to follow the thoughts of the suffering pair through all the mazes in which they deviated during the interval which necessarily intervened before the day of trial. In the all-absorbing occupation of his mind, Darnley's bodily sickness was almost disregarded. True, he was feeble as a child; but the pains that had once tortured every limb, had for the present ceased, and so far he was in a state of comparative ease. If ever woman was what God designed her to be—a helpmate for man—Mrs. Darnley was that woman. Unwearied in

her attention, untiring in her patience, she listened with ready ear to all the conjectures with which his sickly mind occupied itself; she aided his weakness; by her evident fortitude she taught him resignation; and by the piety which was her best support at all times, and *now* felt indeed as a rock of defence, she was enabled to trust Him "who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," and to contemplate the future without despair.

And she had much to occupy her. There was one solitary point in which she could ask counsel of none but her own bosom; and long and frequent were her communings with that counsellor. To open to Darnley the secret with which her thoughts were occupied, would but inflict on him an anxiety tenfold more cruel than her own, and force on her the task of lightening *his* apprehensions whilst she had to combat her own. Therefore, after much consideration—after bringing every faculty of her mind to bear upon the subject—after having devoutly and humbly sought guidance and light from "the fountain of all wisdom," she took

courage, and did boldly that which she believed her highest duties called on her to do.

Before the charges against Darnley were returned from the Adjutant-General's office to his regimental head-quarters, a simple but copious statement of his case had been privately conveyed to one who, whatever might be the fiat of the court-martial, had the approval or disapproval of it in his power. The statement took a retrospective view of the dreadful state of bodily suffering to which Captain Darnley had for so many months been a prey; it went on to record various instances of annoyance on the part of Captain Ashton, which, though too skilfully contrived to be tangible, were not the less likely to irritate a high-feeling man, who was conscious of their design and writhed beneath their effects. It asserted, also, the hostility of Colonel Bore, his close alliance with Captain Ashton, and certain occurrences in which nothing but Captain Darnley's interference had prevented the grossest violation of all discipline. It revealed the system under which Doctor Thompson had acted — that,

alarmed by the evident danger of Darnley, he had volunteered to give him a sick-certificate to England; that, so far from improving, Captain Darnley had daily become worse, up to the very evening when the events occurred on which the charges preferred against him had been framed. It disclosed the tergiversation manifested on that evening by Doctor Thompson, which had naturally tended to irritate Captain Darnley to excess. It then went on to relate without comment, verbatim, the conversation overheard by Darnley between Captain Ashton and Doctor Thompson, when Darnley, irritated to frenzy by such palpable demonstration of the evil influence that was at work against him, was impelled to that unfortunate violence which had reduced him to his present dangerous predicament.

"If the opinion of a man's fellows," thus it concluded, "be satisfactory evidence of his character, then let all Darnley's brother officers be called on to bear record. Ask of them whether he be not of courage as noble as ever animated the pulse of officer and gentleman,

yet of heart gentle to the lowest and weakest? Ask of them whether his integrity stand not on so proud a basis, that his word alone is sufficient to authenticate any fact for which he pledges it? Ask of them, whether, although he insist on subordination to the utmost, he be not the unwearied friend of every soldier under him; the patient investigator of their claims—the merciful instructor of their ignorance?—the most honourable gentleman, the most upright man, the truest of friends, the most indulgent of masters, and ah! the tenderest of husbands! What mighty provocation must that have been which could rouse so brave and gentle a spirit to the commission of the violence of which he stands accused! And what, after all, was that violence? Exists there a man, who, under such an outrage, would have done less than brand the perpetrators of it with names such as well befitted them? Were they less black than he charged them with being? And although, to repel such charges, men of honour hourly peril their lives, with the offence of provoking them to such an act he cannot be

charged; for his accusers have borne more than this, and still they and their enemies remain unscathed! They have borne the withering sarcasm, and the bitter taunt, until it has become familiar to their ears; and the first wound they have affected to feel on their honour, has been inflicted at the precise moment when they had power to skreen themselves behind the military law, and vindicate their injured reputation by bringing ruin on their opponent, for that which, after all, amounts to no more than a breach of military etiquette!"

The day of trial arrived, and Darnley, the prisoner, was carried from his palankeen into the presence of the Court. Worn and attenuated as he was, palid and changed, his calm and composed eye bore evidence that all was at peace within. Many a one of the members of that Court looked on him with pity and respect. Darnley was so well known for all that soldiers love as brightest and best, and the circumstances of his case came so home to men's business and bosoms, that it must be avowed the convocation was hardly prepared to

consider the fact impartially. Captain Ashton, moreover, was what is technically called in the army, a marked man: a *party* he had indeed, for he had interest; and time-servers and sycophants, the servile and selfish, are to be found everywhere. But it had been emphatically observed of him, by one well calculated to judge, "He had brothers and sisters, kinsmen and wife, but he was the friend of no man, and no man was his friend." Men felt that they could have no sympathy with one who stood aloof from them in cold solitariness; and whether he were loved or respected the least, it might have embarrassed the profoundest metaphysician to determine.

It is not intended in this place to paint all the forms of the proceedings. The Judge-Advocate-General was a man well skilled in all the routine of his department, and everything, as might be expected, was regular even to the letter. The trial occupied but a few hours. Darnley's defence was read by the Judge-Advocate, and the sensation with which it was received, proved the force of the manly plain-

ness with which the facts were recorded as they stood. The Court adjourned until the following day, when they again assembled to record the sentence, and witness the signing and sealing of the proceedings.

When the trial was absolutely finished,—when Darnley knew that so far his fate was decided,—he resigned himself to patient expectation of the return from the Commander-in-Chief. He felt that if he had hazarded the provision for his own existence,—and for that of the wife far dearer to him than life,—he had now done his utmost to redeem his error. Sometimes, although he felt that his patience had been tried beyond the limits of man's endurance, he looked on the pale cheek of that beloved being once so fair, and repented in bitterness that he had given his enemy this advantage over him. But the voice of her consolation, always ready to minister to his wounds; soothed the anguish of his remorse, and awakened him to hope. Yes,—to a higher and better hope than any this frail world, with all its glorious pageantry, can bestow,—even to that hope from

which *she* had gathered strength to support her, when the poor body that enshrined her spirit, seemed debilitated to that pitiable weakness for which there is rest only in the grave.

The proceedings returned, and a Division Order commanded the attendance of the general staff, of the commanding officers and staff of the station, and of the commanding officer, staff, and all other European commissioned officers of Darnley's regiment, at eleven A. M. on the following morning. The whole place was in commotion. Horses, buggies, palankeens, all were put in requisition;—and there was the hurrying to and fro, as of men bent on an important object,—after all, the inquiry perhaps of the Athenians,—"Is there any new thing?"—Whispers began to be in circulation, emanating from somebody who had been fortunate enough to obtain a sight of the important despatches. In short, many hearts beat more strongly than those of the sick prisoner and his wife; and other breasts, perhaps, trembled with more fearful apprehensions than those of that afflicted pair.

On the following day, all who had been sum-

moned, attended at the head-quarters of the division. There was a splendid display of the "pomp and circumstance" of military decoration. There was the scarlet and the gold and the embroidery; and the rattling of swords, and of spurred-heels; and the glitter of helmets with their waving plumes. And Darnley was there too, arrayed in his gorgeous trappings,—but without that sword which had done so much good service against the foes of his country,—without that sword which perhaps was to be restored to him no more.

The finding of the Court was read, pronouncing the prisoner guilty of every instance of the charge, save and except the words in the preamble describing his conduct as "unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman," and also the words "without *provocation*," in the second instance. The sentence of course was dismissal, but "under the circumstances of the case," the document went on to state, "the Court felt justified in earnestly recommending the prisoner to the merciful consideration of His Excellency. They begged respectfully to call

the attention of His Excellency to the long and painful illness under which Captain Darnley had previously been labouring,—an illness which up to the present moment exerted its distressing influence,—an illness which his own medical attendant had pronounced incurable in this country, and as a remedy for which, that very medical attendant, Assistant-surgeon Thompson, had himself prescribed a return to Europe. The Court begged strongly to remark on the evidence given by that officer, being, as he was, the single witness subpœnaed in support of the prosecution;—also on the framing of the charge, which had been so constructed as to remove from assistant-surgeon Thompson, the appearance of being one of the parties against whom Captain Darnley's unfortunately violent expressions had been directed. The Court having evidence to the fact, which, indeed, the prisoner had not denied, were bound by their oath to find him 'guilty,' and to record sentence of dismissal accordingly. But viewing the aggravated nature of the provocation,—being no less than a conviction that he had been deluded in

the hopes extended by the very man who had appeared on his trial as evidence against him,—the Court felt it their high and imperative duty earnestly to repeat their recommendation of Captain Darnley to the most favourable consideration of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that a valuable and greatly respected officer might not be lost to the Company's service, for an offence which, grave as it might be in its military character, involved not the slightest taint of moral turpitude. The Court, therefore, relying on the known, &c. &c. &c."

And then came the remarks of the Commander-in-Chief, commencing, according to the formal routine, with His Excellency's disapproval.—The very finding, it said, ought to have guided the Court to pronounce a less severe punishment;—since they had exonerated the prisoner from "conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman,"—and had also founded their recommendation of his case to the favourable consideration of His Excellency, on the grounds of the extreme provocation that had led Captain Darnley to so violent an expression of his feel-

ings, as had unfortunately placed him in jeopardy. Much as the Commander-in-Chief lamented the intemperance of which Captain Darnley had been guilty, His Excellency concurred with the Court in pronouncing the provocation extreme;—indeed he had satisfaction in bearing his testimony to its being altogether unprecedented in the course of his experience. He congratulated Captain Darnley on the almost unanimous testimony his brother officers had so nobly borne to his high and unimpeachable integrity. The Commander-in-Chief expressed his satisfaction in being able to restore to their fellowship an officer so greatly, and—so far as he could be guided by the records now submitted to him—so deservedly beloved. He directed, in conclusion, that Captain Darnley should be released from arrest, and return to his duty forthwith.

Scarcely did the impatient audience allow the sonorous voice of the Assistant Adjutant-General to subside into its concluding pause, before, forgetful of the etiquette of the meeting, hands were extended to grasp Darnley's, and eyes

were beaming with congratulation and delight, and whispered praises were hailing his restoration to his proper place. The lips of many a brave man trembled then with emotions such as sterner natures blush to display; and poor Darnley, weak in body, overwhelmed with the sudden rush of feelings, with the untameable zeal of the fiery spirits of his band of devoted friends, oppressed by the effusion of friendship and applause that would not be restrained, covered his face, and wept aloud.

The meeting dissolved, and surrounded by a gallant cavalcade, the palankeen of Darnley passed swiftly down the line of the Cantonment. They arrived at his door, and his happy friends parted with him there, for they knew well *who* was awaiting with fear and trembling, within his home.

It was a moment of deep joy,—Darnley felt that its peculiar character singled it out from all other moments of his life, when he clasped in his arms the being who had been saved from utter destitution, and who now, looking in his face, exclaimed—"Tell me nothing,—I read it

all *there*. You are acquitted, and triumphant; I am sure you are."

And he confirmed the blissful assurance, and detailed, so far as his agitation would permit, the occurrences of the morning. And he tasted yet another honey-drop in the cup of that day's bliss; for he learned then, for the first time, the effort on which she, in the depth of her wife-like devotion, had ventured, unassisted by advice or influence; and he rejoiced the more, to think that, in part at least, he owed the preservation of his professional reputation to the firmness of the gentlest being that ever smoothed the pillow of sickness.

In the Division Orders of that day, there appeared an Extract from General Orders, removing Colonel Bore from the command of Darnley's regiment; and, almost at the same hour, Mr. Percy visited the happy pair to notify that Ashton and Thompson had both been placed in arrest, and that charges against them, framed at the Presidency, had actually arrived by the very Dâk which conveyed Darnley's acquittal.

That was a day of loud revelry at the Mess. It was not what is called a public day, but every officer brought so many friends with him, that it seemed as if the whole Cantonment had gathered there to celebrate a festival. Many a health was quaffed to Darnley and his wife, and loud and long were the encomiums lavished on them. *They* enjoyed a deeper and holier thankfulness in the quiet of their own home,—happy in their prosperity, as they had been resigned beneath their trial.

Darnley went to the Presidency so soon as his evidence had been given on the trials of Captain Ashton and Doctor Thompson. Indeed, their conspiracy had already been sufficiently proved in the former investigation, and form only rendered the repetition of it necessary. Darnley and his wife felt no triumph when they knew that their adversaries were disgraced and ruined. The moment of their own restoration to happiness had been that of forgiveness. And very shortly India, with all its train of sorrow and suffering and gaudy misery, where life is a skeleton dressed in glittering

robes, became to them as a land viewed in the visions of the night. For Darnley at the Presidency procured the certificate that enabled him to return to his father-land, and he quitted it no more. By representations in the proper quarter, and the kindness of a friend, he realized an income abundantly sufficient to afford him and the beloved of his heart every comfort, and some of the few luxuries that tempted their moderate wishes. In one of the southern counties, near the sea, stands his rose-covered home, the cynosure to which many an Indian wanderer's eye has been turned, and where hospitality has never cheated the expectations of those whose past kindness gave them the slightest claim to seek it.

CAPTAIN PHILIPSON'S CAREER.

AMONGST the Memoranda of our uncle Philipson, who died off the Cape in June 1830, on his passage from India to England, we find the following reminiscences, explanatory of the unfortunate circumstance of his having nothing to bequeath to his heirs, after twenty-five years spent in "the finest service in the world." They are presented to the public at large in the conviction that they will be found applicable to nine-tenths of the officers of the said service, and will at once save *them* the pain of "recounting all their miseries o'er again," and check the fervent aspirations of hungry aspirants after their speedy dissolution, by demonstrating that the inheritance they expect hath no more tan-

gible being than that with which their imaginations have invested it.

"People who anticipate death, generally betake themselves to making a will. I, the writer of this document, being under the influence of that expectation, do declare that I abstain from such testamentary disposal of my estates, from the mere circumstance of having none to bequeath. In place of them I desire to give the benefit of my experience to my heirs, that they may be attracted to, or warned from, a similar dedication of their time, accordingly as they are capable, or otherwise, of receiving to their bosoms stern and unpalatable truths, instead of vain but delightful delusions. These memoranda of my career will, in my judgment, exculpate me from the charge of having disregarded opportunities of accumulating wealth, or having squandered it when accumulated, in the view of every candid mind, if any such there be amongst a crowd of disappointed heirs. To them therefore I give, all I have to bestow, these chronological series of the events of my life in India.

"I am a Cadet of 1806. My Ensign's commission bears the date of the following year. In the autumn of that year I quitted England, and landed in India in the early part of 1808.

"I ascertained, on arriving at the Presidency, that I was to proceed immediately to the Cadet's quarters at Cuddalore; that a tent would be furnished me by Government, and that the sum total of my pay and allowances would be thirty-two pagodas monthly, twelve pagodas being deducted as rent for the quarters which would be allotted me. My tent, according to regulations, was shared with another Cadet; and from our inexperience of what was really necessary, we departed with twice the requisite quantity of baggage and of attendance.

"The year at Cuddalore was spent by me as it was by others, in more than a sufficient quantity of drills, disobedience, riots, imprisonments, and, I regret to say, drunkenness. Shut out from all society, with none who cared for us in aught beyond the routine of military duty —the few seniors leading, and the majority,

unfledged boys of fifteen, following their guidance—introducing wine and liquors, rather because it was contrary to regulations, than agreeable to our taste—our time passed away in pursuits not only trifling but mischievous. If ever one act of wisdom has been performed by the Indian authorities, it is the abolition of this apprenticeship to all that is least likely to dignify the military life.

"At the expiration of my term of probation, I was posted to the 81st Regiment as third Ensign, and proceeded to the Presidency to join my corps.

"This occurred in that year so memorable to the Madras army, 1809. I am not about to enter in this place on a detail of the grievances that drove us—for I was of the mutineers—to extremities. May the wiser heads of the present generation avert, by concession and a proper regard for the soldier's interest, any repetition of that dangerous conjuncture! It should begin to be understood that an exasperated army—but I will not anticipate. Time will unfold all that is as yet hidden in its

unread pages. Suffice it that, after remaining ten months at the Presidency, the numerous band of officers found to be intractable were dispersed at different stations, and I, with many others, was ordered to Sadras.

"Three months we remained there in the unutterable bliss of idleness, and exemption from all military duty. My soul looks back on that short period with ineffable delight. There we were in the satisfactory consciousness of being engaged in a noble struggle for our rights, which dignified our inoccupation, and removed from our minds that unpleasant sensation of unimportance and inutility which complete indolence is apt to induce. Those blissful three months, however, expired at length, and we were ordered to Madras to sign the test, which was to restore us to the 'occupation that had gone.'

"One month sufficed for our abode in that capital city of dulness, prodigality, self-consequence, and ignorance, and we commenced a march to Hyderabad:—pleasantest of all military stations, with variety enough to give zest

to enjoyment, a society constantly fluctuating, and from its numerical strength, possessing capabilities of sufficient amusement! Happily floated away, on gay pinions, the year of my youth which there rose and waned! It was a moment of bitter regret when the order arrived, removing me to the other battalion, and directing me to proceed forthwith to its head-quarters at Wallahjahbad.

"During this year I had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and of course arrived at a higher gradation of pay, my additional rank putting me in the immediate receipt of *one hundred and ninety-six rupees* monthly;—a splendid income, as must be apparent to all those who will take the trouble to calculate the inevitable expenditure consequent on the military life in India, the frequency of my removal from station to station, the expense of marching, and the inordinate price demanded for those European articles, both of dress and provision, which my profession in the one instance, and my health in the other, imperatively demanded!

"After a march of six weeks I arrived at Wallahjahbad, and was immediately detached to Poonamallee, forty miles from head-quarters. There I enjoyed six months of health and quiet; at the end of which period I rejoined the regiment, then under orders to march to Madras.

"My corps had been one of the most prominent in the agitations that had lately alarmed the Government, and it was suffering the usual effects of the indignation of petty tyrants. It was removed capriciously from station to station, a system which obviously could have but one design and tendency—to harass and '*break the spirits*,' as they called it, both of officers and men. We had not been five months at the Presidency before we were ordered to return to Wallahjahbad; and short as the distance is, the changing of quarters can never be effected without expense and discomfort. If it be an axiom that military men should be kept poor, no system on earth is better calculated to render them so than frequent removals. After six months' halt (for I cannot

call it abode) at Wallahjahbad, we were removed to Trichinopoly. The head-quarters of the regiment were stationed there during two years and a half: of that period I passed six weeks on detachment at Dindigul, and eighteen months at Sankerry Droog, where I had some opportunity of recruiting my finances in the obscurity of its profound retirement. We marched next to Bangalore.

"Two months had not elapsed from our arrival at that celebrated station, when his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief and his staff arrived there. Amongst the military exhibitions usual on these occasions, a sudden and unexpected order was issued, that my regiment should parade for the purpose of being inspected, &c. It paraded accordingly; but from some inattention or thoughtlessness on the part either of the commandant or the adjutant, the men appeared in *old* clothing, although the new for the current year had been issued some time. Doubtless this was a negligence, and one which a high-minded military man would not have visited with very high displeasure.

But in the eyes of a martinet, more distinguished for the desire of taking a prominent *rôle* than for talent to sustain it, it was an offence of the deepest dye, and to be visited with punishment accordingly. In the next day's orderly-book, we found ourselves under orders to proceed forthwith to Seringapatam, a measure unprecedented in the annals of military history in India, at a season of profound peace. We had not, as I have stated, been two months at Bangalore: every other corps, in the usual course of things, was supposed to be for removal before our tour could occur. Every feeling of common justice opposed the paltry tyranny. Moreover, it was sending our men to the very scene of conflict in which, in the memorable 1809, they had encountered the party of dragoons and the Mysore horse. Every bad feeling was likely to be roused by their proximity to the fatal plain. But the vindictive desire of revenging either past errors or present negligence, overcame considerations of prudence and policy, and with burning hearts

men and officers soon found themselves cantoned in the pestilent climate of Seringapatam.

"Four months had not elapsed when I was attacked with the dangerous fever peculiar to the place, and was sent by the surgeon to Bangalore. I remained there two months; but my illness augmented so much, and the symptoms were becoming so formidable, that it was deemed necessary to give me a certificate for Europe as the only chance of preserving my life.

"After nearly eight years' service, after having traversed so many thousand miles in *useless* fatigue, with all my military ardour damped by inglorious repose from arms, having never enjoyed an income exceeding two hundred a year, I found myself on the eve of embarking for my native land, under circumstances of most painful urgency, with no resources except the pittance allowed by the Government, and the noble addition furnished by one of the finest institutions in the world, the Military Fund. From the former I received fifteen hundred rupees, as passage money; from the latter,

four hundred rupees for equipment: from the Government ninety-two pounds* per-annum in England; from the Fund, an addition which augmented my income to one hundred and forty pounds. But even with this addition, magnificent as it is on the part of the Fund, how small were the comforts a sick man was able to procure! My malady was of that nature which rendered medical aid indispensable, and no luxury in the world is more expensive. A poor gentleman, of all others, can least afford to be ill. The Company lend no aid to that unfortunate portion of their servants who are so situated, beyond the pittance of the net pay of their rank. Here is no institution to afford that professional advice and assistance which is absolutely essential; and it is in this point that a Company's officer is likely to contrast his situation with that of his brethren of the King's service with the least pleasurable feelings. For myself, I was compelled to become a pensioner on my own family during the

* Now increased to one hundred and ten pounds, or thereabouts, I believe.

greater portion of my residence at home, which was prolonged by permission, from unavoidable circumstances, to a period exceeding four years.

"Early in October 1820, I revisited the Indian shore, recovered certainly, but with a constitution considerably enfeebled. I rejoined my corps at Chittledroog, and was immediately detached to Hurryhur, on the banks of the Toongabúdra. After a sojourn there of two months, I returned to head-quarters, and found the regiment had proceeded on route to Nagpore, intending to halt at Bellary. I had scarcely arrived there, and given up my detachment, when from augmentation and arrangements in the army, which it is not necessary to discuss here, I was removed to the 164th.

"The 164th was then under orders to canton at Bellary, and I found its commanding officer there awaiting its arrival. I succeeded in obtaining his permission to remain, and, through him, that of the officer commanding the garrison. I procured quarters accordingly, and made myself as snug as circumstances allowed.

I had scarcely had a week's enjoyment of my comforts, when I was surprised by a visit from my commandant, whose object was to communicate his very unexpected revocation of his former leave, and his desire that I would proceed forthwith, and join my regiment on its route. All remonstrance was vain; capricious he was, and obstinate withal, and reasoning had as little influence on him as persuasion. I had no alternative; and with greater reluctance than I had ever felt on an occasion of marching, I made my preparations for this enforced and most useless journey.

"I proceeded with all the lingering delay characteristic of actions forced upon the will. In process of time, I found myself ten miles from Wallahjahbad, which the 164th had not yet quitted. My aversion to join amounting to absolute repugnance, I hazarded disobedience to orders, and directed my steps to the Presidency. I remained there a few days only and proceeded to Wallahjahbad, being in possession of the intelligence that the regiment had marched during that interval. I immediately followed in its wake, and at Chittoor nearly

overtook it. But here I received intelligence which entirely removed any slight intention I might have had of joining; I heard that sickness had broken out amongst the sepoys, and that it would be prudent to keep two or three marches in the rear. I followed this counsel very minutely, but this did not entirely ensure my safety. In crossing the ghaut I had a slight attack, but, not being much addicted to nervous alarms, I was fortunate enough to suffer little, and for a short time only. I arrived in safety at Bellary, having joined in the course of the two last marches.

"I had not been two months in quarters when I was removed to the first battalion, then stationed at Berhampore, in Orissa. I reached head-quarters in January 1822, and was shortly detached to Kemidee. I remained five months; and, after a fortnight's interval at Berhampore, I was again detached to Aska. There I had a year and a half of as monotonous an existence as ever made man pronounce the hours of life to be 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable;' but at the end of that period the monotony was broken by a fever of the most severe and distressing nature.

I was removed immediately to Berhampore; but on recovering sufficiently, I effected my return to the detachment, finding nothing particularly delightful with the main body. The air of Aska, however, was manifestly most hostile to me, and after a very few weeks I was compelled again to quit, and rejoin the head-quarters. As soon as possible I went to Ganjam; but it was the very depth of the monsoon, and a measure indicative of little less than madness in my state of health at that time. An iron constitution bore me through, however, if not unscathed, at least with life. I returned to Berhampore, and thence on sick certificate to the Presidency.

"During the last three years, I had had two additional commissions; the first in 1822, giving me the brevet rank of Captain; and the other in 1824, bestowing on me that rank *bonâ-fide*, with all the additional pay and allowances thereunto belonging. At the same period there was an augmentation of pay through every rank of the army, and I ascended at once from one hundred and ninety to nearly four hundred rupees monthly—a very considerable influx of

prosperity, that in some measure compensated the severe disease which was afflicting me.

"The severity of the fever was not mitigated by change of air. After a few months of trial, and perhaps of dangerous delay, a second voyage to Europe was deemed necessary for me. But my elevation to superior rank had excluded me from any assistance from Government, and the prosecution of my voyage was effected by the aid of the Fund. In England I received something less than 200*l.* per annum, and of course, as far as regarded medical aid, I was in the same predicament precisely as during my subalternship, and, in truth, found my finances so much within my expenditure, as to be compelled to return to India before the expiration of my furlough.

"I found my regiment at Nagpore. Unable to join during the monsoon, I asked and obtained leave to do duty with another corps. After the lapse of five months, I reached headquarters in the month of December, under the influence of as bright a sky and as cool an air, at that season, as is to be found within the tropics. After a residence of two years in

camp, we were again under orders to march to the Northern Circars. Our route lay through the famous Chandah jungle, and an exceedingly unfavourable season again tried me to the utmost. I was left with a detachment three marches from head-quarters, and lingered under an attack of fever during three months, when I was again sent to the coast. The sea air, in as genial a climate as this country affords, produced no beneficial effect, and I am again recommended to return to England, with an assurance, that to live in India will, in future, be impossible for me. I have been borne on the strength of the Company's army twenty-five years, and I have unavoidably been compelled to pass seven years of that period in Europe; consequently, I have not served in India the prescribed period—twenty-two years, and am not entitled to the retiring pay of my rank, there being, to my knowledge, no admissible exception to this absolute rule. My half-pay will be granted to me, but with a broken constitution, how shall I exist on the pittance? I have no funds, no fortune, to aid me. '*I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed!*"

GOING HOME.

LANGUAGE has no power to describe the emotions which these words excite in the heart of the exile. The care-worn—the bereaved—the 'sick unto death' rejoice in every pulse when they catch the first whisper of this blessed hope. It tells of ten thousand blessings that gladdened their early years, ten thousand ties from which they have been severed—of health, of comfort, of peace, and love. No! earth has no balm equal to the power of this hope in the healing of the wounds of the spirit-broken.

And, oh! to trace back, link by link, to the other extremity of the chain; and then to recall the different state of excitement which marked the wayfarer's embarkation on his first '*coming out!*' Then 'Hope shook her radiant locks,' and earth seemed about to unlock her choicest

treasury of honours and of blessings. A long perspective of wealth and distinction lay before him. And there were other animating prospects too, less mercenary: the region to which he was proceeding, lay before his eye clad in all the colours with which his young fancy had decked her. He thought of her gorgeous palaces, and the rich array of her nobles and princes,—of jewelled crest and scimitar radiant with the spoils of the diamond mine. He anticipated also the clear, deep streams which intersect the land; the boundless landscape; the mountain wilderness; the forest-home of the kingly tiger; the varieties of animal creation; the rich and gorgeous flowers; the luscious fruits; the inhabitants so singular in their story of immutable customs, of unproselyting superstition. What a rich fund of legendary lore he would acquire from this curious people! How accurately he would observe their customs; how he would mingle with them, and scatter the seeds from which hereafter fruit might spring! Ay, *then* indeed his heart beat gaily, and if its pulse throbbed with saddened impulse when he turned back his thoughts to

those he had quitted, to the forests and the fields he had loved, it was but for a moment. He thought it 'a sober certainty of waking bliss,' that he should return to add to their wealth, and to gladden them with the announcement of his well-earned honours.

And *now*, he has been long awakened from that young dream. He has passed, perchance, through years of toil and suffering, to return prematurely to the land of his youth. He has no riches to add to the prosperity of those best loved; he has but a pittance sufficient to sustain his painful existence;—and *now* his empty honours 'are weighed in the balance, and found wanting.' Or perhaps he is one of the prosperous. His constitution has received no severe injury. He has accumulated ample fortune, and he goes to realize some of the projects of his boyish days;—to purchase an estate *here*—to build a house *there*—to befriend *this* individual—to retaliate on *that* a whole catalogue of injuries, that choicest hoard of memory, of which she never loses one grain! But, alas! the spring of heart that would have exulted over this prosperity, is gone for ever! Its

deadened pulse requires stronger excitement for enjoyment. He has many cherished habits to relinquish; he has to *acquire* tastes for the brightest and best intellectual refinements of a society in the very height of civilization; and he has the more difficult task of forgetting what *have* been his habits. Oh, no! Going home is the only consolation left, but even that cannot restore all that time and adverse circumstances have taken away!

Reflections of this nature, however, rarely disturb the mind during the voyage. When the wind blows freshly and fairly, and every moment brings the vessel nearer to its port, the saddest heart beats more cheerfully, and the pulse of the invalid becomes more healthy. The very children participate in the joyousness around, soon forgetting, in *their* season of sunshine, that they have left all most fondly interested for them, and are too frequently about to experience the 'tender mercies' of strangers.

Yes, in almost every ship homeward bound, there are many of these little passengers, whom hard necessity compels parents to send to England for the benefit of education. This is a grievous subtraction from the happiness of an

existence spent in India. No thinking parent can ever resign his child to guardians, however trusted, over whom he can exercise no surveillance, without a pang of keen regret. Indeed, so painful is the trial, that many mothers shrink from encountering it, and keep their child in India to an age far more advanced than wisdom would deem prudent. Nowhere do children imbibe impressions of the most lamentable kind sooner than in India. No caution can entirely prevent this evil, for at this infantile age they must necessarily be left much to the care of Ayahs, and other servants, none of whom have a sense of the necessity of avoiding anything the most revolting to an European mind, in consideration of their charge. Indeed, in many cases, it would be impossible to convince them that such an avoidance was requisite or desirable; and therefore every judicious parent will be anxious to remove his child from the influence of moral contagion at the earliest possible period. As to intellectual cultivation, children must depend entirely on the resources of their friends, for no place of adequate education is to be found throughout India.

Children, however, are the most joy-inspiring of all passengers. Reckless of danger, unknowing of any evil present or future, their happy faces always ensure their welcome in the cuddy. The most care-worn brow smooths its wrinkles at their approach, and the very sailors derive confidence from their assurance of safety when a young child is in their vessel.

There are some, however, to whom joy and hope are long unknown. Yonder pale female, who leans over the tafferel, and strains her eye so intensely, in order to catch the last faint outline of the Indian shore, is a new-made widow. She is bereft of the husband of her love, and she leaves his ashes in that *to her* inhospitable land. It is true, she is returning to friends, to kinsmen; but who can compensate to *her* the loss of him with whom she first traversed the mighty ocean — with whom she has shared so many dangers, and so many joys;—of him to whose faithful heart she was wont to confide all her feminine fears and terrors in the hour of trial, and whose voice always soothed and blessed? Who can search into the depths of *her* sorrows, when her memory dwells — and when

does it *not* dwell?—on the thousand blessings his tenderness shed over her pathway? None, like him, can understand her looks—can translate the very tones of her voice into indications of her heart—can patiently endure to see that heart laid bare before him, and reproach no foible, forgive every folly, extenuate every fault? She seeks the shelter of her solitary cabin to give freer indulgence to her sorrow;—perhaps to hold communings with his spirit, whose presence appears almost sensible; or better still, to seek consolation from Him who is "the father of the fatherless and the friend of the widow." She mingles little with the gayer ones around her; she has no joyous laugh to respond to their mirth; she knows that the only prospect of her future existence is bound up in a small cottage home in her own land, and her hope is excited most strongly when she most clearly pictures to herself its perfect retirement.

Every day brings improvement to the sick, and in proportion to the restoration of their health is their vivacity. Their minds recover their elasticity. They forget that they have already been near enough to death to feel his

chilly touch, and they begin to lay out plans for many years. What anxious consulting of the compass there is amongst them, and how they examine the daily progress marked out on the chart! Some are husbands and fathers returning to the bosom of their family with ample competence; and well may their hearts dilate when they anticipate the warm welcome so surely awaiting their arrival. If visions of the death or suffering of any of those beloved ones ever smite them, they turn with trembling from the cruel foreboding, and easily console themselves with the common anodyne to man's terrors of the evil day—that to them life has no delusion, the future no disappointment. If the prudent man condemns this foible, and the cautious sneers at it, they who are blessed with this happier spirit, may console themselves in the incalculably greater felicity that marks their progress.

That tall, thin, atrabilious-looking personage, lounging against the tafferel, with arms folded across his breast, just shutting in all *his* world, and eyes half closed in dignified abstraction, is Colonel Peterkin. He is a very old officer, has

long since enjoyed the off-reckonings, and for the last seven years has commanded a force: consequently, he has been in possession of authority little less than despotic; and power has made him ascribe to his own personal qualities a pre-eminence for which he was indebted only to his position. It is nearly forty years since he quitted the British shore, and he retains scarcely one distinctive quality of an Englishman. Accustomed to obsequious deference from the many, he has forgotten that he is about to merge in an immense mass of people, of whom none will care one atom for his dignity—none will move one step from his direct path to make way for him. He keeps aloof, in solitary pride, from the contagion of intimacy, and imagines that he carries with him all those claims to distinction which he possessed in India. He has no idea of becoming *one of the people*, and has as perfect an assurance that he shall be numbered amongst the very *élite* of the aristocracy, as that he wears the insignia of the Bath at this precise moment. How severe a lesson is he about to learn in the autumn of his life! It is more than probable that he will

retreat from the severity of its rudiments, and return to his eastern theatre, to sustain a more important and distinguished *rôle*, before the expiration of one single year!

That good-tempered looking specimen of female personal plainness is Miss Marwell, an almost solitary exception to the universality of the axiom, that '*any* woman may marry in India.' She came out with a third or fourth cousin, married to a subaltern of cavalry—plain as anything female *can* be, that is not positively to be called ugly, and a dreadful violation, of all Indian rules of beauty. Amongst the British sojourners in this eastern clime, Lord Byron's hatred of 'dumpy women' is a sentiment ludicrously prevalent. To be sure, in an atmosphere fluctuating between 95° and 120° of Fahrenheit, a mountain of flesh is not the most attractive object in the world; and under its influence the taste for 'fat, fair, and forty,' is a branch of royal prerogative which few subjects would be hardy enough to invade. There was no more valid impediment why Miss Marwell should not attain unto matrimony. Many hundreds as plain as she, and ten times more

ignorant, and a hundred-fold worse tempered, have achieved its honours. But 'some are born to honours, and some have honours thrust on them;' and it was Miss Marwell's fate to be within neither of these accidents. After seven years' trial, she returns, *still* good-tempered, and with a constitution little impaired by the assaults of the climate, to pass the future of her existence on the very small competence she has the good fortune to call her own, and to enact the useful, if undignified part of 'Aunt Rachel,' to the four very troublesome children who are now sailing to England under the shelter of her fostering wing.

The lady on the poop, reading the marble-covered volume, is Mrs. Z. The warm tint of her complexion, and the lustrous darkness of her eyes, are infallible evidence of her eastern origin. She is a very amiable and lovely specimen of her race, and exceedingly timid at the prospect of the mortifications and difficulties she anticipates on her *debût* in the circle of her husband's family. But her mild and gentle manners offer the best and most admissible plea for her unavoidable defects, and

her natural grace preserves her from any positive gaucheries. Perhaps her very timidity may save her from the evils she dreads, and which a more ambitious spirit would surely encounter. To the honour of human nature let it be said, that very few are anxious to detect the errors of those whose humility seems to ask forbearance. When there is no presumption, there can be no repulse. The inevitable deficiencies of a woman, entirely educated in India, contain nothing in themselves to merit the derision of the sarcastic. If, unfortunately, they present themselves in union with arrogance and pretension, they deserve the severity of the satire they are likely to incur.

Young,—old;—the humble, the proud;—wealth, poverty;—all are there, and to all 'hope inhabits,'—however distinct its characteristics, *still* hope. No!—there *is* one, to whom 'hope never comes, that comes to all.' There he stands, with eye bent upon the wave, lonely and apart, like one dark thunder-cloud on a sunny-sky, or a single blasted tree amidst a forest majestic in its world of verdure. *There* is despair, in all its sad, stern sameness. Life

has no light and shade for him;—'darkness is over the face of the deep.' The seal of the irrevocable past is upon him, and his doom is hopelessness, unless the grave shall yield up its dead. The many stand aloof; but there is one, graceful and grave, who never quits that sad companionship. By day, by night, he is with him, watching him ever. But not even *his* watchfulness can shut out from the pained listener who holds midnight vigil in the adjacent cabin, the outpourings of that strong remorse. He hears the voice of the unquiet spirit that cannot share the body's slumber, but wanders amidst the gloomy memories of irremediable guilt. The very air breathes hot and oppressive, as it passes, stilly and sultrily, over the brow of the adulterer and manslayer. Yet is he no ruffian. The down of youth is yet on his cheek, and sadness seems a sad and unwonted guest in eyes whose joyous colour is so meet for sunshine. He is but the *last* victim of one single passion. The guilty wife has sunk under the pain of a wounded spirit,—and the husband—yonder shudder proclaims that *he* too is at rest.

To this unhappy one, therefore, the prospect of home brings no joy,—no hope. He carries within him the perpetual voice that will not let him even *dream* of happiness. There is *seeing* within him, that will not suffer him to shut out his victims. His motions are restless and uneasy. He avoids the eyes of human beings, and retreats often to his cabin, shunning the presence of mankind. But that solitude is peopled with phantasms worse than the realities from which he has fled, and he rushes again upon deck with burning eye and fevered brow, to seek refuge from *himself*. The curse of Cain is on him ;—*he hath shed man's blood.*

No mother ever watched her nursling as yonder brave man attends the homicide. *He* sees in him only the brother of his youth,—who shared the same cradle,—sported in the same field ;—whose glad spirit gave the spring-tide more of balm and flowers ;—whose laugh was gayer than the carol of the birds,—his cheek brighter than the first rose they gathered on their mother's birth-day. He was the darling of that mother too ;—he had had her *last* blessing. How her fondness had decked the vision of his future life with fairy

wreaths of happiness and honour!—Well is it that she lived not to see how every leaf had withered,—every blossom perished!

If one faint gleam of hope shall ever more shine on this man, it must be from that brother's wealth of love. How intense,—how devoted!—He is about to resign his proud and bright prospects,—so dear to the ardent spirit that has fed upon glory,—in the noon of manhood, to add to the very small income each brother inherits—the mite of his half-pay. He has bound himself to the voluntary penance of watching, in some obscure retreat, the future years of the spirit-broken;—to soothe melancholy gradually deepening into madness, and to find himself,—when the object of all his care shall sink unreluctantly into the grave, for years his *first*, and now his *last* rest,—*alone*. No, not alone;—companions may have forgotten,—friends may have deserted,—but GOD and his own heart are with him still.

After all then, even '*going home*' is like all other human events,—a mingled tissue of joy and grief. Truly it is so in its concomitant circumstances; but the abstract fact presents still an idea of unutterable bliss. Perhaps,

however, yonder couple taste the cup of joy in its purest and least alloyed deliciousness. Are they lovers? No; there is too confidential a manner about them, an air of too great friendship. Their glances tell of pure affection, and have nothing to do with the rapture of passion. They are husband and wife, and he, as his pallid brow and hair prematurely grey indicate, has reaped the ills of the climate. *She* also has suffered, and pain has left traces of sadness on her forehead. But the countenance of each is radiant with hope and thankfulness. And although perchance but a moderate competence awaits them, they glance with conscious satisfaction up to the deep blue sky, and enjoy with intense delight the full, the exquisite, the overpowering happiness which compensates for every suffering and every privation—

THEY ARE GOING HOME!"

THE END.

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